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The poems of Phineas Fletcher

Phineas Fletcher, Alexander Balloch Grosart

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THE COMPLETE POEMS OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

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THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED FROM THE EARLY PRINTED COPIES AND FROM MSS. WITH A MEMOIR AND NOTES

BY WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II

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¶ The Glasse of Gouernement.

A tragicall Comedie ſo entituled, by-cauſe therein are handled aſwell the re-wardes for Vertues, as alſo the puniſhment for Vices.

Done by George Gaſcoigne Eſquier.

1575.

Bleſſed are they that feare the Lorde, their children ſhalbe as the branches of Oliue trees rounde about their table.

Seen and allowed, according to the order appointed in the Queenes maieſties Iniunctions.

¶ *IMPRINTED at London for C. Barker*

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To the right worſhipfull Sir Owen Hopton knight, hir Maieſties Lieutenant in hir tower of London, George Gaſcoigne *Eſquire, wiſheth long life and proſperitie to the pleaſure of Almighty God.*

SIR, I am both by alliance your poore Kinſman, by ſundrie great curteſies your debter, & by your exceeding trauayles taken in my behalfe, I am become yours bounden and aſſured. So that it ſhall bee my part with full indeuour ſo to employ my time as I may either coũteruaile or deſerue ſome part of your bountifull dealings. And bicauſe I find mine eſtate, preſently, not able any other way to preſent you, I am bold to dedicate this my trauaile vnto your name. Nothing doubting but you ſhal therein find ſome cauſe of contentation: and aſſuring you that I will nor make this my laſt harueſt wherof you ſhall reape the fruites. In meane time I beſech you to take this in good part, and to make full account that I am, this xxvi of Aprill, 1575, and euer will continue,

Readie at your commaundement.

G. Gaſcoigne.[1]

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[1] This dedication was wanting in ten copies out of eleven, which I have examined, or have had examined for me. Having found, however, that it was in Herbert's copy, and feeling ſure that it muſt be recoverable, I applied to Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, and

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The names of the Actors.

Phylopæs and Philocalus	Two parents being nigh neyghbours.
Gnomaticus	a Schoolemaſter.
Phylautus, Phylomuſus	Sonnes to Phylopæs.
Phyloſarchus, Phylotimus	Sonnes to Phylocalus.
Seuerus	the Markgraue.
Eccho	the Paraſyte.
Lamia	the Harlot.
Pandarina	Aunt to Lamia.
Dick Drumme	the Royſter.
Nuntij	two Meſſengers.
Onaticus	ſeruant to the Schoolemaſter
Fidus	ſeruant to Phylopæs.
Ambidexter	ſeruant to Phylocalus.
Chorus	four graue Burghers.

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The Argument.

TWO riche Citizens of Andwerpe (beeing nighe neighboures, & hauing eche of them two ſonnes of like age) do place them togither with one godly teacher. The ſcholemaſter doth briefly inſtruct them their duetie towardes God, their Prince, their Parents, their cuntrie, and all magiſtrates in the ſame. The eldeſt being yong men of quicke capacitie, do (Parrotte like) very quickly learne the rules without booke: the yonger beeing ſomewhat more dull of vnderſtanding, do yet engraue the ſame within their memories. The elder, by allurement of Paraſites and lewde company, beginne to incline themſelues to concupiſcence. The parents, to preuent it, ſende them all togither to the Vniuerſitie of *Dowaye;* whereas the yonger in ſhort ſpace be (by painefull ſtudie, preferred, that one to be Secretarie vnto the *Palſegraue*, that other becommeth a famous preacher in *Geneua*. The eldeſt, turning to their vomit, take their cariage with them, and trauaile the worlde. That one is apprehended and executed for a robbery (euen in ſight of his brother) in the *Palſgraues* courte: that other whipped and baniſhed *Geneua* for fornication: notwithſtanding the earneſt ſute of his brother for his pardon.

The whole Comedie a figure of the rewardes and puniſhmentes of vertues and vices.

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The Prologue.

WHAT man hath minde to heare a merrye Ieſt,
Or ſeekes to feede his eye with vayne delight:
That man is much vnmeete to be a gueſt
At ſuch a feaſte as I prepare this night.
Who liſt laye out ſome pence in ſuch a Marte,
Bellſauage fayre were fitteſt for his purſe,
I lyſt not ſo to miſbeſtowe mine arte,
I haue beſt wares, what neede I then ſhewe woorſe?
An Enterlude may make you laugh your fill;
Italian toyes are full of pleaſaunt ſporte:
Playne ſpeache to vſe, if wanton be your wyll,
You may be gone, wyde open ſtandes the porte.
But if you can contented be to heare,
In true diſcourſe howe hygh the vertuous clyme,
Howe low they fall which lyue withouten feare
Of God or man, and much miſpende theyr tyme:
What ryght rewardes a truſtie ſeruaunt earnes,
What ſubtile ſnares theſe Sycophantes can vſe,
Howe ſoone the wiſe ſuch crooked guyles diſcernes,
Then ſtay a whyle: gyue eare vnto my Muſe.
A Comedie I meane for to preſent,
No *Terence* phraſe: his ryme and myne are twaine:
The verſe that pleaſde a *Romaine* raſhe intent
Myght well offend the godly Preachers vayne.
Deformed ſhewes were then eſteemed muche,
Reformed ſpeeche doth now become vs beſt.
Mens wordes muſte weye and tryed be by touche
Of Gods owne worde, wherein the truth doth reſt.
Content you then, my Lordes, with good intent,
Graue Citizens, you people greate and ſmall,
To ſee your ſelues in Glaſſe of Gouernement:
Beholde raſhe youth, which daungerouſly doth fall
On craggy rockes of ſorrowes nothing ſofte,
When ſober wittes by Vertue clymes alofte.

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This worke is compiled vpon theſe ſentences following, ſet downe by mee C. B.

1. Feare God, for he is iuſt.
   Loue God, for hee is mercifull.
   Truſte in God, for he is faythfull.

2. Obey the King, for his auᵭhoritie is from aboue.
   Honor the King, for he is in earth the liuetenant of the moſte hygh God.
   Loue the King, for he is thy protector.

3. Aduenture thy life in defence and honor of thy cuntrie, for the quarrell is good.
   Be not vnthankfull to the ſoyle that hath nuriſhed thee, for it is a damnable thing.
   Studie to profite the common wealth, for it is commendable with God and man.

4. Reuerence the miniſter of God, for his office ſake.
   Loue the miniſter that preacheth the Goſpell, for it is the power of God to ſaue thee.
   Speake good of the miniſter, for the Goſpelles ſake.

5. Thinke wel of the magiſtrates, for it pleaſeth God wel.
   Be not diſobedient to the magiſtrates, for they are the eies of the King.
   Loue the magiſtrates, for they are the bones & ſinowes of the Common wealth.

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7 Giue place to thine elder, for it is thy prayſe.
Let not a gray head paſſe by thee without a ſalutation.
Take counſell of an elder, for his experience ſake.

8 Be holie, for thou art the Temple of God.
It is an horrible ſinne to pollute Gods Temple.
The buyers and ſellers were driuen out of the Temple with violence.

In Comœdiam Gaſcoigni, carmen B. C.

Hæc noua, non vetus eſt, Angli comœdia Vatis
Chriſtus adeſt, ſanctos nil niſi ſancta decent.
Græcia vaniloquos genuit, turpeſq; Poetas,
Vix qui ſyncerè ſcriberet vnus erat.
Id vereor noſtro ne poſſit dicier æuo,
Vana precor valeant, vera precor placeant.



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The Glaſſe of Gouernement.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

PHYLOPAES and PHYLOCALVS Parentes, FIDVS ſeruaunt to PHILOPAES. They come in talkinge.

Phylopæs.

SURELY, *Phylocalus*, I thinke my ſelfe indebted vnto you for this freendly diſcourſe, and I do not onely agree with you in opinion, but I moſt earneſtly deſire, that wee may with one aſſente deuiſe which way the ſame may be put in executiō, for I delight in your louing neighbourhood, and I take ſingular comfort in your graue aduiſe.

Phylocalus. It were not reaſon, *Phylopæs*, that hauing ſo many yeares contineued ſo neare neighboures, hauing traffiqued (in maner) one ſelfe ſame trade, hauing ſuſteyned like aduentures, and being bleſſed with like ſucceſſes, we ſhould now in the ende of our time become any leſſe then entiere frendes: and as it is the nature and propertie of frendſhippe to ſeeke alwaies for perpetuity, ſo let vs ſeeke to bring vp our Children in ſuch mutuall ſocietie in their youth, that in age they may no leſſe delight in theyr former felowſhip, then wee theyr parentes haue taken comfort in our continuall cohabitation. It hath pleaſed Almighty God to bleſſe vs both with competent wealth, and though we haue atteyned therevnto by continuall payns

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and trauayle, riſing (as it were) from meane eſtate vnto dignity, yet doe I thinke that it were not amiſſe to bring vp our children with ſuch education as they may excell in knowledge of liberall ſciences, for if we being vnlearned haue by induſtrie heaped vp ſufficient ſtore, not only to ſerue our owne vſe, but further to prouide for our poſterity, then may they by learning aſpire vnto greater promotion, and builde greater matters vppon a better foundation. Neither yet would I haue you conceiue hereby that I am ambicious. But if I be not deceyued, *Al deſire of promotion* (*by vertue*) is godly and Lawfull, where as ambition is commonly neſtled in the breſtes of the enuious.

Phylopæs. I am of your opinion, *Phylocalus;* and ſince we haue ech of vs two Sonnes of equall age and ſtature, I would we could be ſo happie as to finde ſome honeſt and carefull ſchoolemaiſter, who might enſtruct them togither: I ſay honeſt, becauſe in the houſe of the vertuous there is ſeldome any vice permitted; and carefull, becauſe the care of the teacher is of no leſſe conſideration then his ſkill: thē do I wiſh him both honeſt and carefull, becauſe the coniunction of two ſuch qualities may both cauſe the accompliſhment of his dutie, & the contentations of our deſires. Our eldeſt Sonnes are neare the age of xxi. yeares, & our younger Sonnes not much more then one yeare behinde them. So that as they haue hitherto bene thought toward enough at ſuch common ſchooles as they haue frequented, and therefore wil ſhortly be ready for the vniuerſity, yet would I thinke conuenient that they ſpent ſome time together, with ſome ſuch honeſt and careful Schoolemaiſter, who might before theyr departure lay a ſure foūdation to their vnderſtanding.

Fidus. Although it becommeth not a ſeruaunt to come vnto his maſters counſell before he be called, yet for that I am no way ignoraunt of your tender cares, which both of you haue alwaies had ouer your children, and alſo for that I do now perceiue the continuaunce of the ſame by this your fatherly conference, I preſume to

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Fidus. Sir, his name is *Gnomaticus*, he dwelleth in Saint Antlines, a man famous for his learning, of woonderfull temperance, and highly eſteemed for the diligence and carefull payne which he taketh with his Schollers.

Phylopæs. Then can he not be long without entertainment, ſince now a dayes the good wyne needeth none Iuye garland, and more parentes there are that lacke ſuch Schoolemaiſters for their children then there are to be founde ſuch Schoolemayſters which ſeeke and lacke entertainment.

Fidus. Sir, you haue reaſon; and therefore (if I were worthy to counſell you) I would entertain him with ſpeed, ſince he came but this other day from the Lord of *Barlemontes* houſe, whoſe children he hath in ſmall time made excellent Schollers, and now hath diſpatched them to the Uniuerſitie of *Doway.*

Phylocalus. Doeſt thou know him, *Fidus?* or canſt thou tell where to finde him?

Fidus. Yea, Sir; and if it ſo pleaſe my Maiſter and you, I doubt not but to bring him hyther immediately.

Phylocalus. Surely, *Phylopæs*, you ſhall doe well to ſend for him.

Phylopæs. There is no man more deſirous then I, and ſince it ſo lyketh you, I am redy to diſpatch it; go thy waies, *Fidus*, and tell Maiſter *Gnomaticus* that my neighbour *Phylocalus* and I deſire to ſpeake with him, and make as much haſt as thou canſt.

Fidus. It ſhalbe done, Sir. [*Fidus departeth.*

Phylopæs. I am not the worſt furniſhed of a ſeruaunt with this good fellow; for though his capacity be not great, yet do I finde him truſtie, and towardes my children he is both louing and carefull.

Philocalus. Then haue you a iewell of him, for I haue one in whom I finde contrary conditions; I am ſeldome out of the dores but at my returne I finde him playing with my Sonnes at ſome vain paſtimes.

Phylopæs. Beware of him then, for ſuch a ſeruant were better

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quickely? It is, and he bringeth with him a graue perſonage. I hope hee hath found *Gnomaticus* by the waye.

[*Fidus commeth in with Gnomaticus and his ſeruant.*

Actus primi, Scena ſecunda.

FIDVS, PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS, GNOMATICVS, and ONATICVS, his Seruaunt.

Fidus.

SIR, it is to be thought that Almighty God doth loue you, and meaneth to helpe your holly deſire in the good education of your children, for it was my chaunce to meete Maiſter *Gnomaticus* by the way, who was going towardes the *Bowrce* to harken of entertainement, and it is not like that he ſhould haue returned from thence vnplaced, wherfore I would wiſh that you let not ſlippe this happie occaſion. [*They adreſſe their talke to the Schoolemaiſter.*

Phylopæs. Sir, we haue ben ſo bolde as to ſend this bearer for you; the cauſe hath proceeded of an earneſt deſire which this worthy man my neighbour and I haue to ſee our children placed with a vertuous enſtructer, and hearing great fame aſwell of your integritie, as alſo of the diligence you haue vſed with the Lord of *Barlemontes* Children, we are deſirous to entreate you that you will take the like paines with ours, all which ſhalbe recompenſed according to our own demaund: For as there is no iewell ſo deare vnto man as the offspring wherewith it pleaſeth God to bleſſe him, ſo is there no money ſo well ſpent as that which is giuen to a good Schoolemaiſter.

Phylocalus. You ſhal vnderſtand, ſir, that my neighbour here and I haue foure Sonnes, of equall age and ſtature, the eldeſt exceedeth not twenty yeares, and the youngeſt is about nineteene yeares olde; they haue ben already entred in grammer at ſuch ſchooles as we haue heere in the City, and if we be not abuſed by reportes, they haue ſhewed themſelues forward enough to take enſtructions: ſo that we are partely perſwaded to ſend them vnto ſome vniuerſity, and mine opinion is (as I lately declared vnto my neighbour here) that

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we ſhould do very wel yet to retain them a while longer, vntill they may be perfectly enſtructed by ſome godly teacher the ſumme of their duty firſt towardes God, then to their Prince, next to their parents, and conſequently aſwell towardes the benefite of their countrey, as alſo how to behaue themſelues to all magiſtrates and officers in the ſame. In concluſion wherof they may alſo learne what they are of themſelues, and how they may be moſt acceptable both to God and man, and for that we haue hard very good report of your ſkill and alſo of your zeale, we thought good to require that (if you be not otherwiſe already entertained) you would take ſome paynes to enſtructe them in theſe pointes, and the ſame ſhalbe recompenſed and deſerued by meaſure of your owne contentation, as my neighbour *Phylopæs* hath before profered.

Gnomaticus. Worthy Gentlemen, I yeelde you moſte humble thankes for your curteous profers, and I render infinite thankes vnto almighty God that my name hath ben ſo reported vnto you; truly I would be lothe to deſerue any leſſe then the name of a faithful and diligent teacher, ſo farre forth as it hath pleaſed GOD to endue me with knowledge. Touching your proffer and requeſt, I do moſt willingly embrace the ſame, confeſſing euen ſimply that it was mine errand to ſeeke ſuch entertainement, hauing of late diſpatched out of my handes the ſonnes of the Lord of *Barlemont* towardes the Uniuerſitie of *Doway;* and if the touch of your zeale be not contrary to the ſame which is ſpred of your eſtates, I ſhall thinke my ſelfe wel occupied, in teaching or reading to the children of ſuch worthy men as you are.

Phylopæs. Well then, ſir, we will be bold to ſend for the youngmen, to the end that no time be loſt or deferred in beſtowing of them. *Fidus*, go your waies to our houſes, and bring hether our Sonnes.

Fidus. Moſte willingly, ſir, I ſhal accompliſh your commaundement.

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Actus primi, Scæna tertia.

PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS, GNOMATICVS, PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOSARCVS, PHYLOTIMVS, FIDVS, and ONATICVS.

Phylopæs.

IT ſhall nowe bee our partes to vnderſtand what ſtipend may content you for your paines.

Gnomaticus. Sir, in that reſpecte take you no care, but let me pray vnto almighty God, that he giue me grace ſo to enſtruct your children, as you may hereafter take comfort in my trauayle; that done, I can no wayes doubt of your beneuolence, ſithens your inward deſire doth already manyfeſtly appeare: and furthermore, I would be lothe to make bargaines in this reſpect, as men do at the market or in other places, for graſing of Oxen or feeding of Cattle, eſpecially ſince I haue to deale with ſuch worthy perſonages as you ſeeme and are reported to be.

Phylocalus. Well, yet, Sir, we would be glad to recompence you according to your owne demaund, but in token of our ready will to pleaſe you, we ſhall deſire you to take at my handes theſe twenty angels as an earneſt or pledge of our further meaninge, & as I am the firſt that preſume to open my purſe in this occaſion, ſo I beſeech the Father of Heauen that I may not be the laſt which may reioyce to ſee his children proſper: thou knoweſt (O Lord) I meane not hereby my neighbours detriment, but, alas! the ſhadow of a mans ſelfe is euer neareſt to him, and as I deſire to be the firſt that may heare of their well doinge, ſo yet if they hearken not diligently vnto your enſtruction, but obſtinately reiect your precepts, then I deſire you, and on Gods behalfe I charge you, that I may yet be the firſt that ſhall thereof be aduertiſed: but behold where they come, theſe two (I thanke the Father of Heauen), are the tokens of his mercifull bleſſing towardes me; the Eldeſt is named *Phyloſarchus*, and this younger *Phylotimus.*

Phylopæs. And theſe too, ſir, are mine onely children, and God

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for his mercy graunt that they may be mine onely comfort; the Eldeſt is called *Phylautus*, and the younger *Phylomuſus*.

Phylautus. Sir, according to your commaundement expreſſed by *Fidus*, I am come hither to know your pleaſure, and haue by warrant of the ſame cõmiſſion brought with me my Brother *Phylomuſus*.

Phyloſarchus. And I in like maner, Sir, haue brought with me my Brother *Phylotimus*, deſiring to knowe your pleaſure, and being ready to obey your commaundement.

Gnomaticus. Surely theſe young men giue none euill hope of their towardnes, and declare by their ſeemely geſture and modeſt boldneſſe to be both of good capacitie, and to haue bene well enſtructed hytherto in humanity. [*The Fathers adreſſe their talke to their children.*

Phylocalus. The cauſe that we haue ſent for you is to committe you vnto the gouernement of this godly man, whom we haue entreated to take paynes with you and to enſtruct you in ſome principall poyntes of neceſſary doctrine, to the ende that after you haue ripely digeſted the ſame, you may be the more able to go boldely into ſome Uniuerſity, and I for my part do here commit you vnto him, charging you in Gods name (and by the authority which he hath giuen mee ouer you,) to hearken vnto him wyth all attentiueneſſe, and to obey him with all humillity.

Phylopæs. The ſame charge that my neighbour *Phylocalus* hath here giuen to his childrẽ, the ſame I do pronounce vnto you, and furthermore do charge you that you become gentle and curteouſe to each other, humble to your betters, and affable to your inferiours in all reſpectes.

Phylautus. Sir, I truſt we ſhall deſerue your fatherly fauour.

Phyloſarchus. And I truſt to deſerue the continuance of your goodneſſe.

Phylotus & Phylomuſus. We hope alſo to immitate the good in all moral examples of vertuous behauiour.

Phylopæs. The Father of Heauen bleſſe you with the bleſſing which it pleaſed him to pronounce vnto *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Iacob*.

Phylocalus. Amen, and now let vs depart, leauing here in your cuſtody the choyce lambes of our flocke; defend them then (for Gods loue) from the rauening and raging luſtes of the fleſh, and vanities of the world.

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Gnomaticus. Sir, by Gods power I ſhall do my beſt diligence.

Fidus. My louely Gentlemen, GOD guide you by his grace, and though I be ſomwhat remoued from your dayly company, yet ſpare not to commaund my ſeruice, if at any time it may ſtand you in ſteede to vſe it.

Phylotus. Gramercy, gentle *Fidus.*

Actus primi, Scena quarta.

GNOMATICVS, PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOSARCVS, PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOTIMVS, and ONATICVS.

Gnomaticus.

MY dearely beloued ſchollers, ſince it hath pleaſed your Parentes (as you haue heard) to put mee in truſt with you for a time, it ſhall not be amiſſe before I enter further in enſtruction, to knowe how farre you haue already proceeded in learning, that therevpon I may the better determine what trade or Methode ſhalbe moſt conuenient to vſe in teaching of you: tell me, therefore, what you haue redde, and in what maner the ſame hath bene deliuered vnto you?

Phylautus. Sir, my Brother here and I haue bene taught firſt the rules of the grammer, after that wee had read vnto vs the familiar comunications called the *Colloquia* of *Eraſmus*, and next to that the offices of *Cicero*, that was our laſt exerciſe.

Gnomaticus. It hath bene wel done, & haue you not alſo ben taught to verſify?

Phylautus. Yes truly, ſir, we haue therein bene (in maner) dayly enſtructed.

Gnomaticus. And you, *Phyloſarchus:* how haue you paſſed your time?

Phyloſarchus. Sir, my Brother and I haue alſo bene taught our grammer and to make a verſe, we haue redde certaine Comedies of *Terence*, certaine Epiſtles of *Tully*, and ſome parte of *Virgill*; we were alſo entred into our greeke grammer.

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Gnomaticus. Surely it ſeemeth you haue not hytherto loſt your time, and the order of your enſtruction hath bene ſuch, that you might preſently be able to take further proceedinges in an Uniuerſity, ſo that it ſhould be (vnto me) but labour loſt to ſtand ſtill vpon thoſe pointes, ſince it ſeemeth that you haue bin therein perfectly grounded: neuertheleſſe wee will continue the exerciſe of the ſame, and wee will therevnto ioyne ſuch holeſome preceptes, as may become a rule and Square, wherby the reſt of your lyfe and actions may be guyded. For although *Tully* in his booke of dewtyes doth teach ſundry vertuouſe preceptes, and out of *Terence* may alſo be gathered many morall enſtructions amongſt the reſt of his wanton diſcourſes, yet the true chriſtian muſt direct his ſteppes by the infallible rule of Gods word, from whence as from the hedde ſpring he is to drawe the whole courſe of his lyfe. I would not haue you thinke hereby that I do holde in contempt the bookes which you haue redde heretofore, but wee will (by Gods grace) take in aſſiſtance ſuch and ſo many of them as may ſeeme conſonant to the holy ſcriptures, and ſo ioyning the one with the other, we ſhalbe the better able to bring our worke vnto perfectiõ. Sirha, go you to my lodging, & cauſe (in the meane tyme) both bedding and dyet to be prouided for theſe young men, that I may ſee them vſed according to my charge in euery reſpect. He ſpeaketh to his ſeruãt.

Onaticus. Well, Sir, it ſhalbe done with dilligence.

Gnomaticus. Now let vs in the holy name of God begin, and he for his mercy geue me grace to vtter, and you to diſgeſt ſuch holeſome leſſons as may be for the ſaluatiõ of your ſoules, the comfort of your lyfe, and the profitte of your Countrey.

You ſhall well vnderſtand, my well beloued ſchollers, that as God is the author of all goodneſſe, ſo is it requiſite that in all traditions and Morall preceptes we begin firſte to conſider of him, to regard his maieſtie, and ſearch the ſoueraigne poyntes of his Godhead. The Heathen Philoſophers (although they had not the light to vnderſtand perfect trueth) were yet all of them aſtonyed at the incomprehenſible maiefty and power of God; ſome of them thought the ayre to be God, ſome other the earth, ſome the infiniteneſſe of things, ſome one thing, ſome another, whoſe opinions I ſhall paſſe ouer as thinges vnmeete to be much thought of; but, by the way, the opinion of *Plato* is not

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vnworthy here to bee recited vnto you, who taught plainely that god was omnipotent, by whom the world was made, and al thinges therein created and brought vnto ſuch perfection as they be in. *Xenophon* affirmed that the true God was inuiſible, and that therefore we ought not enquire what or what maner of thing God is. *Ariſto* the Stoicke affirmed lykewyſe that God was incomprehenſible. To conclude, *Simonides* being demaunded what God was, required one dayes reſpet to anſwer, and then being again demaunded the ſame queſtion, he required two dayes reſpet; at the third apointment of his anſwere, he came & required three dayes; and being demaunded wherefore he did ſo breake his apointments, and require alwayes further time, he aunſwered, that the more deepely that he did conſider the matter, the more infinite he found it, and therefore remained alwaies aſtonyed what to anſwere, and always craued further time. Truly to leaue y^e^ heathen opinions and to come vnto the very touche-ſtone, I thinke it not amiſſe if we content our ſelues to thinke that God is omnipotent, and yet his power vnſearchable, and his goodnes vnſpeakable. And to be briefe, I wil deliuer vnto you the ſumme of your dutyes in foure Chapters: the firſt chapiter ſhalbe of God and his miniſters, the ſecond of the King and his Officers, the third ſhall conteyne the duties that you owe vnto your Countrey and the Elders thereof, and laſtly you ſhalbe put in remembraunce of your dutyes towardes your Parentes, and what you ought to be of your ſelues. In theſe foure chapters I truſt (by Gods help) to enclude as much as ſhalbe neceſſary for the perfect gouernment of a true Chriſtian.

Phylomus. Sir, wee beſeech you that for as much as this order of teaching is both very compendious, & alſo much different from the lectures which haue bene redde vnto vs, you will therefore vouchſafe to ſtand ſomwhat the more vppon euery point, to the end that aſwell your meaning may be perſpicuous, as alſo that we may the better beare away the ſame, and not onely learne it without the booke, but alſo engraue it in our mindes.

Gnomaticus. Your requeſt is reaſonable, and it ſhalbe by mee as

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tion I commend vnto your memory, firſt God himſelfe, and ſecondarily his miniſters. As touching your duties vnto God him ſelf, although they be infinite, yet ſhall we ſufficiently conteine them in three eſpeciall poynts to be perfourmed; that is to ſay, *Feare*, *Loue*, & *Truſt*. And firſt, to begin with feare, it ſhalbe neceſſary and aboue all thinges your bounden duty to feare God and his omnipoten power. *Linus*, that auncient Poet, wryteth, that with God all thinges are eaſie to be accompliſhed, and nothing is vnpoſſible. *Tully* in his Oration *Pro Roſcio amerino*, ſaith that the commodityes which wee vſe, the light which we enioy, and the breath which we haue and drawe, are giuen and beſtowed vppon vs by God: then if with God all thinges be poſſible (according to *Linus*) he is to be feared, ſithens the leaſt part of his diſpleaſure being prouoked, the greateſt part of his will is to him right eaſie to accompliſh: and if we haue our light, our lyfe, and all commodities of his gift (as *Cicero* affirmeth), then is hee to be feared, leaſt with the facillity of his omnipotency he take away as faſt as he gaue, or turne light into darknes, life into death, and cõmodities into diſcõmodities. I might recite you many heathen authorities, but it is moſt needleſſe, ſince y^e^ very word of God himſelf is moſt plaine in this behalfe, and yet I haue here ſet downe theſe fewe, becauſe they are not repugnant to holy Scriptures. Wee finde written in the xx. chapter of *Exodus*, that God is a Jelous God, and doth viſit the ſinnes of the Fathers vppon the children vnto the third and fourth generation. *Feare him then, for he is moſt mightie.* Againe, who ſhall defend me, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, vntill thine anger be paſt? *Feare God* then, ſince againſt his power no defence preuayleth. Again, both the heauens and the earth obay the voice of his mouth. *Feare him then, for al thinges are ſubiect vnto his mighty power.*

And yet with this feare you muſt alſo ioyne loue, for it is not with God as it is with Princes of the worlde, which to make them- Loue God.

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ſinner ſhould turne from his wickednes and liue. *Tully*, in his ſecond booke *de legibus*, ſaith that God being Lord of al things doth deſerue beſt of mākind, bicauſe he beholdeth what euery man is, and with what deuotion he worſhippeth the Gods, and keepeth an accompt aſwell of the good as the badde; whereby appeareth that the heathen confeſſed yet that the Gods were to be loued, bycauſe they cared for mankind, and truly that opinion is neither cõtrary to Gods word, nor diſſonant to naturall reaſon. For wee ſee by common experience that we loue them beſt of whom we are moſt fauoured, & haue receiued greateſt benefits. I meane hereby thoſe that rule their doinges by reaſon, for otherwyſe wee ſee dayly wicked men, which (forgetting their duty) do leaſt loue wher they haue moſt cauſe. When I my ſelfe was a ſcholler in the Uniuerſity, I remember that I did often tymes defend in Schooles this propoſition: *Ingratitudo* (*tam verſus Deos immortales quam apud homines*) *peccatum maximum.* Ingratitude is the greateſt faulte that may be, either towards god or man. Let vs cõſider the goodnes of almighty God, who firſt created vs to his owne Image and ſimilitude, indued vs with reaſon and knowledge, preſerued vs from innumerable perilles, and prouided thinges neceſſary for our ſuſtentation; and to conſider more inwardly the exceeding loue which he bare towardes mankinde, he ſpared not his onely begotten Sonne, but gaue him (euen vnto the death of the croſſe) for our redemption. Oh, what minde were able to conceaue, or what tongue able to vtter the loue and goodnes of almighty God towardes mankinde? And ſince his loue towardes vs hath bene and yet doth continue infinite, our loue ſhould alſo be infinite, to render him thanks for his goodnes. But though the cauſes be infinite which might bind vs to loue GOD, yet is there no cauſe greater then the manifolde mercyes which he hath ſhewed alwayes to mankind. In the firſt age when iniquity kindled his wrath to deſtroy the whole world, he yet vouchſafed to preſerue *Noe* and his family. *Loue him then*, ſince he preſerueth the good, though it be but for his mercyes

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of the Fathers vppon the children, vnto the third and fourth generation, yet therwithal he addeth, that he ſheweth mercy vnto thouſandes in them that loue him and keepe his commaundementes. *Loue him then*, ſince his mercy is ouer all his works. To conclude, when his vnſearchable Maieſtie by his diuine foreſight did perceyue, that by the very ſentence of the Lawe we ſtoode all in ſtate of condemnation, he ſent down his owne and only Sonne, to be ſlaundered, buffeted, and crucified for our ſinnes, to the ende that all which beleeue in him ſhould not periſh, but haue life euerlaſting. *Loue God then*, ſince *mercy* is aboundant with him, and he ſhall redeeme *Iſraell* from all his iniquities.

And heere vnto this feare and loue you muſt ioyne a ſure truſt and confidence. The promiſes of mortall men are often times vncertaine, and do fayle, but the promiſes of the Almighty are vnfallible. *For the wordes of his mouth returne not voyd and without effect. Tully* in his offices doth vſe great arte in declaration what ſortes of promiſes are to be obſerued, and which may be broken. But the diuine prouidence and foreſight doth promiſe nothing but that which he will moſt aſſuredly performe. When he promiſed vnto *Abraham* that *Sara* his wyfe ſhould beare him a childe, *Sara* laughed bycauſe ſhe was then foure ſcore & ten yeres olde, but the almighty remembred his couenant. *Truſt in him then* for his woords ſhall neuer fayle. When he promiſed *Moyſes* to conduct his people through the deſertes, they began to doubt and murmure, ſaying: would God that we had dyed in the land of *Ægypt* or in this wildnerneſſe &c. and the lord was angry, but yet remembring his promiſe, at the humble petition of *Moyſes* he perfourmed it. *Truſt in God therefore*, ſince no diſpleaſure can make him alter his determination, he perfourmed his holy promyſe in *Iſmaell*, although we read not that he praied vnto God therefore. I would not haue you think hereby that I condemne or contemne prayer, ſince it is the very meane to talke with God, but I meane thereby to proue, that God is moſt iuſt and faithfull in all his

Truſt in God.

Gen. 17.

Num. 14.

Gen. 21.

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hym, and by cleauing to him in all your actions, ſo yet are hys miniſters the meane & inſtruments of your ſaluation, and do (as it were) leade you by the hand through the waues of this world vn to eternall felicity, vnto whom you ſhall owe three ſeueral duties, that is to ſay, *Audience*, *Reuerence*, and *Loue*. The Children of *Iſraell* by harkening to *Moyſes* and *Aaron*, were not only enſtructed and taught their dutyes, but were (as it were) made at one with God when they had at any time purchaſed his heauy diſpleaſure. By harkning vnto *Phyllip* the Apoſtle, the *Enuch* was conuerted. By harkning vnto *Peter*, *Cornelius* ỹ captain was confirmed & ſtrengthned in the faith. By harkning vnto *Paule* and *Sylas*, *Lidia*, and the gaylour of *Phylippos* were baptiſed; the holy ſcriptures are full of examples to proue this propoſition. *Harken you therfore vnto the miniſters of God*, for they are ſent to enſtruct you, ſo ſhall it alſo become you to do thẽ reuerence in al places, remẽbring that as he which ſent them is in all thinges to be honoured, ſo are they to be had in reuerence for their office ſake. Such was the zeale of *Cornelius* the Captaine, that he fell downe proſtrate at *Peters* feete when he entered into his houſe, the which though *Peter* refuſed, ſaying that he was alſo mortall, yet did it ſignifie vnto vs, that the miniſters of God cannot bee too much reuerenced. The Prieſtes in the olde Teſtament were exempt from tributes and impoſitions, they were not conſtrained to go into the battaile, they were prouided for ſuſtenance and all thinges conuenient, and the people were commaunded to do them reuerence. *Do you likewiſe reuerence vnto Gods miniſters* in al places, for it ſhal become you well. So ſhall you alſo loue them bycauſe they preach the goſpel of him which hath power to ſaue you. If the ſenſual apetite of man be ſuch as engẽdreth affection towards the handmaide, bicauſe ſhe is of familiar cõuerſation wᵗ the Miſtris: or breedeth loue towards them which are in office with Princes, bycauſe they may alſo procure vs fauour: how much more ought the mindes of men to be kindled with loue towardes the miniſters of God, which enſtructe vs diligently, miniſter vnto vs painfully, and pray for vs faithfully? yea, how much are we boũd to loue them, which by their holſome preceptes do make vs worthy (through Gods mercy) of his holy loue and fauour. To conclude this chapter, you ſhall feare God *for his might*, *loue him for*

Actes 8.

Actes 16.

Harken to Gods Miniſters.

Actes 10.

Reuerẽce Gods miniſters.

Loue the miniſters.

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his mercyes, and truſt in him for he is faithfull. You ſhall alſo harken vnto his miniſters bycauſe they are ſent of God, you ſhall do them reuerence becauſe it becometh you, and for their office ſake, and you ſhal loue them bycauſe they feede you with the breade of lyfe. And this I thinke ſufficient for explanation of this firſt chapter at this time.

Onaticus. Sir, I haue done as you commaunded, and there is meate redy for your dinner, if it pleaſe you that it be ſette on the table.

Gnomaticus. Well, we wil then defer the reſt of our labour vntill dinner be paſt, go we togither, for I thinke it tyme.

Phyloſarcus. We followe when it pleaſeth you. [*They depart.*

Actus primi, Scæna quinta.

LAMIA, ECCHO, PANDARINA, and DICK DROOM.

Lamia.

COME on, my good friendes, for were not your frendly help, I could rather content my ſelf to be buryed in my flowing yeares, then to liue in ſuch a miſerable and preciſe world as this is. Oh, what *Superfineſſe* are we now grown vnto? a gentlewoman may not now adaies ſeeme to ſpeak to her frende at the dore paſſing by; ſhe may not looke at him in the window, ſhe may not kiſſe him if ſhe meete him as a ſtraunger, nor receyue his letters or preſentes, but euery pratling miniſter will record it in the pulpit.

Eccho. In deed, faire Lady *Lamia*, they are both too curious and too much ſuſpicious, for if they do but ſee two in bedde togyther, they will ſay that it was for to committe ſome wickedneſſe, fye, fye, vpon ſuch tongues.

Lamia. Ha ha, by my troth, *Eccho*, wel ſaid, but by your leaue, let maſter miniſter tattle what he will, for I will take my frendes preſent when it commeth; and ſhall I tell you, if I could haue bene contented to be ſo ſhutte vp from ſight and ſpeech of ſuch as like me, I might haue liued gallantly and well prouided with my mother, who (though I ſay it) is a good old Lady in *Valentia;* but when I ſawe

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that I muſt weare my good apparell alwayes within doores, and that I muſt paſſe ouer my meales without company, I truſſed vp my Jewelles in a caſket, and (being accompanyed with my good Aunte here) I bad *Valentia* farewell, for I had rather make hard ſhifte to liue at lyberty, then enioy great riches in ſuch a kind of empriſonment.

Eccho. A good Aunt in deede, I would I had ſuch an Uncle.

Pandarina. Content your ſelfe, niece, it were now but folly to ſpend time in booteleſſe complaints, nor to lament the thing which may not be remedied, you muſt rather learne the way that may maintaine your eſtate, for beauty will not alwayes laſt, and if you prouide not in youth, you may be aſſured to begge in age; take example at me, I tell you I thought my halfepeny good ſiluer within theſe few yeares paſt, and now no man eſteemeth me vnleſſe it be for counſell.

Dicke. Counſell, quoth you? mary, ſir, and good counſell is much worth now adayes.

Lamia. I pray you, Aunt, ſince you are ſo good a councellour, giue me ſome aduiſe how to behaue my ſelfe.

Pandarina. As for that, another time ſhall ſerue between you and mee.

Eccho. Why, and ſhall I be caſt vp for a hobler then? I am ſure I was neuer yet vntruſty to any of you both.

Dicke. Well, Ladyes, and if you looke well vppon the matter, I think that I am as worthy as one to be of counſell; well I wot if any gentleman offer you the leaſt parte of iniury, then *Dicke* muſt be ſent for to ſweare out the matter, *Dicke* muſt byde all brontes, and therefore it were not amiſſe that he were of counſel in all your conferences.

Lamia. By myne honeſty, Aunt, to confeſſe a troth, both theſe are our very approued freendes, & therfore you may be bolde to

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you become ſo franke harted that you ſuffer him not to beſtow vpon you any more then is neceſſary for preſent vſe: yea, haſſilwood, I pray you learne theſe three pointes of me to gouerne your ſteppes by: Firſt, *Truſt no man* how faire ſoeuer he ſpeake; next, *Reiect no man* (that hath ought) how euil fauoured ſo euer he be. And laſtely, *Loue no man* longer then he geueth, ſince lyberall gyfts are the glewe of euerduring loue.

Eccho. O noble Dame, why were not you mother of the maydes vnto the Queene of *Hungary?* by the fayth of a true *Burgondyan*, you had wrong, for you well deſerued the place.

Dyck. I warrant you if the King our maſter had ſtore of daughters, ſuch a matrone could not liue vnknowen, but was it not therfore (thinke you) that ambaſſadours were ſent this other day to the old Ducheſſe?

Lamia. Well, Aunt, I were worthy of great reprehenſion, if I would reiect the good documents of ſuch a frende, and if I haue heretofore done contrary, impute it to my youth; but be you ſure that hereafter I will endeuour my ſelfe to follow your precepts.

Eccho. And I, fayre Lady, will ſtande you in ſome ſtead, to driue byrdes to the Net. If I be not much deceyued, I ſawe a froſty bearded ſcholemaſter inſtructing of four luſty young men erewhyle as we came in, but if my iudgement do not fayle me, I may chaunce to read ſome of them another lecture.

Dyck. Tuſh, what needeth ſuch open talke here in the ſtreate? let vs go to the Lady *Pandarinaes* houſe, and there we may deuiſe at better commodity vpon theſe cauſes.

Lamia. He ſpeaketh reaſon, let vs go, Aunt, for it is not meete that euery dancer heare our muſike, before the maſkers be ready.

Pandarina. Well, I ſayde ſo at the firſt, but when you wyll, let vs departe. [*They depart to their howſes.*

The firſt Chorus.

WHEN God ordeyned the reſtleſſe life of man,
And made him thrall to ſundry greeuous cares:
The firſt borne griefe or Sorow that began

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To ſhew it ſelf, was this : to ſaue from ſnares
The pleaſant pledge, which God for vs prepares.
I meane the ſeede and ofspring that he giues
To any wight which in this world here lyues.

Few ſee themſelues, but each man ſeeth his chylde,
Such care for them as care not for themſelfe,
We care for them, in youth when witte is wilde,
We care for them, in age to gather pelf:
We care for them, to keepe them from the ſhelf
Of ſuch quicke ſands, as we our ſelues firſt founde,
When headdy will did ſett our ſhippes on grounde.

The care which Chriſt dyd take to ſaue his ſheepe,
Hath bene compared to fathers care on child,
And as the hen her harmles chicks can keepe
From cruell kyte, ſo muſt the father ſhylde
His youthfull Sonnes, that they be not beguylde
By wicked world, by fleſhly foule deſire,
Which ſerue the deuill with Fewell for his fire.

Fyrſt parentes care to bring their children forth,
To breede them then, to bring them vp in youth,
To match them eke with wightes of greateſt worth,
To ſee them taught the truſty tracks of trueth :
To barre exceſſe, from whence all ſin enſueth ;
And yet to geue enough for common neede,
Leaſt lothſome lacke make vice for vertue breede.

Let ſhame of ſinne thy Childrens bridle be,
And ſpurre them forth with bounty wyſely vſed:
That difference each man may plainly ſee

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Thus infinite the cares of Parentes are:
Some care to ſaue their children from miſhappe,
Some care for welth, and ſome for honours care,
Whereby their Sonnes may ſitte in fortunes lappe:
Yet they which cram them ſo with worldly pappe,
And neuer care to geue them heauenly crommes,
Shall ſee them ſterue when happe of hunger comes.

Said *Socrates:* that man which careth more
To leaue his chyld much good and rych of rent
Then he forſeeth to furniſh him with ſtore
Of vertues welth, which neuer can be ſpent,
Shall make him lyke the ſteed that ſtyll is pent
In ſtable cloſe; which may be fayre in ſight,
But ſeldome ſerues, ſuch horſe, in field to fight.

So *Xenophon* his freend *Dan Tully* told,
And ſo do here *Phylopæs* and his pheare
Phylocalus that ſelfe ſame leſſon hold:
They rather loue to leaue their ſonnes in feare
Of God aboue, then wealth to wallow heare.
Which godly care (O God) ſo deigne to bliſſe,
That men may ſee how great thy glory is.

Finis Actus primus.

Actus ſecundi, Scœna prima.

GNOMATICVS, PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOSARCVS, and PHYLOTIMVS.

Gnomaticus.

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principall poyntes in ſeruice of God almighty, ſo will I alſo conuey into three pointes, as much as ſhalbe neceſſary for this tradition: for I feare leaſt I haue bene ouer longe in my firſt deuiſion, but I was drawne thervnto by the requeſt which you made of your ſelues, and therefore beare with me.

Phylotus. Sir, our deſire is ſuch to beare away perfectly your enſtruction, that your prolixity ſeemeth vnto vs very compendious.

Gnomaticus. Well then, to return vnto the matter, you ſhall performe vnto the King three eſpecial dutyes, that is to ſay: *Honour*, *Obedience*, and *Loue*. *Hypodamus*, in his booke of a common welth, ſaith that a kingdome is a thing compared to the imitation of gods power. *Diotogenes* the ſcholler of *Pytagoras*, in his booke of gouernment, ſaith that a king repreſenteth the figure of God amongſt men. Lykewiſe he ſayth, that as god excelleth the moſt perfect things of nature, ſo the king excelleth amongſt men and worldly matters: ſo that he is to bee honored as the lieutenant of God here vpon earth, both becauſe he hath power of commaundement, and chiefly becauſe he repreſenteth that heauenly King, who is king of kinges, and aboue all Kynges to be honoured: Euen ſo is hee alſo to bee obayed in all ſeculer conſtitutions and pollitike prouiſions. This obedience doth conſequently follow honoure, as the ſhadow followes the body, for whatſoeuer he be that gyueth vnto his king that honor which to him apperteineth, will (no doubt) lykewiſe obay him with all humilitie. *Eraſmus* teacheth in his *Apothegmes*, that obediēce expelleth al ſeditiō & maynteyneth concorde: the which may alſo appeare by naturall reaſon and common experience, neyther ſhall they euer become able to beare rule them ſelues, whiche cannot bee content to obay the auᵭhoritie of others. Wherfore it ſhal be moſt conuenient that you obay the King, ſynce his auᵭhoritie is frō god; & as this obedience dependeth vpon the honour wherewith ye ſhall reuerence the King as Gods lieutenant, ſo muſt you alſo ioyne therunto an vnfayned loue, for as almightye God is to be loued becauſe hee is mercifull, ſo the King beeing apoynted by God muſte be loued

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indignation being iuſtly kindled, thou bee not able to beare it. Next vnto the king we are to conſider the Magiſtrates which are appoynted for adminiſtration of iuſtice and pollityke gouerment: theſe Magiſtrates muſt alſo bee honoured, obeyed, & loued: honored becauſe they are ỹ ſubſtituts of ỹ king vnto whom all honour (on earth) apperteyneth, obeyed becauſe theyr office is appointed by the Kings auᵭhoritie, and loued becauſe they are the graue and expert perſonages, which deuiſe lawes and conſtitutions for continuaunce of peace and tranquillitie. The apoſtle *Paule*, in his xiii. chapter of his Epiſtle to the *Romaines*, teacheth playnely, that Rulers beare not the ſworde in vaine, ſaying: *Let euerie ſoule be ſubieᵭ vnto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God. Againe, the ruler (ſayth he) doth not beare the ſworde in vayne.* Wherefore you muſt needes be ſubieᵭ, not onelye for feare, but alſo for conſcience. And Sanᵭ *Peter*, in hys fyrſt Epiſtle and the ſeconde chapiter, doth ſufficientlie teach vs this point, ſaying: *Submit your ſelfe vnto all manner ordinaunce of man for the Lordes ſake, whether it bee vnto the king as hauing the preheminence, or vnto the rulers as vnto them that are ſent of him for the puniſhment of euill dooers, but for the laude of them that do well.* Whereby appeareth, that the magiſtrates are not onely to be feared, becauſe they punyſh offenders, but alſo to be loued becauſe they cheriſh the verteous: and for concluſion of this poynt, if you deſire to be good men, then learne to performe duety towardes all magiſtrates. As *Sophocles* well ſayde, *it becommeth a good man to haue due reſpeᵭ vnto all magiſtrates.* I might nowe take your Parentes in hande for the next pointe of your enſtruᵭion, but I will firſt touch the duety which you owe vnto your countrye, and that is conteyned alſo in three eſpecial pointes: that is to ſaye, in *Thankefulneſſe*, *Defence*, and *Proffit*. And as ingratitude is the moſt heinous offence againſt God, ſo haue I taught you that it is the greateſt faulte in humayne aᵭions, amongſt the which it ſheweth it ſelfe no way more vntollerable, then if you ſhoulde happen to bee vnthankefull vnto your country. *Tully* in his offices ſayth, that wee are not borne onely for our owne perticuler cauſe or profit, but parte (ſayth he) our cuntrey challengeth, parte our Parentes think due vnto them, and our friendes ought lykewiſe to enioye ſome parte of our trauailes. There

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are dyuers Philoſophers, whiche maynteyne in argument that all cuntryes are free for a noble mynde, and I agree thereunto, but yet thereby they conclude not, that a noble minde, by chuſing a new cuntrey to enhabit, maye lawfully forgett the cuntrey wherein hee was natiue. *Zopirus* is condempned in all hiſtories for the vnthankefulnes he vſed in betraying his cuntrey. The truth of the Troyan hiſtorie accuſeth *Æneas*, *Antenor*, & certeyne others, as moſt vnthankefull traytors to theyr cuntrey; *Cillicon* for betraying of *Miletus*, *Laſthenes* for deliuering of *Olinthus*, *Nilo* for ſelling of *Epirus*, and *Apollonius* for neglecting of his charge in *Samos*, are generally noted with the names of vnthankeful and vntruſtie traytors to theyr cuntreyes: ſo that you muſt alwayes remember to become thankefull to your cuntrey, and myndefull to maynteyne the honor of the ſame, leaſt neglecting your dueties in that behalfe, you deſerue the oprobrious names of traytors, which are odious to God and man. You muſte alſo ſpare no peril or trauaile to defende the ſame, for your countrey challengeth not onely that you be thankfull vnto the ſoyle which hath bredde you, but furder alſo, that you defende the ſtate, wherein you haue beene nouriſhed. *Tully*, in his *Tuſculanes* queſtions, recyteth one *Laſcæna* who, when he receiued tydings of his ſounes death, whom he had ſent into the warres in defence of hys countrey, anſwered: therefore did I beget him (quoth hee) that hee might be ſuch an one, as woulde not doubt to dye for hys countrey. In his booke entytuled the dreame of *Scipio*, he affirmeth that there is a certaine place appointed and ordeined in heauen for all ſuch as defende their countrey. *Euripides* warneth that we ſhoulde neuer bee wearye in thoſe trauailes, which tende to the reſtitution or defence of our countrey. *Platoes* opinion was, that wee are more bound to defend our countrey then our own Parents. Like argumentes haue beene defended by many Phyloſophers, ſaying, that although thy Parentes

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to be profitable to the ſame: whereof many notable examples might be reherſed. *Lycurgus*, when he had by extreeme dilligence and trauayle reduced the *Spartanes* vnto cyuillytie by ſundrie holſome lawes and pollityke conſtitutions, and that they began to murmure, ſaying: that his lawes were vntollerable, hee feyned that he woulde go to *Delphos* to conſulte with the God *Apollo*, whether his lawes were to be obſerued or not, promiſing to abide his ſentence, & requiring no more of the *Lacedemonians*, but to ſweare y^t^ they would obſerue thoſe lawes vntill his retourne: which when they had ſolemnly ſworne, [he] tooke his iurney without entente to returne home againe, and ordeyned before his death to be encloſed in a great cheeſt of Lead, and ſo to be throwen into the ſea, to the ende that, hee neuer retourning, the *Laucedemonians* might be bound by theyr othe to continue the exerciſe of his profitable lawes, ſuche care he had to become profitable vnto his countrey. *Curtius* the *Romayne*, when there apeared a greate gulfe in the market place, whiche could by no meanes be ſtopped, and anſwere was geeuen from the Oracle, that it was onely to bee ſtopped by that which was of moſte worth vnto the citye of *Roome*, he deeming that the cittie had nothing ſo precious as ſtoute & valyant men, armed him ſelfe, and leapte into the Gulfe, which ſtopped immediatly: declaring thereby, howe lyght men ought to eſteeme theire life, when as the ſame maye yelde profitte or commoditie to theyr countrey. *Menecius*, the Sonne of *Creon*, refuſed not voluntary death, when he vnderſtoode that the ſame might redeeme the citye of *Thebes* from vtter ſubuerſion. I might trouble you with infinite ſtories to proue this propoſition, but let theſe few ſuffice, and in your countrie haue allways eſpeciall reſpecte to the elders, to whom you muſt alſo performe three ſeuerall deuties: that is, *Reverence*, *Loue*, and *Defence*. *Lycurgus* ordeyned, that no young man ſhould paſſe by an elder without reuerence fyrſte doone vnto him, namelie if he were ſet, he roſe to do reuerence vnto the elders, and if they were alone, he was bound to proffer them the comfort of his company. *Plato*, in his nynth dyalogue of lawes and conſtitucions, doth thus propound: al men muſt grant (ſayth he) that age is much to be preferred before youth, aſwell in the ſight of God, as alſo in the ſight of men which will lyue orderly: for it is abhominable (ſayth he) that an olde

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man ſhoulde geue place vnto a young man, and the Gods them ſelues do hate it, ſince youth ought with paciente mynde to beare euen the ſtrypes of their elders. You ſhal alſo loue them, becauſe of them you may learne good preceptes, and of them you may be bolde to aſke councell: for as *Euripides*, in his tragedy called *Phæniſſæ*, doth teache, prudence will not be gotten with fewe dayes ſeeking for, and the apoſtles teach vs our deuty dyrectly in that behalf, who ordeyned amongſt them elders in euery congregation, to decyde all matters in controuerſie, of whome they were reſolued of all doubtes in conſcience. It ſhal alſo becom you to defend the elders from al vyolence and outrage, ſince it is a thing as comly and comendable to defende the weake, as it is glorious and tryumphant to ouercome the mightie: whereof I myght recite many famous examples out of the Romain hiſtories, but I will partlie include the ſame in the dueties which you owe vnto your Parentes, which are alſo, *Honor*, *Loue*, and *Reliefe*. And of the firſt parte, although I might bring in ſundry worthy examples; yet becauſe the caſe is of it ſelf familiar, I wil be briefe, and vſe no other perſuation then the expreſſe commaundement of God, who biddeth you to honor your Father and Mother, that your dayes maye bee long in the land which the Lord your god hath giuen you. And Sainct *Paule*, in the ſixt chapiter of his Epiſtle to the *Epheſians*, ſayth, Chyldren, obay your Parents in the Lord, for that is right and well pleaſing to the Lorde. As he teſtifieth in the thirde chapiter to the *Coloſſianes*, you ſhall loue them alſo becauſe you are engendred of their owne fleſhe & bloud, as alſo you may not forget your Mothers paines in bearing of you; you muſte alwaies meditate in your minde, fyrſt the cares which they haue had to preſerue you from bodily perils in the cradell, from daunger of dampnation by Godly education, from neede and hunger by adminiſtring things neceſſarie, and from vtter deſtruction by vigillant foreſight & Godly care: all theſe with infinit other things conſidered, you ſhall finde your ſelues bounden by manyfolde occaſions to loue your Parentes, and to be aſſiſtant vnto them in the neceſſities of their age. For well ſayd that Poet, which affirmed that children were tenderly ſwadled in their cradels, to the ende they mighte ſuſteyne their aged Parentes and ſupplie their wantes. Meruelous is the nature of the Storke, which feedeth the

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damme in age, of whom it ſelfe receiued nouriture beeing young in the neaſt. *Tully* in his booke of the anſwers of ſothſayers ſayth, that nature in the beginning hath made an accord betweene vs and our Parents, ſo that it were damnable not to cheriſh them. And to conclude, ther is nothing that can worſe become a comon welth, then to ſee y^e^ youth floriſh in proſperity which ſuffer their parents to periſh for lack of any cōmodity. Now that I haue rehearſed vnto you aſmuche as I thinke requiſit, for the enſtruction of your dueties, fyrſt towardes god, and his miniſters, next to the Kyng and his Magiſtrates, thirdely to your countrey and the Elders thereof and laſtly towardes your Parentes: it ſhall not be amiſſe that you remember of your ſelfe how you are the Temple of God; keepe your ſelues holy therefore in your conuerſation, and vndefiled, for if our ſauiour Chriſt did rigorouſly rebuke and expell the buyers & ſellers out of the outward Temple, how muche more will hee puniſhe them which pollute and defile the inwarde Temple of their bodies, and geue ouer their delight to concupiſcence and vanities? thus may you for breuitie remember that you:

God.
1 Feare God becauſe he is mightie,
2 Loue God becauſe he is mercifull,
3 Truſt in God becauſe he is iuſt.

1 Heare his miniſters becauſe they are ſent to enſtruct you,
2 Do reuerence vnto them becauſe of their office,
3 Loue them becauſe they feede you with heuenly bread.

King.
1 Honor the King becauſe he is Gods lieutenant,
2 Obay him becauſe his power is from aboue,
3 Loue him becauſe he is thy protector.

1 Honor hys Magiſtrates becauſe they repreſent his perſon,
2 Obay them becauſe they haue their auctoritie from him,
3 Loue them becauſe they mainteine peace.

1 Be thankefull to thy countrey that hath bredde thee,
2 Defende it becauſe thou art borne to that ende, and
3 Profytte it becauſe thou ſhalt thereby gayne honour.

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Country.
1 Reuerence thy elders for their grey heares,
2 Loue them becauſe they councell thee, and
3 Defend them becauſe they are feeble.

1 Honor your Parentes becauſe God commaundeth ſo,
2 Loue them bycauſe they tendred you, and
3 Releeue them becauſe it is your duety.

Laſtly, forget not your ſelues, neyther make any leſſe account of your ſelues then to be the Temple of God, whiche you ought to keepe holy and vndefiled. I myghte ſtand in dilatacion hereof with many moe examples and auctthorities, but I truſt theſe (being well remembred) ſhall ſuffyce, and now I will leaue you for a time, beſeeching allmyghty God to guyde and keepe you now & euer. So be it.

[*Gnomaticus goeth out.*

Actus ſecundi, Scæna ſecunda.

PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOSARCVS, PHYLOTIMVS, and ONATICVS.

Phylautus.

AH ſirha, I ſee wel the olde prouerbe is true, which ſaith: ſo many men ſo many mindes; this order of teaching is farre contrary to all other ẏ euer I haue heard; &, ſhal I tell you? it hath in it neither head nor foote.

Phylomuſus. Truly, brother, it hath in it great reaſon & virtue, and though it be at ẏ firſt vnpleaſant in compariſon to Terences Commedies

Phylautus. Is there any man ſo dull of vnderſtanding, that he knoweth not that in all countreys elders muſt (or will) be reuerenced? and ſee we not daily, that all parents challenge obedience and loue?

Phyloſarchus. Yes, and more to, for ſome parentes are neuer contented what dutie ſoeuer the childe performeth; they forget what they once were themſelues; but to the purpoſe. I looked for ſome excellent matter at this newe Schoolemaſters handes, if this be all that he can ſay to vs, I would for my part that we were in ſome Uniuerſitie, for here we ſhall but looſe our time: I haue (in effect) all this geare without booke already.

Phylautus. And I lacke not much of it. [*Onaticus commeth in.*

Onaticus. Well ſayd, young gentlemen, it is a good hearing when young men are ſo toward, and much eaſe is it for the teacher when he findeth ſcollers of quicke capacity.

Philotimus. Surely I am not yet ſo forwarde, neither can I vaunt that eyther I haue it without booke, or do ſufficiently beare away the ſame in ſuch order as I woulde.

Phylomuſus. For my parte, I beſeech God that I may with all my whole vnderſtanding bee able to beare away that which our Maſter hath deliuered vnto vs, and that I may ſo emprinte the ſame in my memorie, that in all my lyfe I maye make it a glaſſe wherein I may beholde my duetie: wherefore *Phylotimus* (if you ſo thinke good), you and I will go aparte, and medytate the ſame to our ſelues, to the end we may be the perfecter therein when our enſtructer ſhall examine vs.

Phylotimus. Contented, let vs go where you will.

[*They go apart.*

Phyloſarchus. Let them go like a couple of blockheads, I would we two were at ſome Uniuerſitie, and then let them do what they liſt.

Phylautus. Euen ſo would I, for at the Uniuerſitie we ſhould heare other maner of teaching. There be lectures daily read of all the liberall ſciences, of all languages, and of all morall diſcourſes. Furthermore, at the Uniuerſitie we ſhould haue choyſe company of gallant young gentlemen, with whom we might acquaint our ſelues, and paſſe ſome times in recreation; yea, ſhall I tell you? if a man

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liſt to play the good fellow and be mery ſometymes, hee ſhall not want there (as I haue heard) that wyll accompanie him.

Phyloſarchus. And what Uniuerſitie (do you ſuppoſe) we ſhall be ſent vnto.

Phylautus. I thinke vnto *Doway*, for that is neereſt.

Phyloſarchus. Haue you beene in *Doway* at any time?

Phylautus. No ſurely, but I haue harde it prayſed for a proper citie, and wel repleniſhed with curteous people and fayre women.

Phyloſarchus. Marry, Sir, ther would I be then. Oh what a pleaſure it is to behold a fayre woman? ſurelie they were created of God for the comfort of man, but beholde, I ſee a paſſing fayre woman come downe the ſtreete, and if I be not much deceiued, *Eccho* is her gentleman vſher; it is ſo in deede.

Phylautus. What is that *Eccho?*

Philoſarchus. Know you not *Eccho?* why thē you know no man, the beſt fellow in all this towne, and readie to do for all men: I will bring you acquaynted with him.

Actus ſecundi, Scæna tertia.

PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOSARCHVS, ECCHO, LAMIA, DICK DROM, and PANDARINA.

Eccho.

YOU ſhall ſee (Lady *Lamia*,) how I will worke this geare lyke wax; but is not this *Phyloſarchus?* it is euen hee, in good time I haue eſpied him, keepe your coūtenance in any wiſe.

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Eccho. Hereby, Sir, with this gentlewoman.

Phyloſarchus. Abide, I pray thee, here is a young gentleman, a friend of myne, which deſireth to bee acquaynted with thee.

Eccho. Sir, I am at your commandement and his alſo, I will be ſo bold as to kiſſe his hands: *Dyck*, go thou on with theſe gentlewomen before; I will ouertake you immediatly.

[*The Ladies paſſe by, with a reuerence to the gentlemen.*

Phyloſarchus. And I pray thee tell mee, *Eccho*, what gentlewoman is this?

Eccho. Sir, ſhe is of *Valentia*, and hath preſently ſome buſineſſe in this citie with her Aunt which accompanieth her.

Phyloſarchus. Ha, ha, buſineſſe in deede, tell mee, *Eccho*, here are none but God & good friendes: is ſhee of the right ſtampe?

Eccho. Sir, beleeue mee I know no ſuch thing by her; I haue not beene long acquaynted with her, and (to tell you what likely hoodes I haue hitherto ſeene) ſhee is very demure and modeſt, neyther is there any company reſorteth to her lodging, but what for that? all thinges haue a beginning, ſhee is a woman, and nothing is vnpoſſible.

Phyloſarcus. Truſt mee, truely ſhe is a gallant wench, & but yong; that Fryer, which would not caſt off his cowle to catch ſuch a ſowle, ſhal neuer be my cōfeſſor, but I pray thee deale playnly with me; might not a man entreat maſter *Eccho* to carry her a preſent, if neede were?

Eccho. Sir, there is neuer a gentleman in this citie, ſhall make *Eccho* ſtretch a ſtringe ſooner then your ſelfe, but of a very truth, hetherto I haue ſeene no ſuch likelyhood; but, Sir, you are a gallant yong man, me thinkes you myght do well to walke ſomtimes by her lodging, and geue her the *Albade*, or the *Bezo las manos*, and by that meane you may acquaint your ſelfe with her: afterwardes if any thing may be furthered by *Eccho*, commaund him.

Philoſarchus. Gramercie, gentle *Eccho*, but where aboutes is ſhe lodged?

Eccho. Not farre from S. Myghels, Sir, at a red houſe. I will take leaue of you for this time, leaſt ſhe thinke me verie ſlacke in attendance.

Philoſarchus. Fare well, friend *Eccho.* Did I not tell you what he

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was? there is not ſuch a felow in a world againe, ſurely it ſhall go hard but I will haue a fling at this damſell: but let vs goe in, for our companions are departed long ſithens, and we ſhal perchance giue ſome cauſe of ſuſpecte, if we tarie long here.

Philautus. Go we.

Actus ſecundi, Scæna quarta.

GNOMATICVS, ONATICVS, ECCHO.

Gnomaticus.

SURELY theſe yong men are not hitherto to be miſlyked, and I truſt in God they will proue toward ſcholers.

Onaticus. Yea, ſyr, out of dout, & eſpecially the two elder, but the other two are nothing ſo quicke ſprited; I came by them eare-while, ſoone after ye had done reading vnto thē, and the two eldeſt could euen then (in maner) record without booke as much as you had taught them.

Gnomaticus. Yea, but what is that to the purpoſe? the quickeſt wits proue not alwayes beſt, for as they are readie to cōceiue, ſo do they quickly forget, & therewithall the fineneſſe of their capacitie doth carie ſuch oftētimes to delight in vanities, ſince mans nature is ſuch that with eaſe it inclyneth to pleaſure, and vnwilling it is to indure pain or trauell, without the which no vertue is obteyned.

[*Eccho cometh in.*

Eccho. This geare goeth well, for whereas I was caſting with my ſelfe howe to entrap this yonker, he is falne into the nette of his owne accorde, and deſireth that of me whiche I was carefull howe to profer cleanely vnto him. But is not this the old ſcholemaſter? euē the ſame: wel, we muſt find ſome deuice to bleare his eye for a while: let me alone, I knowe howe to bring it to paſſe.

Gnomaticus. Doth this felow come to me, thinkeſt thou?

Onaticus. It may be, ſyr, but I know him not.

Eccho. I will ſalute him. God ſaue you, maiſter ſcholemaiſter.

Gnomaticus. Welcome, gentle brother.

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Eccho. Syr, I am ſente vnto you by the Markgraue who, vnderſtanding that two of his kinſemen are lately placed vnder your gouernement, hath a deſire to ſee them, and therefore ſent me to intreate you that you would gyue them lybertie this afternoone, to the end that he may common with them.

Gnomaticus. Surely I did not know that they were the Markgraues kinſemen, and they haue yet bene but verie ſmall time with me, but ſince it ſo pleaſeth him, I am content to graunt them libertie, and I will ſend them out vnto you preſently to go where it liketh him.

[*Gnomaticus goeth in.*

Eccho. So ſo, they are as much a kynne to the Marke-graue, as Robyn Fletcher and the ſweet Roode of Cheſter, but yet this was a cleanely ſhifte vpon the ſodeyne, for by this meanes ſhal I take occaſion to bring this yonker and the Ladie *Lamia* better acquainted, & much good do it him, for out of doubt ſhe ſhall be his, as long as his purſe maye be myne. But behold where they come altogither: now let me beſtirre me and vſe my beſt wittes.

Actus ſecundi, Scæna quinta.

PHILAVTUS, PHILOSARCHVS, PHILOMVSVS, PHILOTIMVS, and ECCHO.

Philautus.

I AM glad that we haue libertie this afternoone to take recreation, not for that I lacked time to meditate that which hath bene read vnto vs, but bycauſe I take pleaſure in walking abroad.

Philoſarchus. And I hope by this meanes to haue further communication with my friende *Eccho;* and beholde, where he is!

Philomuſus. Amongſt all that our inſtructer hath rehearſed vnto vs, there is nothing ſticketh better in my remembrance, than that which he ſayde of time: for ſurely as it is the greateſt treaſure which God hath giuen vnto man, ſo ought he to be verie curious and warie how he beſtoweth the ſame; wherefore, *Philotimus,* I thinke we can not

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better do, than to ſpende ſome time by the way in meditating & rehearſing theſe wholſome precepts, which our inſtructer hath to vs deliuered, for I aſſure you, although he hath bene therein verie compendious and ſentencious, yet in my iudgement euery ſentence is ſuch as requireth a rype deliberation and weightie conſideration of the ſame.

Philotimus. Surely, *Philomuſus*, I am of your opinion, and therefore let vs beſtowe the time therein, althoughe percaſe our brethren here will vſe this afternoone in ſome other exerciſe.

[*Philoſarchus beckneth Eccho: Philomuſus and Philotimus go together.*

Eccho. Sir, it is vnto you that I addreſſe my ſelfe, for although I be not the redieſt man on liue to deale in ſuch affayres, yet ſuch is the great good liking which I haue alwayes had in you, that ſince I ſpake with you earewhile, I haue not been vnmindful of you, & ſurely I ſuppoſe that God doth fauour your deſires, for euen now when I departed from you, and as ſoone as I ouertooke the gentlewoman, I caſt in my braines how to pleaſure you, and meaning to haue deuiſed ſome ſubtilty wherby the thing might be brought into communication, the gentlewoman of her ſelfe proffred the occaſion, for ſhee demaunded of me what yong gentlemen thoſe were with whom I ſtayed. I tolde her that ye were Sonnes to two of the welthieſt burghers in this citie, and be you ſure I left out no commendation which might aduaunce you, whereat ſhe ſeemed to bite on the bridle, and commended you for your curteſies, in that yee ſaluted her ſo gently as ſhee paſſed by, but eſpecially ſhee marked you by ſundry thinges and geſtures, and coulde deſcribe you vnto me by your apparell. Short tale to make, I neuer ſaw her ſhew ſo much lykelyhoode of affection, ſince I firſt ſaw her, as ſhee bewrayed preſently, and ſhall I tell you in your eare? if *Eccho* be any better then a foole, ſhe hath a monethes minde vnto *Phyloſarchus*, wherfore play you now the wiſe man, & ſtrike the Iron whiles it is hot; ſhe returneth this way preſently, and thereupon I haue aduentured to come vnto your Scoolemaſter, to craue you a libertie in the name of the Markegraue, ſaying that you were his kynſemen, and this haue I done, to the ende that you might take occaſion to ſalute her eftſoones as ſhe returneth: and if you vſe the matter wiſely (as I know you can) you may take oportunity alſo to talke with her, yea and to conduct her to her lodging.

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Phyloſarchus. Surelie, *Eccho*, thou ſheweſt playnlie what good will thou beareſt me, but what ſhall we do with the Markgraue?

Eccho. Tuſh, folow you your buſines now that you haue libertie, and let me alone with that matter; if euer hereafter the thing come in queſtion, lay all vppon me, and I will ſay, that I miſtooke both the Scoolemaſter and the Skollers vnto whom I was ſent.

Phyloſarchus. Well, friend *Eccho*, I know not how to deſerue thy gentlenes, but in token of gratefull mind, holde, receiue theſe twentie gildres vntil I haue greater abillity, and be ſure that if euer I liue to enherit *Phylocalus*, then *Eccho* ſhall not be vnprouided for.

Eccho. What meane you, ſir? ſtay your purſe vntill another time—well if you will needes enforce me, I will neuer refuſe the curteſie of a gentleman—but behold, where the Ladie *Lamia* commeth. Sir, *me recomandez:* I will not be ſeene to talke with you, for I ſtale from her to pleaſure you priuilie. [*Eccho departeth.*

Actus primi, Scœna ſexta.

PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOSARCHVS, ECCHO, LAMIA, DYCK DROM, and PANDARINA.

Phyloſarchus.

OH my friend *Phylautus*, behold here a peereleſſe peece, doth it not delight your eyes to gaze vppon ſuch a ſhyning ſtarre? on myne honor ſhe hath a ſweet face, & by al likelihood ſhe is much to young to haue been hetherto comonly abuſed, but wherfore am I abaſhed? I wil go and ſalute her. Fayr lady, God ſaue you, and ſend you that your hart moſt deſireth.

Lamia. Worthie gentleman, I thanke you moſt heartely for your good wil, and if God hear your prayer, he ſhal do more than he did for me a good whyle, but it is no matter, when he hath taken his pleaſure of puniſhing, he will at laſt haue pitie on the poore.

Philoſarchus. Surely, myſtreſſe, it were great pitie that ſuch a one

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as you ſhould indure any puniſhment without great cauſe, and hardly can I thinke that any heart is ſo hard as to ſee you ſorowfull, if remedie maye be therefore obteyned.

Lamia. Syr, I coulde be content that all men were of your mynde, but I finde curteſie verie colde nowe adayes, and many there be which woulde rather depryue a poore gentlewoman of her right, then rue vpon her pitteous plyght: the good king *Amadis* is dead long ſythens, whoſe Knightes vndertooke alwayes the defence of Dames and Damſelles. [*She whyneth.*

Phylautus. Alas, what ayleth the yong gentlewoman to complayne?

Pandarina. Syr, and not without cauſe, ſince ſhe is by great wrong diſpoſſeſſed of riche Signiories which belong to her by right and inheritance, and complayning here vnto the magiſtrates, ſhe receyueth ſmall comforte, but is rather hindered by malice and detraction. [*Philoſarchus taketh her by the hand to comfort her.*

Phyloſarchus. Fayre gentlewoman, although I haue hitherto had no great acquaintãce with you, yet if I might craue but to knowe the cauſe of your griefe, be you ſure I woulde vſe my beſt indeuer to redreſſe it, and therefore I coniure you by your curteſie, that you change your opiniõ, for all *Amadis* Knightes are not yet deade: onely bewray your griefe, and prayſe thereafter as you finde.

[*She beginneth to tell a tale.*

Lamia. Syr, I haue not power to reiecte your curteſie, you ſhall vnderſtand then, that being, &c. [*Pandarina interrupteth her.*

Pandarina. Neyce, it ſeemeth that you haue not your honour in ſuch comendation as I would wiſh you ſhould; I pray you let vs begon homewardes.

Phyloſarchus. Why, Miſtres, are you offended that ſhee ſhould herken vnto ſuch as ſeeke to releeue her eſtate.

Pandarina. Sir, you are a gentleman well nurtured, and you know this is no place to talke in without diſcredyt.

Phyloſarchus. Well, Miſtres, if it pleaſe you, we will waite vppon you vnto your lodging, and there you ſhall ſee what deſire I haue to comfort this fayre Ladie.

Pandarina. As for that, ſir, at your pleaſure; I pray God ſende

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her good friendes in her right, for God knoweth ſhe hath neede of ſuch at this preſent. [*They follow the Ladies.*

The Second Chorus.

BEHOLD, behold, O mortall men, behold,
Behold and ſee, how ſoone deceipt is wrought:
How ſoone mens mindes of harmefull thinges take hold,
How ſoone the good corrupted is with nought.
Beholde the tares whereof our ſauiour ſpake,
As *Mathew* tells, in thirteenth chapter playne;
Such wicked means malitious men can make
The frutfull ſeede with worthles weedes to ſtayne;
Behold the deuill, whoſe miniſters are preſt
To ſtir an ore in euery forward boate:
Beholde blynd youth, which holdeth pleaſure beſt,
And ſkornes the payne which might their ſtate promote.
Great is the care which graueſt men endure,
To ſee their Sonnes brought vp in Goodly wiſe:
And greate the paines which teachers put in vre,
To trade them ſtill in vertvous qualities:
But oh! how great is greedie luſt in youth?
How much miſchiefe it ſwalloweth vp vnſeene?
With reckles mind it caſtes aſide all truth,
And feedeth ſtill on that which is vncleene.
Theſe paraſites and bawdes haue quickly caught
The careles byrds, who ſee not their deceyptes:
With ſuch vile wares the worlde ſo full is fraught
As fewe can ſcape their ſubtilties and ſleights:
Yet, mighty God, vouchſafe to guyde the reſt,
That they may ſhun the bad, and ſew the beſt.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

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Actus tertij, Scæna prima.

DICK DROOM alone.

THERE, there, there, this geare goeth round as it ſhuld go, theſe young gallants are caught without a net, & ſhall I tell you one thing? no man gladder then I, for as long as that chimney ſmoketh I am ſure I ſhall not go hungrie to bed. An *Inheritrix*, quoth you? marie, that ſhe is a *Meritrix* I warrant her, of great burdens, birthrightes I would ſay, no doubt of it: he that marieth her ſhalbe ſure of great reclamation, and that good olde gentlewoman her Aunte. Why, though the young woman had neuer a groat in the worlde, yet a man might be glad that coulde match his Sonne in ſuch an abhominable (honorable) ſtocke: theſe are Auntes of *Antwerpe*, which can make twentie mariages in one weeke for their kinſwomen. O noble olde gyrles, I lyke them yet when they be wiſe, for it is an olde ſaying, one ſhrewe is worth two ſheep. Wel, let me looke about me how I prate, and let me eſpie what is become of their brothers according to their commaundement: but are not theſe two they which come debating of the matter in ſuch earneſt? it is euen they, and wot you what? their brethren are otherwiſe occupied, but yet ſurely they argue as faſt as they, when God knoweth a ſmall entreatye might ſerue, but I will ſtep aſide and herken to theſe yonkers.

Actus tertij, Scæna ſecunda.

PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOTIMVS, DICK.

Phylomuſus.

SURELY, *Phylotimus*, I wonder what is become of our brethren: I pray god they be not entiſed to ſome vanitie by ſome lewde

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Phylotimus. Truely it may be, but I truſt they will beare in mind the laſt precept which our Maſter gaue vs, at ỹ leaſt I would we had their companie, that we might meditat the matter together.

Dick. I perceiue it is time to call them, I wilbe gone. [*Exit.*

Phylotimus. If our enſtructor ſhuld examine vs, and finde them to ſeeke, it would greeue me aſmuch for my brother as if the fault were myne owne.

Phylomuſus. Surely, and I would alſo be very ſorie if my brother ſhuld be found ſlack in his duetie, but in my iudgement we neede not to caſt theſe doubtes, for our brethren ſeemed vnto me to be very perfect and redy in the eſpecial poyntes of our enſtruction, and could (in maner) make reherſall therof immediatly after we had receiued the ſame.

Phylotimus. Yea, marie, but I wil tel you one thing I know by experience in my brother, he wil as ſoone conceyue or beare away a thing as any that euer I ſawe, and ſurely, to confeſſe a trueth, he hath an excelent ready wit; but doubtles he will ſometimes forget as faſt as he learneth readily, and yet for myne owne part, I would to God that my memorie were as capable as his is, for then I would not doubt but to reteyne ſufficiently.

Phylomuſus. It may be that his minde is much geuen to other pleſures and delights, which do ſo continuallie poſſeſſe his brayns, as they ſuffer not any other conception to be emprinted in his memorie: for my brother *Phylautus* doth in a manner meditat nothing els but ſetting forth of him ſelfe, and in what ſoeuer he be occupied or conuerſaunt, yet ſhall you perceiue him to haue a ſinguler regard to his owne prayſe, the which doth ſometimes carrie him as farre beyond all reaſon as his deſertes might ſeeme to aduaunce him.

Phylotimus. To bee opinionate of him ſelfe is vitious, but ſurely, I am of opinnion, that it is commendable for a young man in all his actions to regard his owne aduauncement, and with all to haue (reſonably) a good opinion of him ſelfe, in exempting of ſuch thinges as he vndertaketh, for if he which coueteth in the latyne tung to be eloquent, ſhoulde ſo farre embaſe his thoughts as to conceiue that he ſpake or wrot like olde *Duns Scotus*, ſurely (in my iudgement) it would bee verie hard for him to excell or to become a perfect

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Rethoritian, or if hee which employeth his time in the exerciſe of ryding, ſhould imagine with himſelfe that he ſat not comely on his horſe backe, it would be long before hee ſhoulde become a gallant horſeman: for in all humaine actions we delight ſo much the more, and ſooner attayne vnto theyr perfections, whenas wee thinke in our mindes that in deede the exerciſe therof doth become vs: but behold now, wher our brethren do come.

Actus tertij, Scæna tertia.

PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOSARCVS, PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOTIMVS, and GNOMATICVS.

Phylautus.

THIS was a proper meſſanger in deede; hee myght haue mocked others though he mocked not vs.

Philoſarchus. O ſyr, you do him wrong, for it ſeemeth vnto me that the poore fellowe is as ſorie for it as we are miſcontented, and that he rather faulted through ignorance than of any ſet purpoſe; but looke, where our brethren are. Brother, wher haue you bin, whileſt we were at the Markgraues houſe?

Phylotimus. Truly, brother, I walked on with my companion here, hoping that we ſhould haue followed you to the Markgraues houſe: and we were ſo earneſt in meditating ſuch matter as our inſtructer deliuered vnto vs that, miſtaking the way, & not marking which way you went, we were conſtreyned to returne hether, and to attend your returne, to the ende we might go altogither.

Phylomuſus. And you, brother, where haue you bene?

Phylautus. Where haue we bene, quoth you? why we haue bene

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bycauſe he is a Magiſtrate, and therwithal for his greye haires, for that is one eſpeciall poynt of our maſters traditions.

Phylautus. Tuſhe, what tell you me of our maſters traditions? if a Magiſtrateor an elder would challendge reuerence of a yong gentleman, it were good reaſon alſo that they ſhould render affabilitie and chearefull countenance to all ſuch as preſent them ſelues before them with good will. When we came to him he knewe vs not, neyther woulde he knowe vs by any meanes, but with a grim countenance turned his backe, and deſyred vs to goe ere we dranke: a Markgraue, quoth you?

Phylotimus. That is ſtrange, that hauing ſent for vs, he would ſeeme to vſe ſuch enterteynment when we came.

Phyloſarchus. I will tell you, brother, it ſeemeth vnto me that it was rather the faulte of the meſſanger, and yet hee did but ignorantly miſtake it neyther: For he was (as it ſhould ſeeme) ſent by the Markgraue, but he did eyther miſtake the ſcholemaiſter, or the ſcholers, or both, and therevpon I thinke that the Markgraue was partly offended. A fine excuſe.

Phylotimus. Truely, and not without cauſe, but beholde where our maiſter commeth.

Phylautus. Let vs ſay, then, that we were together, leaſt he be offended.

Gnomaticus. Nowe, my welbeloued, and what ſayth the honorable & reuerende Markgraue vnto you? or howe doth he like the maner of your enſtruction? haue you recyted or declared any part thereof vnto him ſince your going?

Phyloſarchus. Syr, no, for it ſeemeth that the meſſanger did miſtake his errande, and was ſent to ſome other ſcholers, and not vnto vs.

Gnomaticus. Is it euen ſo? well then, let vs not altogether loſe the golden treaſure of the time: but tell me, haue you perfectly digeſted and committed vnto memory the articles which I deliuered vnto you for eſpeciall conſideration of your duetie?

Phyloſarchus. Syr, I thinke that I cã perfectly rehearſe them.

Phylautus. And I, ſyr, do hope alſo that I ſhal not greatly fayle.

Philomuſus & Philotimus. Syr, this yong man and I do partly beare them in mynde, although not ſo perfectly and readily as we deſire.

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Gnomaticus. Well, to the ende that you ſhall the better imprint them in your memorie, beholde, I haue put them briefly in wryting as a memoriall, and here I deliuer the ſame vnto you, to be put in verſe euerie one by himſelf and in ſundrie deuice, that you may therein take the greater delight, for of all other Artes *Poetrie* giueth greateſt aſſiſtaunce vnto memorie, ſince the verie terminations and ceaſures doe (as it were) ſerue for places of memorie, and helpe the mynde with delight to carie burthens, which elſe would ſeeme more grieuous: and though it might percaſe ſeeme vnto you, that I do in maner ouerlode you with leſſons and enterpriſes, yet ſhall you herein rather find comforte or recreation than any encomberance: let me nowe ſee who can ſhewe himſelfe the pleaſanteſt Poet in handeling therof, and yet you muſt alſo therein obſerue *decorum*, for tryfling allegories or pleaſant fygures in ſerious cauſes are not moſt comely. God guide you nowe and euer. [*Gnomaticus goeth out.*

Actus tertij, Scæna quarta.

PHYLOSARCVS, PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOTIMVS, PHYLOMVSVS, AMBIDEXTER.

Philoſarchus.

OH that I had now the vayne which *Virgill* had in writing of a delectable verſe.

Philomuſus. God is good and bountifull, yelding vnto euery man that is induſtrious the open way to knowledge and ſcience, & though at firſt it ſeeme difficile, yet with trauell euerie thing is obteyned; we ſee the hardeſt ſtones are pearced with ſoft droppes of water, whereby the minde of man may be encouraged to truſt, that vnto a willing hart nothing is impoſſible; but to performe the charge which is giuen

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wherefore I desired the excellencie of *Virgil* in compounding of a verse? not as they thinke, God knoweth, to conuert our tedious traditions there into: for a small grace in a verse wil serue for such vnpleasant matter, but it was to furnish me with eloquence for the better obteyning of this heauenly dame, whose remẽbrance is sweet vnto me, neyther yet am I able to expresse such prayses as she doth deserue. Oh, how it delighteth me to behold in myne imagination the counterfeyt of her excellent face! me thinkes the glimsing of her eyes haue in it a reflexion farre more vehement than the beames of the Sunne it selfe, and the sweetnesse of her heauenly breath surpasseth the spiceries of *Arabia.* Oh, that I had skill to write some worthy matter in commendation of her rare perfections! surely I wil tell you, *Philautus*, I doe both reioyce in your doings, and much wonder at your inclination; I wonder bicause I can not perceyue that you are any thing moued with affection of mynde towards her, and yet I reioyce therein, least the same might haue become an hinderance to my desires: oh, howe only loue will admit no companion.

Phylautus. Phylosarchus, you may happely be deceyued in me, and therefore I would not wish you hereafter to affye your selfe in any man at the first acquaintance, but in deede, to confesse a truth vnto you, although this gentlewoman be beautifull, yet haue I refreyned hitherto to become affectionate on her, as well bycause I would therein giue place vnto your desire, as also bycause I haue not perceyued that euer she lent any glaunce or liking looke towardes me, and as I can be content to loue where I finde my selfe esteemed, so be you sure that I thinke my halfepeny as good siluer as another doth, and she that seemeth not with greedie eye to beholde me, it is verie likely that I wil not be ouerhastie to gaze at her. But to returne vnto the purpose, as you do nowe earnestly desire to get victorie ouer her affection, so doe I euery day beseeche of God, that our parentes may at last determine to sende vs vnto some Uniuersitie, that there the varietie of all delightes maye yelde vnto each of vs his contentation.

Phylosarchus. Alas, and I am of another mynde, for though I desire no lesse than you to be at some vniuersitie, yet to lose the sight of my *Lamia* seemeth no lesse griefe vnto me than if my heart were torne out of my bodie. But behold where *Ambidexter* commeth, my

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minde giueth me that I ſhall heare ſome newes by him. How nowe, *Ambidexter;* what newes?

Ambidexter. Good, ſyr, and ſuch as I dare ſay you will be glad of.

Phyloſarchus. And what are thoſe? tell me quickly, I pray thee.

Ambidexter. Syr, I will tell you; there came a tatling fellowe to your father erewhile, and told him a tale in his eare which ſeemed to like him but a little, what ſo euer it was; where vpon your Father mumbled a while as the Cade which cheweth the Cudde, and in the ende with a great ſigh he ſayde: Well then, quoth he, there is no remedie but ſende them with ſpeede to the Uniuerſitie: which words whē I ouerheard, I ſmyled to my ſelf and thought, by God, and ſo you may dreſſe them; for I dare well ſay, they will be the moſt ioyfull newes that they heard this halfe yeare, and to gratifie you with the ſame, I came immediately to ſeeke you out; but where is your brother?

Phyloſarchus. He is gone that way walking; I pray thee, followe him, and make him pertaker of theſe newes.

[*Ambidexter goeth out.*

Oh, howe much is *Ambidexter* deceyued in me at this preſent? No no, I can not ſo content my ſelfe to forget the ſweete face of that worthy Lady *Lamia*, neither can I euer hope to reioyce, vnleſſe I might be ſo happy as to enioy the continuall ſight of her heauenly countenance; the vniuerſitie is in deede the place where I haue of long time bene deſirous to be placed, eſpecially for the varietie of delights and pleaſures which there are dayly exerciſed: but alas, what needeth the riche man to become a theefe? or what neede I to wander vnto the vniuerſitie for to ſeeke paſtime and pleaſurs, when I may euen here in *Antwerp* without further trauel enioy the dayly comfort of ſuch conſolation? and if I be not alſo much de-

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Phyloſarchus. Why did ſhe not then make as fayre ſemblant vnto you?

Phylautus. Marie, bycauſe ſhe perceyued you to adreſſe your ſelfe moſt directly vnto her, and there is no woman ſo kynde, that ſhe can deale with mo than one at once, but be you ſure if I had bene there alone, ſhe would haue lent me as fauourable regard as ſhe ſeemed nowe to giue you; it is the tricke of them all, and therefore neuer ſet your mynde ſo much thereon; I warrant you, when we come to the Uniuerſitie, we ſhall haue ſtore of ſuch there, and I am glad to vnderſtande that your father determineth to ſende you thether, for I am ſure that my brother and I ſhall accompanie you, ſince our fathers haue alwayes bene deſirous that we ſhould ſpend our youthes together. But beholde where our fathers come both together! let vs go in, leaſt they eſpie vs, and thinke that we loyter here.

Actus tertij, Scæna quinta.

PHILOPAES, PHYLOCALVS, FIDVS, GNOMATICVS.

Phylopæs.

SURELY, neyghbor *Phylocalus*, I can not blame you though you be moued at theſe tidings, but in things which come contrarie to expectation or deſire, the wiſedome of men is beſt ſeen, & therefore I would aduiſe you to forecaſt in time howe you may preuent ſuch a miſchief, for greateſt woũds are at the firſte more eaſily cured, than if they continue vntill ſome aboundance of humour or other accident doe hinder the benefite of nature, and ſurely it grieueth me in maner as much as if the like had bene found in myne own ſonne.

Phylocalus. So haue you great reaſon to ſay, for your ſonne *Phylautus* was there with him alſo, and though the Harlot ſeemed not to lende liking vnto any but my ſonne, yet be you out of doubt that being in ſuch companie, he ſhal hardly eſcape the ſnares of temptation.

Phylopæs. Well, howe ſo euer it be, we ſhall beſt doe to conſult with their teacher herevpon, and beholde where he commeth. Syr, we were about to ſende for you, being aduertiſed that my neighbors

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ſonne *Phyloſarchus* doth haunt a verie diſhoneſt houſe in this towne, and my ſonne *Phylautus* hath alſo ben there in company with him, the which giueth vs iuſt occaſion to lament, & moſt glad we would be to deuiſe ſome comfort in tyme, ſince the thing hath (as yet) bene of no long continuance. Wherefore we beſeech you to deale faithfully with vs, and to declare if you haue ſeene any ſuch behauiour or likelyhood in them, and furthermore to aduiſe vs which way we might beſt redreſſe this miſhappe betimes.

Gnomaticus. Sir, to declare of your ſonnes behauiour, trewly I haue neuer ſeene any thing to miſſelyke of them, neyther could I euer perceiue that they were ſlowe in apprehending myne enſtructions, but rather more forward then their brethren; true it is that here came one to me in name of the Markgraue, ſaying that he was theyr kinſeman and very deſirous to ſee them, wherevpon I did willingly giue them leaue, and when they came ther they ſay that the meſſenger miſſetooke the matter, and ſhould haue gone to ſome other ſchollers. But doubtles my mind giueth me, that if they haue bene allured to any euill company, it hath bene by that ſame fellow which came to mee on that meſſage.

Phylopæs. Do you not know him, or what his name is?

Gnomaticus. I do not knowe him, but he ſaid that hys name was *Eccho.*

Phylocalus. Eccho? Nay, then, you haue not iudged amiſſe, for it is one of the lewdeſt fellowes in this towne, a common Paraſite and a ſeducer of youth.

Gnomaticus. Surely, my harte did not greately like him at the firſt ſight, but ſince thinges done cannot be vndone, I lyke well that you ſhould (according to your owne deuiſe) prouide in time before they wade deeper in ſuch enterpriſes, and to ſpeake mine opinion, you may doe wel to ſend them vnto ſome Uniuerſity, before they haue further

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for any exercise of the liberall sciences, wherein they are so wel entred, and haue bene so throughly trained, as there lacketh nothing but conuenient place where they might proceede in Logike and such lyke.

Phylopæs. And me thinkes we might better doe to enfourme the Markgraue who, vppon such meanes as we shall make, may banish the harlot with her traine out of the City, and may also punish the parasite for so entysing the younge men.

Gnomaticus. I graunt you that all this maye be done very well; but then you are to consider, that the hartes of young men are oftentimes so stout, that they can not abide publiquely to heare of a faulte, the which (being priuatlie and gentlely admonished) they woulde peraduenture willingly amend: and great difference there is betweene children and young men, for in childhoode all punishment is terrible, but in florishing youth euery punishment may not be vsed, but discretion must foresee what kynde of punishment wil most preuaile and best gayne reformation in the mind of the offender. Wherefore myne aduice shoud be that you send them to some Uniuersitie, and as neare as you can forsee to place them with such a Tutor as may alwaies haue an eye to their exercises, and may haue especiall care how they shall bestow their vacant tymes. For idlenesse is the cause of many euils in youth, whereas beeing occupied or exercised in any thing that is vertvous or commendable, they shall not haue so great occasion to thinke of vanities.

Phylocalus. All that is true, but what Uniuersitie do you thinke meetest?

Gnomaticus. For mine owne opinion I lyke *Doway* very well, bothe for that it is neare, and from thence you maye allwayes within shorte tyme be aduertised, and also because I do knowe very learned and faythfull men there, and herewithall it is but a lyttle Towne, and the Uniuersytie but lately erected, wherby the roote of euill hath hetherto had least skope, and exercise hath beene (and is) the more streightly obserued.

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Gnomaticus. Truely I can tell you of two or three which are both faythful and carefull of their charge, but to aſſure you in ſuch ſort as you require were verie hard to do, ſythens no Tutor can vſe ſuch vygilant induſtrie but that ſometimes he may be deceiued, neuertheleſſe I know them to be carefull.

Phylocalus. Well, for my part I can be content to folow your aduiſe, & what thinke you, neighbour *Phylopæs?*

Phylopæs. I do lykwiſe agree to as much as hath been ſayd.

Gnomaticus. Well then, marke yet a little furder myne entent; I would thinke good that the yong men themſelues ſhould not knowe therof vntyll the Jorney were prepared and they redye to depart; and my meaning is this: in ſo doing you ſhall antycypate all occaſions that they might haue to conferre with lewde company, who paraduenture would not ſpare to follow and accompany them whereſoeuer they go.

Phylocalus. Surelie that is well conſidered, and therefore, neighbour, I pray you geue ſtreight charge vnto your ſeruant, leaſt he do bewray our entent herein.

Phylopæs. Sirha, do you heare? not one worde, for your lyfe, of that which we haue here communed together.

Fidus. Sir, I truſt you haue neuer hetherto found me ſlacke to do that which I haue ben commaunded, nor raſh to dyſcloſe any thing which I thought might dyſpleaſe you.

Phylocalus. Well, I pray you, let vs go together vnto my houſe, and there let vs more at large debate this matter.

Phylopæs. Go we where beſt liketh you.

Actus tertij, Scæna ſexta.

PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOTIMVS.

Phylomuſus.

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lers, were it no more but to vſe eache others aduiſe and opinion in ſuch thinges as they ſhall vndertake: and though in compiling of verſes all company is comberſome, yet when the ſame are made and finiſhed, then is it a ſinguler comfort to haue a companion with whom (as with thy ſelfe) thou maiſt be bold to confer for iudgement. And behold, wher *Phylotimus* commeth in good time.

Phylotymus. *Phylomuſus*, I haue finiſhed the charge which our enſtructer gaue vs in verſe, & I would be glad to haue your opinion therein.

Phylomuſus. Hee telles the tale that I ſhould haue told. [*Aſide.*

Phylotimus. I pray you, giue eare a while, and I will reade vnto you what I haue done therin.

Phylomuſus. With right good will, *Phylotimus:* reade them I pray you.

Phylotimus. Giue eare, then; but firſt I muſt thus much declare vnto you. I haue no more but conueied in to verſe the very briefe which our Maſter deliuered vs in proſe, adding neither dilatations, allegories, nor examples: and thus it is.

FEARE God alwais whoſe might is moſt, & ioyn thy feare with loue,
Since ouer all his worthy workes his mercie ſtandes aboue.
In him thou mayſt likewiſe be bold to put thy truſt alwaie,
Since he is iuſt and promyſe keepes, his truth cannot decay.

Giue eare vnto his Miniſters, which do his worde profeſſe,
Diſdayne them not due reuerence, their place deſerues no leſſe.
And loue them eke with hartie loue, bicauſe they feede thee ſtill
With heauenly foode, wheron thy ſoule his hungrie hart may fill.

Then, next to God, true honor giue to Gods anoynted king,
For he is Gods lieutenant here in euerie earthly thing:
His power comes from heauen aboue, the which thou muſt obay,
And loue him ſince he doth protect thy life in peace alway.

To Magiſtrates in their degrees thou muſt like duties beare,
Loue, honor, and obedience, ſince they betoken heare

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The maieſtie, and repreſent the king him ſelfe in place,
And beare his ſword, & maintayn peace, and deeme ech doutfull caſe.

Be thankefull to the countrey ſoyle, wherein thou haſt beene bred,
Defend it alwaies to the death, therefore thy life is led:
And ſeeke by all thy ſkill and powre to do ſuch deedes therin,
As may therto ſome profit yeld, ſo ſhalt thou honor win.

To elders for their hoarie heares thou ſhalt do reuerence,
And loue them, ſince they councell thee in euery good pretence:
Defend them eke bicauſe they be, as feeble (for their might),
As ſtout and ſtrong in good aduice againſt the fleſh to fight.

Thy father and thy mother both, with other parents mo,
Thou ſhalt in honor ſtill eſteeme, for God commandeth ſo:
And loue them as they tended thee in cradle and in kind:
Releiue their age (if it haue neede), for duety ſo doth bind.

Thus ſhalt thou beare thy ſelf alwaies, if y^{u} wilt proſper wel;
And from thy ſelfe if thou deſire all miſchiefe to expell,
Thē kepe thy ſelf both chaſt & clean in deed & eke in thought,
Embrace the good, & leaue ỹ bad, for thou art dearely bought.
Thou art the Temple of the Lord, which muſt be vndefilde,
More dere to him thē Tēples are, which mortall mē do build.
And ſince he caſt frō Tēple once, which was but lime & ſtone,
The biers and the ſellers both, & bad them thence be gon,
How much more thē wil he require y^{t} y^{u} ſhuldſt kepe thy ſelfe
Both clean & pure from fylthy ſin, much worſe thē worldly pelf:
Be holy thē, & kepe theſe words in mind both night & day
For ſo be ſure that god himſelf thy ſtagring ſteppes wil ſtay.

Finis quoth Philotimus.

Thus haue you now ſeene, *Philomuſus*, my ſimple ſkill in poetry, and I pray you tell me your opinion therein.

Phylomuſus. Surely, *Phylotimus*, I like your verſes verie well, for they are compendious: and to be playne with you, I haue lykewiſe framed a verſe or poeme vpon ỹ ſame matter; marie, I haue ſome what

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more dilated and enlarged euerie point, but ſuch as it is, I will likewiſe craue your opinion therein.

Phylotimus. With right good will: I pray you reade them.

Phylomuſus.

THE man that meanes by grace him ſelfe to guyde,
And ſo to lyue, as God may leaſt offende:
Theſe leſſons learne, and let them neuer ſlide
From out his mynde, what euer he pretende.

Since God is greate and ſo omnipotent, God.
As nothing can withſtand his mighty powre,
He muſt be fearde, leaſt if his wrath he bent,
We periſh all, and wither lyke a flowre.

Yet with ſuch feare we muſt him loue lykewiſe, Loue.
Synce he hath ſtore of mercyes in his hand,
And more delights that Sinners ſhuld aryſe,
Then ſtill to fall, and neuermore to ſtand.

In him alſo we maye be bolde to truſt, Truſt.
In him we may put all our confidence:
For he is true, and of his promiſe iuſt:
He neuer fayles the pyth of his pretence.

His Miniſters, and ſuch as prech his word, Miniſter.
Becauſe they be from him (to teach vs) ſent,
We ſhuld to them giue ear with one accord, Audiẽce.
And learne their lore, which leads vs to repent.

All reuerence to them ſhalbe but due, Reuerẽce.
As well becauſe their office ſo requires,
As there with all, becauſe there doth enſue
A iuſt rewarde to humble mennes deſires.

And loue them eke with faſt and faithfull loue, Loue.
Becauſe they feed thy ſoule with heauenlie bread

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Which cannot moulde, nor from thy mouth remoue,
Untill thou haue thy fill there on yfed.

King. Next God the king doth challeng ſecond place,
And him we muſt both honor and obay,
Obediẽce. Becauſe he hath (from God aboue) his grace,
Honor. And is *viceroy*, on earth to beare the ſway.

Yet as with hart we ſhall him honor yeld,
Loue. And muſt obay what he commaunds with feare:
So loue him eke, bicauſe he is our ſhield,
And doth protect our life in quiet here.

Magiſtrates. Lyke duties do to Magiſtrates belong,
Obediẽce. Becauſe they beare the ſworde, and repreſent
Honor. The king him ſelfe, & righten euerie wrong,
Loue. And mainteine peace with all their whole entent.

Country. Unto the ſoyle, wherin we foſtred were,
Thanke- We muſt alwaies be thankeful children found:
fulnes. And in defence therof we muſt not feare
Defence. To venture life, as we by birth be bound.

For to that ende our life to vs was lent,
And therewith all we ought the ſame t'aduaunce,
Profit. And do ſuch deedes as may be pertinent
To profit it, and eke our ſelues enhance.

Elders. The ſiluer heares of Elders euery where
Reuerẽce. Clayme reuerence, as due therto by right
Loue. Their graue aduiſe and precepts which we leare
Defence. Doth challeng loue, the ſame for to requit.

Their weake eſtate, when force is gon and paſt,
Doth craue defence of ſuch as yet be ſtrong:
Since they defend the force of fortunes blaſt
From weakeſt wytts, which harken to their ſong.

Parentes. The parents, they which brought vs vp in youth,
Honor. Muſt honord be, ſince God commaundeth ſo:

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And ſynce therby a gratious gyfte enſewth,
Euen longe to lyue in earth whereon we go.

They ought lykewiſe our harty loues to haue, Loue.
As they loued vs in cradle when we laye:
And brake their ſleepes our ſely lyfe to ſaue,
When of our ſelues we had no kind of ſtay.

And if they neede in age when ſtrength is gone, Releife.
We ought releeue the ſame with all our powre:
We ſhould be greeud, when as wee heare them grone
And wayle their wantes, and helpe them euerie howre.

And he that thus can well direct his wayes, Our ſelfe.
And keepe himſefe in chaſt and holy life,
Shall pleaſe the Lord, & ſhall prolong his dayes
In quiet ſtate, protected ſtill from ſtryfe.
Be holie thus, and liue in good accord, Gods Temple.
Since men on earth are Temples to the Lord.

Thus may you ſee, *Phylotimus*, that one ſelfe ſame thing may be handled ſundrie wayes, and now I pray you tell me your opinion, as I haue told you myne.

Phylotimus. Surely, *Phylomuſus*, your verſes do pleaſe mee much better then mine owne, and verie glad I am that wee haue eche of vs ſo well accompliſhed our dueties, nothyng doubting but that our enſtructer will alſo like the ſame accordingly: & now, if you thinke good, let vs go in and preſent the ſame, when ſoeuer hee ſhall thynke good to demaund it.

Phylomuſus. With right good will go you on & I wil folow.

The Third Chorus.

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Yet are they found but ſeldome ſweete of ſmell;
So vices brag, but vertue beares the Bell.

The prauncing ſteede can ſeldome hold his fleſh,
The hotteſt greyhound leaues the courſe at length,
The fineſt Silkes do ſeeld continue freſhe,
The fatteſt men may fayle ſometymes of ſtrength:
Such deepe deceiptes in faire pretence are founde,
That vices lurke where vertue ſeemes t'abound.

A Spaniſh tricke it hath ben counted oft
To ſeeme a thing, yet not deſire to be:
Like humble bees, which fly all dayes aloft,
And taſt the flowers that faireſt are to ſee:
But yet at euen, when all thinges go to reſt,
A foule cowe ſharde ſhall then content them beſt.

Well, yet ſuch bees, bycauſe they make great noiſe,
And are withall of ſundry pleaſaunt hewes:
Bee moſt eſteemd alwayes by common voyce,
And honourd more then Bees of better thewes:
So men likewiſe, which beare the braueſt Showe,
Are held for beſt, and crowched-to full lowe.

But vertue ſhe, which dwelles in ſecret thought,
Makes good the ſeede, what euer be the ſmell:
Though outward gloſe ſometimes do ſeeme but nought,
Yet inward ſtuffe (of vertue) doth excell:
For like a ſtone moſt worthy to eſteeme,
It loues to be, much better then to ſeeme.

Phylautus heere and *Philoſarchus* eke
Did ſeeme at firſt more forward then the reſt:

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Actus quarti, Scæna prima.

PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS, GNOMATICVS.

Phylopæs.

I HAUE for my parte ſet al thinges in redyneſſe for my Sonnes departure, and if my neighbour haue done the lyke, they ſhall departe immediatly; but behold where he commeth. How now, ſir? what haue you done or diſpatched?

Phylocalus. All thinges neceſſary for my Sonnes are in readyneſſe; and you, what haue you done?

Phylopæs. Doubt you not of my diligence, I am ready, were it within this houre; but I would be glad to talke with Maiſter *Gnomaticus*, as well to vſe his aduiſe as alſo to haue his letters of commention vnto ſome faithfull Tutor at the Uniuerſity: and looke where he commeth in haſte.

Gnomaticus. Gentlemen, I haue founde you both in good houre, and I would wiſh you to diſpatch the younge men your ſonnes with all conuenient ſpeede, for the thing which you ſuſpected is doubtleſſe too true.

Phylocalus. And how knowe you?

Gnomaticus. I will tell you, ſir; eare while, aſſoone as I departed from you, I examined thē al concerning a taſke which I had giuen them, and that was to put in verſe a briefe memoriall of the chiefe poyntes wherein I did enſtruct them, and I found that *Phylomuſus* and *Phylotimus* (whom I thought not ſo quicke of capacity as the other) had done the ſame very well: on that other ſide, I founde *Phylautus* and *Phyloſarchus* to haue done there in nothing at all, and marueyling at their ſtraunge and vnaccuſtomed ſlackeneſſe, I ſearched them vppon ſuch ſuſpicion as I had conceyued, and founde that *Phyloſarchus* had ſpent the time in wryting of louing ſonets, and *Phylautus* had alſo made verſes in praiſe of Marſhiall feates and pollycies.

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Phylocalus. O God, and haue you not puniſhed them accordingly?

Gnomaticus. As for that, ſir, be you contented; there is time for all thinges, and preſently in my iudgement you could deuiſe no puniſhment which would ſo much greeue them as to departe from this Citie; hereafter I doubt not but to deuiſe the meanes that both they ſhalbe rebuked as appertaineth (though they be out of my handes), and the cauſers of theſe miſchieues may alſo chaunce to heare thereof, when they thinke it quite forgotten; but at thys point wee will hold no longer diſcourſe therein, onely prepare for your Sonnes departure to the Uniuerſity.

Phylopæs. The chiefe thing wherevpon wee ſtay hath bene both to vſe your aduiſe and to deſire you that you will take paines to wryte your letters vnto ſome faithful Tutor there, who may both rebuke them for that which is paſt and haue care to gouerne them better in tyme to come.

Gnomaticus. Mine aduiſe you haue heard already, and touching the letters which you require, they are in maner ready, for I had ſo determined before you required me; and now, if it pleaſe you to walke vnto my lodging, wee will from thence diſpatch them before they heare any further newes of the matter.

Phylocalus. Go we with good will. [*Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scæna ſecunda.

Eccho alone.

IT is a wonderous matter to ſee the force of loue, ſauing your reuerence. I dare ſay the Lady *Lamia*, ſince ſhe ſaw this young

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the good documentes of that vertuous olde Lady her Aunte. I warrant you it would be long before that *Meſſalina* would dye for loue. Tuſh, tuſh, ſhall I tell you? It is folly to ſtand meditating of theſe matters; euery man for him ſelfe and I for one; theſe yonkers ſhall pay for the roſt, and *Eccho*, by your leaue, will take part of the coſte; but beholde where commeth doughty *Dicke*. Howe now, *Richard*, what newes? [*Dicke Drom commeth in.*

Actus quarti, Scæna tertia.

DICKE DROM, ECCHO.

Dicke.

WHAT newes? mary, *Phyloſarchus* hath ſent a fat breſt of veale, a capon, a doſen of pigeons, a couple of rabets, and a ſtoupe of wine vnto the lady *Pandarinas* houſe, and promiſeth to be there at ſupper to talke more of the matter which you wot of.

Eccho. And hath he ſent no more?

Dicke. Why, is not that well for a footeman? By our lady, ſir, it doth me good to thinke what cheare I wil make with the leauinges, and wotte you what? Be you ſure hee ſhall lacke no cleane trenchers, for aſſone as he hath laide a good morſell before him, *Dicke* wilbe at an inche with a cleane plate to proffer him.

Eccho. Well ſaid, *Dicke*, and I trowe that I will ſkinke in his cuppes as faſt on the other ſide, but heare me, *Dicke:* as for theſe matters neyther of vs both will bee to ſeeke, but there are other thinges to be remembred which are of more weighty conſideration.

Dicke. And what, I pray thee?

Eccho. Marie, thou muſt marke whenſoeuer he caſteth a glaunce at the Lady *Lamia*, and round him in the eare, ſaying: beware, ſir, how you look, leaſt her Aunt eſpie you. And again, if he ſpeake a word wherein he ſeemeth himſelf to take pleaſure, extoll him ſtreight with praiſe, and ſay that *Brabant* hath to fewe ſuch bloodes as hee. Lykewiſe ſeeme to whet *Lamia* forward, as though ſhee ſhewed not curteſie enough. Theſe and a thouſand ſuch other knackes muſt be deuyſed and practiſed, to make him come off, and whatſoeuer he

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giueth thee let vs ſhare betweene vs, for I promiſe thee, *Dicke*, by the faith of a true *Burgondyane*, I will be as true to thee as thy coate is to thy backe.

Dicke. By the maſſe, *Eccho*, and that is true enough, for it hath cleft ſo long to my ſhoulders, that a lowſe can not well clyme the clyffes thereof without a pitchforke in her hand. But I truſt maiſter *Philoſarchus* fees will be ſufficient to ſet both thee and me a-floate, and make vs as braue as the beſt.

Eccho. Tuſhe, as for that matter, if he do not, another ſhall: hee were wyſe enough that would leane altogether vnto one bough in theſe dayes; no, no, *Dicke*, be ruled by *Eccho*, and I warrant thee wee two will liue, howe ſoeuer the world wagge; haſt thou not often heard that change of paſture maketh fatte calues?

Dicke. Ha, ha, ha, by God, and well ſayde; but who commeth yonder?

Eccho. Ha? mary, it is the olde *Phylopæs* and his neighbour *Phylocalus*; what is the matter, trow ye? let vs ſtand aſide and heare their talke a while.

Dycke. Beſt of all, ſtand cloſe.

Actus quarti, Scæna quarta.

PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS, PHYLAVTVS, PHYLOMVSVS, PHYLOSARCVS, PHYLOTIMVS, GNOMATICVS, AMBIDEXTER.

Phylopæs.

SINCE tyme is the greateſt treaſure which God lendeth vs, and yet he doth but lend vs the ſame to the end that we ſhould well employe it, it ſhalbe therefore the bounden duty of euery man ſo to beſtowe the ſame, as may returne to moſt commodity and profitte. And ſince your enſtructer heere doth commend your towardnes much more (I feare) then you deſerue, it ſeemeth that wee ſhould haue loſt time in longer deteyning you from the Uniuerſity, & therfore we haue prepared (as you ſee) to ſend you thither, truſting that you will

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there vſe ſuch diligence as may be to the profit of your Countrey and for your own aduancementes. The which to perfourme, I beſeech the Father of Heauen that he will alwayes giue you the ſpirit of wiſedome, and powre his grace vppon you continually.

Phylautus. Sir, it ſhall become vs to obey whatſoeuer you commaunde, although in very deed the ſodaine of our departure ſeemeth ſomewhat ſtraunge vnto me, but it becommeth me not to be enquiſitiue thereof; and in deed, for mine owne part, there is nothing which could better content me then to go vnto the Uniuerſity.

Phylocalus. Phyloſarchus, you and your Brother ſhall alſo accompany my neighboures Sonnes here to *Doway*, for ſince you haue hitherto bene brought vp togither, I thinke not meete now to parte you. Wherefore I charge you that you ſo behaue your ſelf, as I may alwayes heare that you be diligent and ſtudious, ſince that is the meane to bring you vnto eſtimation.

Phyloſarchus. As touching my diligence, I truſt that I haue neuer yet bene behinde any of my companions, but this ſodaine of our departure ſeemeth to proceede of ſome alteration in your minde, the which I haue not deſerued. It had bene a ſmal matter to haue had three or foure daies reſpitte and leaſure to prepare our ſelues, and to haue bidden our friendes farewell; I thinke no mens children are thus ſet out.

Murmurers diſobedient ſeldome proue wel.

Phylocalus. As for your preparation, all thinges are made ready for you, and your friendes ſhalbe gladder to ſee your retourn home again learned then they would haue bene penſiue to departe with you.

Gnomaticus. My welbeloued, ſince it pleaſeth your parentes thus to diſpoſe your iourney, I cannot otherwyſe doe but commend you to the tuition of almighty GOD, whom I beſeech nowe and euer to guide you by his grace, and I exhorte you for Gods ſake, that you beare well in minde the preceptes which I haue giuen you, aſſuring my ſelfe that ruling your actions by that meaſure, you ſhalbe acceptable to GOD, pleaſing to the world, profitable to your ſelues, and comfortable to your parentes.

Phylomuſus and Phyloſ...

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mentes, hoping by Gods grace ſo to employ our tyme, and ſo to contynue in the tracke which you haue trodden vnto vs, that you ſhall alwayes commend our diligence and good will.

Phylocalus. Sirha, are the wagons ready, and is their cariage therein placed with all thinges conuenient?

Ambidexter. Yea, ſir, all thinges are diſpatched.

Phylocalus. Then go your wayes with them, and the Father of Heauen be their guide and yours now & euer.

Gnomaticus. Fellow mine, you muſt deliuer me this letter when you come to *Doway* according to the ſuperſcription thereof.

Ambidexter. It ſhalbe done, ſir, God willing.

[*The young men kneele down.*

Phylopæs. The God of peace vouchſafe to bleſſe you now and euer.

Phylocalus. And giue you grace to become his faithfull ſeruauntes. Amen.

Gnomaticus. My well beloued, I beſeech the Heauenly Father to graunt you a proſperous iourney, and well to beſtowe your time nowe and euer. [*Phylautus, Phylomuſus, Phyloſarchus, Phylotimus and Fidus departe.*

Did you not perceiue that onely the two elder ſeemed to grudge and repugne? it is a meruelouſe matter; they two are of an excellent capacitie, and able to beare away in manner more then can be layd to their charge, but an old ſaying hath beene *Chi troppo abbraccia niente tiene.* Well now, it ſhal not be amiſſe if wee conſult of our affayrs here at home; for as for them take you no doubt, they ſhal vnderſtand at *Dowaye,* wherefore they were ſent ſo ſoone from *Antwerpe,* & becauſe in all thinges Secreſie is a great furderaunce, it ſhalbe beſt that we draw our ſelues apart vnto one of your houſes, where we may more commodiouſly confer vpon that which is to be done here.

Phylocalus. I lyke your counſell well, &, when it pleaſeth you, let vs go to my houſe.

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Actus quarti, Scæna quinta.

ECCHO and DYCK DROOM.

Eccho.

FELLOW *Rychard*, how like you this geare?

Dick. Marie, friend *Eccho*, I lyke it but a little.

Eccho. And why, I pray you?

Dyck. Why, quoth you? marie, becauſe I am ſorie that ſuch a ſweete morſell is plucked out of my mouth.

Eccho. And I am glad that I ſhal feede my fill on ſuch a ſweete morſell, for ſince there is now no remedie, but theſe younkers muſte needs bee gone, God bee with them. *Dyck* and *Eccho*, with the Ladies, will eate & drinke as freelie for their ſake, as if they were here preſent; and heare me, *Dyck*, if they had beene here, wee ſhould haue beene fayne to wayte on the table, and to bee contented with their leauings after ſupper, whereas now wee wilbe ſo bold as to ſit downe with the reſt, ſince we be, as thou well knoweſt, of houſholde with that good gentlewoman, and, by our Ladye, I was neuer ſo deintyly brought vp but I could eat a hote Capon aſwell and as ſauorly as a cold meſſe of porage, eſpeciallie where the bread & drinke is good.

Dyck. All this I confeſſe alſo to be good & ſound doctrine, but yet it greeueth me to thinke that wee haue loſt ſo good cuſtomers, which might haue continued ſuch banquits often times.

Eccho. Tuſh, *Dyck*, hold thy peace; if we haue not them, we ſhall haue others as good as they; thou mayſt bee ſure that, as long as *Lamia* continueth bewtifull, ſhe ſhall neuer be without Sutors; and when the Crowes feete groweth vnder her eye, why then no more adoe but enſineuate thy ſelfe with ſuch another. Yea, and in the meane time alſo, it ſhould be no bad councell, if a man had foure or fiue ſuch hauntes in ſtore, that euermore when one houſe is on ſweeping, another ſpytte may cry creake at the fire: ſtore is no ſore, as the prouerbe ſaith, and now adayes the broker which hath but one bargaine in hand may chaunce to weare a thred bare coate.

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Dyck. Sayſt thou ſo, *Eccho?* and I promyſe thee I had ſuch a lyking to this young man that I was partly in mynd to haue followed him to *Doway*.

Eccho. To *Doway?* nay, get me further from *Antwarpe*, then I may ſee the ſmoke of the chymnies, and they haue good lucke. Tuſh, tuſh, *Doway* is a pelting towne packed full of poore Skollers, who thinke a payre of caſt hoſen a greate rewarde; but *Antwarp* for my money. I tell yee trueth, there are not many townes in *Europe* that mainteyne more iollytie then *Antwarpe;* but behold where the Markgraue and his officers come: I wilbe gone; I like not the ſmell of them.

Dick. By the maſſe, neither I; they are going to caſt off ſome bloodhound to ſeeke a vagabond or ſome like chaſe, and let them hunt tyll theyr hartes ake, ſo I bee once out of their ſight firſt.

[*They run a ſide.*

Actus quarti, Scæna ſexta.

SEVERVS the MARKGRAVE, with the officers.

MUCH is the mind of man deceiued which thinketh that rulers & officers haue the merieſt liues; for, although it ſeeme vnto ſome men a ſweete thing to cōmaunde, yet whoſoeuer cōpareth the burdē of ſuch cares as are inſidēt vnto his office vnto the lightnes of the pleaſure which cōmeth by commaundement, he ſhal find that much greater is the payne of that one then the profit of that other. For what pleaſure redoundeth vnto an honeſt minde to pronounce ſentence of death vpon an offendor? or what profit ariſeth by puniſhing of malefactors? but, on that other ſide, what griefe wanteth where a quiet mynde is encombred with gouernment? what howre of the day is exempt from toyle? in the morning the preaſe of Suters at the chamber dore do breake the ſweeteſt ſleepe; the reſt of the forenoone is lyttle enough for the ordynarie howres of courtes and decydyng of contentions; at diner you ſhall hardly dyſgeſt your meate without ſome ſauce of complaynts or informations, wherin lykewyſe the reſt

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of the day muſt be occupied; and the night ſuffyzeth not to forecaſt what polityke conſtitucions are needful to be deuiſed or renewed for to meete with the dayly practices and inuentiones of lewde perſones: So that in fine thyne office will neither ſuffer thee to ſleep, nor yeld thee contentmēt when thou art awake, neither geue thee leaue to eate in quiet, nor permit thee to follow thine owne profitte when thou art faſting. I ſet a ſide to declare what trade of other priuat gaynes a man muſt omit when he is in auctority; but well ſayd the phyloſopher, which concluded that we are not borne onely for our ſelues, but parte our contrey alſo doth chalenge. Well, goodfellowes, one of you ſhal go to Saincte Mighells, and there, at a howſe with a red lattyce, you ſhall finde an old baude called *Pandarina* and a yong damſell called *Lamia;* take them both, and carie them to the coupe, geuing charge that they be ſafely kept vntill my further dyrection be known; and another of you ſhall ſeek out *Eccho* the paraſite: al men know him wel enough, take him and bring him to mee.

[*He departeth, as the Skoolemaſter cometh in.*

Actus quarti, Scæna ſeptima.

GNOMATICVS, NVNTIVS.

Gnomaticus.

IF none other thing were required in a faythfull enſtructor but onely that he ſhould teach his ſchollers grammer or ſuch other ſciences, then with leſſer trauaile might wee attayne vnto perfection, ſythens grammer and all the liberal Sciences are by traditions left vnto vs in ſuch ſort that, without any greate difficultie, the doubt thereof may be reſolved; but the Schoole Maſter which careth for none other thing but onely to make his ſchollers lerned, may in ſome reſpect be compared to the horſecourſer, which onelie careth to feede his horſe fat, and neuer delighteth to ryde him, manage him, or make him handſome; and when ſuch palfryes come to iorneyng, they are comonly ſo prouander-proude, that they praunce at the fyrſt exceed-

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ingly, but being put to a long iourney or ſeruice, they melt their owne greace, and are not able to endure trauaile. Euen ſo y^e^ mindes of yong men, being onely trained in knowledge of artes, and neuer perſwaded in points of moral reformation, become often times ſo prowde & ſo headie, that they are caried rather away with a vaine imagination of their owne excellency then ſetled in y^e^ reſolutions which might promoote them vnto dignitie; and, wandring ſo in a vayne glorious oppinion of their owne wit, they do, as it were, foūder and caſt them ſelues in their own halter. Such haue ſūdrie philoſophers bin in time paſt, who haue ſo far gone on pilgrimage in their owne peeuiſh conceits, y^t^ they haue not ſhamed, by a vaine ſhew of learning, to defend ſuch propoſitions as ſeeme moſt rediculous & eſtranged from reaſon. *Anaxagoras* defēded that ſnow was black, and yet was accompted a philoſopher of greate grauitie & iudgement. *Pherecydes* prognoſticated y^t^ an earthquake was at hand, becauſe he ſaw the water drawen out of a fountayne, and yet was he the Maſter of *Pythagoras*, & accompted a profound phyloſopher. *Protagoras* alſo affirmed that mē might well affirme all that to bee true which vnto them ſeemed true. And infinite others might bee reherſed whoſe opinionate iudgementes did eclipſe the reſt of their comendable capacitie, wherupon alſo hath ſprong the damnable opiniō of *Atheyſts*. For the mind of man is ſo heauenlie a thing, and of ſuch rare excellēcie, that it alwaies worketh, and can not be idle. And if with the quicknes of conceyt it be tempred by a modeſt moderation, to haue regard vnto vertue and moralitie, then proueth it both goodly & godly; wheras if it run on hedlong, only led by natural cōſiderations of cauſes, it may proue admirable for ſome paſſing quallitie, but it ſeldome is ſeene commendable or allowed for perfection. The conſideration wherof hath oftē moued me rather to enſtruct youth by a preſcribed order out of gods own word thē to nuzzle thē ouer deepely

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their own default. Oh how perillous is lewde company vnto youngmen! Well, I haue deuiſed yet a meane wherby both the Paraſites here may bee puniſhed and the youngmen may alſo be rebuked at *Doway:* in ſuch ſort, that their ſodain ſeperation may preuent all meanes to eſcape it, and yet that one, being ignorant of that others puniſhment, ſhall neuer grudge or ſnuffe at the ſame. And *Phylopæs*, with his neighbour *Phylocalus*, promiſed me eare while to put my deuiſe in execution. I long to heare what may be done therin, for ſtill I feare me leaſt the crafty Paraſite ſhould get knowledge thereof, and ſo both eſcape himſelf and further enfect ſome other with newe deuiſes. But who is this that commeth heere in ſuch haſte?

Nuntius. Good lord, what a world is this! Juſtice, quoth he? mary this is Juſtyce in deed of the new faſhion.

Gnomaticus. And what Juſtice, good fellow, I pray thee?

Nuntius. Naye, none at all, Sir, but rather open wronge; an honeſt old gentlewoman, with her kinſwoman, are commaunded to the coupe, onely becauſe they ſuffered an honeſt youngman, and Sonne to a welthy Burgher, to ſuppe with them yeſternight; and a good fellowe, which is well knowen here in the City, and hath dwelt here theſe ſeuen yeares paſt, is alſo caſt in priſon bicauſe he ſerued them at ſupper. I haue ſeldome heard of ſuch rigor vſed, eſpecially ſince they proffer good ſuretyes to bee alwayes forth comming vntill their behauiour be tryed.

Gnomaticus. Well, good fellow, ſpeake reuerently of the Magiſtrates; peraduenture there was ſome further matter therein then thou art aware of; but when was it done?

Nuntius. Euen now, ſir, I doe but come from thence.

Gnomaticus. This geare hath bene pollitiquely vſed, and I will go ſee how it is come to paſſe, for theſe are euen thoſe lewd companions which ſeduced my ſchollers. Good fellow, gramercy for thy tydinges. [*Exit.*

Nuntius. Why? Do they lyke him ſo well? I holde a grote the parties are not halfe ſo well pleaſed therewyth; but I wil go further, vntil I may declare them vnto ſome pitifull minde which, moued with compaſſion, may ſpeak vnto the Markgraue in their behalfe.

Finis Actus Quarti.

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The fourth Chorus.

THE toiling man, which tilles his ground with greateſt paine,
Hath not alway ſuch crops theron as yeeld him greateſt gain;
Nor he the faireſt houſe which laies thereon moſt coſt,
Since many chips of chance may fall, to proue ſuch labours loſt.
In vaine men build their fortes with ſtone, with lyme and ſand,
Unleſſe the ſame be founded firſt with Gods owne mighty hand.
Though *Paule* himſelf did plant, whoſe trauelles did not ceaſe,
And then *Apollo* watred eake, yet God did giue encreaſe:
The grace of God it is whereon good gyftes muſt growe,
And lacke of God his grace it is which makes them lye full lowe.
How often haue bene ſeene, both watch and ward well kept,
And yet into the ſtrongeſt holdes hath treaſon lightly lept!
The heedieſt hen that is the puttocke oft beguiles;
Such wolues do walke in wethers felles y^{t} Lambes miſtruſt no wiles.
The fox can preach ſometimes, but then beware the geeſe,
For ſeldome failes a theeuiſh hand but that it takes a fleeſe.
The deuill hath many men to gather in his rentes,
And euery man hath ſundrie meanes to bring vs to their bents.
Some puffe vs vp with pride, and ſome ſet men aloft,
Whereby the moſt by princely pompe forget themſelues full oft.
Some giue vs worldly good, and ſome giue beauties grace,
That one breedes care, y^{e} other luſt, which train vs to their trace.
In fine and to conclude, what minde of man deſires
That ſame the deuil can ſet to ſale, which ſtil maintains his fires.
Beholde *Gnomaticus*, which learnedly had taught
His ſchollers here ſuch good preceptes as were with wiſedome fraught:
And therewithall did care to ſee them ſpend their time
In exerciſe that might be good, and cleane deuoide of crime.
But then behold ſelfe loue and ſparkes of filthy luſt,

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Actus quinti, Scæna prima.

DICK DROOM alone.

NAY, if you play ſuch play, fare well altogyther; of all weapons I can not abyde theſe ſiluer daggers; I, with a mace, quoth you! I will not ſtand one blowe with a mace. They haue caught my fellowe *Eccho*, but I promiſe them they ſhall haue good lucke if they catch me. You will ſay that I ought not ſo to leaue *Eccho* in the bryers; in deed we were ſworne brethren, but what for that? I know not now how I was aduiſed when I tooke that oth; but ſurely, as I am now aduiſed, my Brother ſhall daunce alone in priſon. It is no biding heere for me; but to be plaine, I will trudge after theſe yonkers to *Doway*, and trye howe the ale taſteth in thoſe Coaſtes, for I like not the drinke in *Antwerpe;* now a dayes it is vengeable bitter. This was a ſupper in deed: no maruel, though *Eccho* and I were ſo glad of it; but we triumphed before the victory, for whiles we were preparing the banquet, came in an officer and laide hold of the women and *Eccho* all at once: that ſawe I, and to go. Whether nowe, ſirha, quod one of the ſargeantes to me? To buy oliues for my Miſtres, quod I. The knaue catchpole replied nothing, but laughed, as who ſhould ſay, the Supper might be eaten without ſauſe well enough, but how madde am I to ſtand prating here ſo long? I will be gone, to *Doway*, to *Doway!* on mine honeſtie, behold wher the old men come, I meane the Fathers of theſe yonkers. Adue, my maiſters, and ſay you ſawe not me.

Actus quinti, Scæna ſecunda.

PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS, NVNTIVS, FIDVS.

EVEN

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quiet in my thoughtes; one whyle I ſeeme to doubt leaſt they haue been diſtreſſed by the way, another whyle I ſeeme to doubt leaſt they be eftſoones entiſed vnto vanities by euill company; and how much the more I think hereon, ſo much the more I am perplexed with dout. God for his mercy ſend vs comfortable newes, to recomfort my ſorowfull and doubtfull harte!

Phylocalus. Truly, neighbour, and I am not altogither free from ſuch imaginations; but whiles I recomfort my ſelfe by the hope which I haue in thoſe letters that maiſter *Gnomaticus* did wryte, I am ſtraight wayes tormented againe with another doute, the which is ſuch, that I may be aſhamed to vtter it, conſidering mine owne folly.

Phylopæs. O, neighbour, keepe nothing from me, for Gods ſake.

Phylocalus. I will tell you, then: I condemne my ſelfe of exceeding folly, in that I haue committed the cariage of thoſe letters to my ſeruaunt *Ambidexter*, whoſe doubleneſs I haue often tryed, and therefore my ſimplicity was the greater; and bicauſe he is not long ſithens retourned, my minde conceyueth ſome doubt of his fidellity.

Phylopæs. Truely and not without cauſe, for he might haue retourned long ſithens. O what a dolte was I that I ſent not *Fidus* here with them alſo! Surely, *Phylocalus*, my mynde giueth me that he hath abuſed vs.

Nuntius. Letters! letters! letters!

Phylocalus. What cryeth this good fellow?

Nuntius. Letters from *Doway*! letters from *Doway*! Hey.

Phylopæs. Mary, this ſeemeth to be ſome Carier which commeth from *Doway*. Commeth thou from *Doway*, good fellow?

Nuntius. Yea, ſir, doutleſſe.

Phylopæs. And what letters haſt thou?

Nuntius. Nay, that can not I tell, there are to many ſtrange names for me to remẽber; but here is my regiſter, and ſo may you knowe better then I what letters I haue in my packe.

Phylopæs. Is that the faſhion, to write in a role a note of their names to whom thy letters are directed?

Nuntius. Yea, ſir, that is a cuſtome which I and ſuch ignorant fellowes muſt vſe, for I cannot read my ſelfe, & to ſhew all my letters were folly; but I do alwaies beare ſuch a role in my hand,

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wherin are written the names of thoſe vnto whom my letters, for that tyme, are directed; & then, when I ſhew it, euerie man can ſoone tell whether I be for him or not.

Phylocalus. A good order, ſurely, and I pray thee let vs ſee thy role of names.

Nuntius. Here it is, Sir.

Phylocalus. To begin with all, here is a letter for you, neighbour; I truſt I ſhall alſo finde another for my ſelfe.

Phylopæs. Oh how this comforteth my hart; thys letter commeth from my younger Sonne; I will breake it vp.

[*He goeth aſide with it.*

Phylocalus. Lo now I haue lykewiſe found one that is directed to me, & it is alſo y^e^ orthographie of my Sonne *Phylotimus;* let vs ſee what it conteyneth, in Gods name. [*He readeth alſo.*

Nuntius. Who ſhall pay me for the bringing of them?

Fidus. Stay a while, good fellowe; thy paines ſhalbe conſidered well, I warrant thee.

Nuntius. Yea, but I may not long tary, for I muſt go about and deliuer the reſt of theſe letters this night.

Fidus. All that maiſt thou doe well enough; they will not be long before they haue done; but I pray thee tell me, doeſt thou not knowe my Maiſters Sonnes?

Nuntius. What ſhould I cal them by their names?

Fidus. The eldeſt is named *Phylautus*, and the younger called *Phylomuſus.*

Nuntius. I thinke I know maiſter *Flautus;* a tall yong gentleman, ſmall in the middle, is he not?

Fidus. Yes, ſurely, he is but ſlender.

Nuntius. Mary, and I ſawe him in deed at *Doway:* braue, by the maſſe, and luſty; there was another gaye young gentleman in his company, and a ſeruing man; wotte you who? olde *Ambidexter*, the beſt fellowe in all *Antwerpe;* I promiſe you they are mery and well.

Phylopæs. What newes, neighbour?

Phylocalus. Good and badde.

Phylopæs. Euen ſo haue I in my letter; hold, good fellowe, ther is a reward for bringing of theſe letters, & gramercy.

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Nuntius. I thanke you, ſir; I retourne to *Doway* wyth in theſe two dayes, and if it pleaſe you to commaund me any thing thither, I will repayre to your houſe.

Phylopæs. I pray thee do, for peraduenture I wil wryte by thee.

[*Nuntius exit.*

O God, neighbour, how vnhappie were wee to ſend your lewd ſeruaunt *Ambidexter* with our Sonnes? My Sonne writeth vnto me that his brother *Phylautus* & your Sonne *Phyloſarchus* are ſeldome from the Bordelles or Tauerns, and that *Ambidexter* is their companion, and meaneth to tary there with them, and to retourn no more.

Phylocalus. My Sonne wryteth ſo in effect, but hee ſeemeth to dout, leaſt they prepare themſelues to abandon the Uniuerſity, and to go gadding about the world a little, for he writeth that they ſtay on hope that *Eccho* & certaine other of his companions will ſhortly be with them, otherwyſe they had bene gone long ſithens. Of himſelfe I haue good newes, for he wryteth vnto me that the Palſegraue hath written vnto the chauncellour of the vniuerſity for a ſecretary, and that he ſtandeth in election.

Phylopæs. And my Sonne *Phylomuſus* is entered into the miniſtrie, and hath preached in the Uniuerſity, and meaneth ſhortly to go vnto *Geneua*; ſuch comfort we haue yet vnto our calamity. But as euery miſchief is moſt eaſely cured and redreſſed in the beginning, ſo if you will followe my counſell, we will immediatly diſpatch *Fidus* vnto them, who ſhall both aprehend *Ambidexter*, and cauſe him to be punniſhed, and ſhall alſo ſtaye our two wandring Sonnes, and bring them home vnto vs.

Phylocalus. I like your councell well, and for the loue of God let it be put in execution immediatly, for in ſuch caſes nothing is ſo requiſite as expedition.

Phylopæs. Holde, *Fidus*, take theſe twenty crownes, and get thee away with all ſpeede poſſible, take poſt horſes from place to place, and if they ſhould chaunce to be gone from *Doway* before thou come, yet followe them, and neuer ceaſe vntill thou haue founde them, and bring them home vnto vs.

Phylocalus. Fidus, ſpare for no coſt, and holde thee, there are twenty crownes more if neede require.

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Fidus. Well, Sir, you ſhall ſee that no diligence ſhall want in me to recouer them. Will it pleaſe you to commaund me any other ſeruice?

Phylopæs. No, but God ſend thee good ſucceſſe.

[*Fidus departeth.*

In the meane time, neighbour, let vs go ſee what is done for the ſtaying of *Eccho*, that we may yet preuent all miſcheefe as much as in vs lyeth.

Phylocalus. I lyke you well, your witte is very good vppon a ſodaine, but beholde where maiſter *Gnomaticus* commeth, by him we ſhall partly vnderſtand what is done.

Actus quinti, Scæna tertia.

GNOMATICVS, PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS.

Gnomaticus.

GENTLEMEN, I haue ſought you round about the Town, this geare is in maner diſpatched, *Eccho* is apprehended with his traine and all.

Phylopæs. Wel, that is ſome comfort yet to our heauy hartes.

Gnomaticus. Why, haue you any cauſe of heauineſſe? Tell me, I pray you, Sir: what meane you to ſtand thus amaſed?

Phylocalus. My neighbour and I haue receyued newes which are both ſorowful and comfortable. Our two elder Sonnes (by the lewde aſſiſtance of my ſeruaunt, whom I ſent with them) do beſtowe their time very wantonly in *Doway*, and do determine (as ſeemeth) to be gone from thence very ſhortly.

Gnomaticus. To be gon? whether, in Gods name?

Phylocalus. Nay that hee knoweth, to ſeeke aduentures abrode in the world by all lykelyhoode, and they ſtay but for the comming of

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Phylocalus. Why, we haue receiued letters from our other two Sonnes; holde you, here is mine, you may read it.

[*He deliuereth him the letter.*

How now, neighbour? what muſe you? your wittes were good (erewhile) vpon the ſodayne, plucke vp your ſpirits, you ſhall ſee by Gods grace, *Fidus* will bring vs good newes.

Phylopæs. Oh, neighbour, I am not able to expreſſe the ſorowes which my heart conceiueth: alas, the goods of the world (although they be gotten with great trauaile, and kept with great care) yet the loſſe of them doth neuer torment a wiſe man: ſince the ſame deuice or brayne that coulde contriue the gathering of them, is able againe to renew the like: but the miſgouernmẽt of a man's children, or to ſee them caſt away by lacke of grace or for lacke of vigilant foreſight, that onely is vnto the wyſeſt mynde an vnmedicinable wounde. Oh that my harte is not able to beare nor to abide the furious aſſaults of this misfortune. [*He ſowneth.*

Phylocalus. What, man, ſtand vp and take a mans harte vnto you.

Gnomaticus. What, Sir, for the loue of God do not take the matter thus heauily, by his grace you ſhall haue no ſuch cauſe; your neighbour here hath cauſe of comfort: for I perceiue that his Sonne hath ſo well ſpent his time, and ſo well profited at his booke, that he ſtandeth in election to bee Secretarie vnto the Palſegraue.

Phylocalus. Yea, and his ſonne *Phylomuſus* is alſo become a famous preacher, & meaneth ſhortly to go vnto *Geneua.*

Gnomaticus. Wel then, ech of you hath ſome cauſe of cõfort yet, and by the grace of God you ſhall ſee that the reſt will fal out better then you looke for, but if it ſhould not, you muſt yet arme your ſelfe with pacience, and giue god thankes in all thinges, ſince he can ſend tribulations and vexations when pleaſeth him, and can alſo ſend comfort when ſeemeth mete to his deuine maieſtie; but what haue you done for the preuenting hereof?

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Gnomaticus. Ambidexter? Why what hath hee doone?

Phylocalus. Do you not marke the letter? it ſeemeth that his onelie lewdenes hath miniſtred matter vnto their miſbehauiour, for he is their lodes mate & companiō in all places, and hath ſetled himſelfe with them, meaning neuer more to turne vnto me.

Gnomaticus. Surely, *Phylocalus,* you were not well aduiſed to ſēd ſuch a fellow with your Sonnes, I pray god he haue deliuered my letters faythfullie, for I dyd yet neuer receaue anſwere of them. By whome receaued you theſe letters?

Phylocalus. By a carrier which trauayleth weekely to *Doway.*

Gnomaticus. And had hee no letters for me?

Phylocalus. Surely I cannot tell, for I was ſo glad when I founde in his role letters to mee and my neighbour, that I ſought no furder for any other; but you ſhall ſoone finde hym out, if you aſke for the Carryer of *Doway.*

Gnomaticus. Well, by your leaue, then, I will goe ſeeke hym, for I long ſore to haue anſwere of my letters.

Phylocalus. You ſhall do well, and in meane tyme my neighbour and I will go vnto his houſe, for I perceiue he is not well.

Actus quinti, Scæna quarta.

SEVERVS the MARGRAVE with his officers, and ECCHO.

Seuerus.

COME on, ſirha, what acquaintance haue you with theſe Ladyes?

Eccho. Sir, I haue but ſmall acquaintance with them.

Seuerus. No? What did you there, then?

Eccbo. Sir, I had wayted vppon them into the Towne that day (as I doe vppon diuers other for my lyuing) and they prayed me to ſuppe with them in part of recompence for my trauaile.

Seuerus. Mary, ſir, your fare was good, as I vnderſtand, and meete for much better perſonages then eyther of you. Tell me, who prouided it? And who paid for it?

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Eccho. I knowe not, Sir, it was enough for me that I knew where it was, I neuer aſked from whence it came, for conſcience ſake.

Seuerus. Well ieſted, fellow *Eccho*, but I muſt make you ſing another note before you and I part. Tell me how came you acquainted with *Phyloſarchus?*

Eccho. I haue knowen him long ſince, ſir, as I knowe diuers other young gentlemen in this Towne.

Seuerus. Yea, but howe came it to paſſe that he ſhould haue bene there at ſupper that night?

Eccho. That cannot I tell, neyther do I knowe whether he ſhould haue bin there that night or no.

Seuerus. Yes, that you can, did you neuer ſee him there before?

Eccho. I ſaw him there once in other honeſt company, but what is that to me? Had I any thing to do with his being there? or doth it followe of neceſſity that beecauſe he was there once before, therfore he ſhould haue been there that night alſo?

Seuerus. No, but you know well enough if you lyſt that he ſhould haue been there, and that the banquet was prepared for him. You were beſt to confeſſe a trueth.

Eccho. Sir, I will not confeſſe that which I knowe not, neither for you nor for neuer a man on liue. He might haue beene there for all mee, & he might haue beene away alſo if he liſt, for any thing that I know.

Seuerus. Well, it were but loſt labour to talke anie longer with you, go take him, and carrie him to the mill, and there let him be whipped euerie day thryſe, vntill he confeſſe the cyrcūſtances of al theſe matters: wee may not ſuffer the Sonnes of honeſt and welthy Burghers to bee ſeduced by ſuch lewde fellowes, and they to ſkape ſkotfree.

Actus quinti, Scæna quinta.

GNOMATICVS, alone.

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Phylautus was ſo quick and ſo ſufficient to receiue any charge, that a man would haue beleeued them to haue beene two of the beſt and towardeſt yongmen in thys citie, and yet behold how concupicence and vayne delight hath caried them to run another race. I haue receyued letters here from my frind Maſter —— in *Doway*, who declareth vnto me thereby, that they are ſufficyently able to conceiue any tradicion or Science, but therwithall that they are ſo geuẽ ouer to pleaſures & light paſtimes, ẏ it is in maner vnpoſſible to bridle their wãdring deſires. On that other ſide he prayſeth the other two for the ſobreſt yong men that euer came vnder his charge, & confirmeth in effect aſmuch as they had writtẽ for newes vnto their parentes, whereof I haue greately to reioyce, that (hauing paſſed through my handes) they are ſo lykely to come vnto promotion. And as I reioyce in them, ſo am I moſt hartely ſory for the two elder, that their miſgouernment may become not onely a great grief to their parents, but alſo a hinderance to ſuch commendation as I might elſe haue gayned by the others: but thus wee may ſee, that in euery comfort there may growe ſome diſquiet, and no herbe ſo cleane but may be hindred by ſtinking weeds that grow by it. Well, I will go talke with their parentes, and if they wilbe ruled by my councell, they ſhall giue them leaue a little to ſee the world, and to followe any exerciſe that be not repugnant vnto vertue, for vnto ſome wittes neyther correction, nor frendly admonition, nor any other perſwaſion will ſerue, vntil their owne rodde haue beaten them, and then they proue oftentymes (though late) men of excellent qualities. But beholde, where they come to diſcharge me of this trauaile.

Actus quinti, Scæna ſexta.

PHYLOCALVS, GNOMATICVS, and PHYLOPAES.

Phylocalus.

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Phylocalus. And what newes, I pray you?

Gnomaticus. Euen the ſame in effecte that you haue receyued.

Phylocalus. Why then, I perceiue that our two younger ſonnes haue not deceiued vs, nor boaſted more in their letters then is true in effect.

Gnomaticus. No, ſurely, for my frend aduertiſeth me that they are two of the towardeſt young men that euer came in that Uniuerſity, and that he hath great hope to ſee them in the end become famous through all the lowe countreys.

Phylocalus. Well, that is ſome comfort yet; and what wryteth he of the two elder?

Gnomaticus. Surely he writeth as much cõmendation as may be of their capacity, mary therew^th^al he ſaith that they bee marueilouſly bent vnto concupiſcence, therefore I wil tell you mine aduiſe. As ſoone as they come home, firſt rebuke them ſharpely for the miſſebeſtowing of their excellent wittes, and it ſhall not be amiſſe if you adde therevnto alſo ſome correction; that being done, I would wiſh you to put in their choyce what kinde of lyfe they will followe, ſo that it be vertuous, and not contrary to Gods worde, and let them ſee the worlde a while: for ſuch fine wittes haue ſuch an vniuerſall deſire commonly, that they neuer proue ſtayed vntill the blacke oxe hath troden on their toes.

Phylopæs. Yea, mary, but how are we ſure to recouer them againe, when as I feare much that they are gone from the Uniuerſity already?

Gnomaticus. Why doubt you of that?

Phylopæs. Becauſe my neighbours Sonne *Phylotimus* wrote vnto him that he much douted they would abandon the vniuerſity, and that they taried but onely to heare from *Eccho* and his complices.

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Actus quinti, Scæna ſeptima.

PHYLOPAES, SEVERVS, PHYLOCALVS, GNOMATICVS.

Phylopæs.

RIGHT Honourable, we are bound to yeelde you humble and harty thanks, for that (as we vnderſtand) you haue vſed great paine and diligence in apprehending of a lewde company, who haue (as wee ſee now) ſeduced our children, and made them to neglecte the holſome preceptes which their faithfull enſtructer had giuen them.

Seuerus. Surely, I haue done my beſt (in diſcharge of my duty) to apprehend them, and I haue examined them alſo, but truly I can not finde hitherto any proofe againſt them, whereby they ought to be puniſhed: and though I deſire (as much as you) to ſee them condignly corrected, yet without proofe of ſome offence I ſhould therin commit a wrong. True it is that *Eccho* is knowen commonly in this Town for a Paraſite and a flattering fellow, and the young woman alſo doth not ſeeme to be of the honeſteſt, but yet there is no body which will come in and ſay this or that I haue ſeene or knowen by her. Shee confeſſeth that *Phyloſarchus* and *Phylautus* were there one night at a banquet, and that *Phyloſarchus* ſhould haue ſupped there the ſame night that they were taken, and when I aſke her to what end, ſhe anſwereth that he was a ſuter to her for mariage, and for witneſſe bringeth in her Aunt as good as her ſelfe: in the meane time I haue no proofe of euill wherwith to burthen her. And then maiſter *Eccho* (on that other ſid), he ſtandeth as ſtiffe as may be, and ſaith that he knoweth not whether *Phyloſarchus* ſhould haue ſupped there or not, and for lack of proofe I am able to go no furder.

Phylocalus. Yea, Sir; but doubtles that *Eccho* was the firſt cauſe of their acquayntaunce, for the firſt tyme that my Sonne was there, was one afternoone, at which tyme *Eccho* came to their Schoole Maſter in your name, and craued liberty for them to come and ſpeake wyth you.

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Seuerus. With me?

Gnomaticus. Yea, Sir, doubtleſſe; and when I gaue them leaue to come vnto you, they returned (after two or three howers reſpyte) and ſayde that you knew them not when they came there, and that *Eccho* ſaid he had miſtaken the Scholemaſter and the ſchollers.

Seuerus. Sayd they thus of me?

Gnomaticus. Yea, truely, ſir.

Seuerus. And ſayd they that they had been with me?

Gnomaticus. Sir, I woulde bee lothe to ſay ſo if it were otherwiſe, and furthermore they ſeemed angry.

Seuerus. And wherefore, I pray you?

Gnomaticus. For that you gaue them no better countenaunce.

Seuerus. Before God, they neuer came at mee, but thys is ſomewhat yet, for by this meanes I haue good cauſe to puniſh Maſter *Eccho*, and I pray you, Maſter *Gnomaticus*, go with me vnto him, and you ſhal heare what anſwer he is able to make vnto theſe matters.

Gnomaticus. With right good will, ſir, I wil wayte vpon you. Worthy gentlemen, you ſhal do wel to conſider in the meane time vpon that which I laſt tolde you as myne oppinion.

Actus quinti, Scœna octaua.

PHYLOPAES, PHYLOCALVS.

Phylopæs.

THE aduice, which maſter *Gnomaticus* hath geuen vs, doth not miſlike mee altogether, but ſtill my minde is more and more vexed with doubt, leaſt in the meane time (and before *Fidus* can come at them) they fall into ſome notable miſhap by theyr miſgouernment.

Phylocalus. You do well to doubt the worſt, but if it were ſo, what remidie but patience, and geue god thanks that hath ſent to eche of vs ſuch a Sonne as may become the comfort of our age?

Phylopæs. Truely it is in deede a great comfort that eyther of

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vs may take in our yonger Sonnes, but if wee haue loſt the elder (as I feare it much) what a corroſiue will that be vnto vs? Oh how I feele my fearefull harte panting in my reſtles breſt! the Father of heauen voucheſafe to ſend mee ioyfull newes of *Phylautus.* O wretched *Phylopæs,* thou are like vnto a couetous man, which hauing aboundance is yet neuer contented; thou art alreadie ſure of ſuch ofspring as may giue thee cauſe to reioyce, and yet thy minde is not ſatisfied, vnleſſe all thinges might fall out vnto thine owne deſire, and thou maiſt be compared to the patiēt which crieth out, before the Chirurgions inſtrument do touch him, becauſe thou conceiueſt in thy imagynation the dread which tormenteth all thy thoughts. But alas, why do I not prepare this wretched corpes of mine to be a preſent witnes what is become of my *Phylautus?* I will ſurely go prouide all thinges neceſſarie for my iourney, and neuer giue reſt vnto theſe bones vntill I may ſee him. I will do ſo.

Phylocalus. What, abide, *Phylopæs,* I am a ſhamed to ſee you ſo impacient; what, man, I am as ſorie to heare of my Sonnes lewd behauiour as you are of yours; and, to tel a truth, I thinke he wilbe fownde more faultie then yours; but be it as God pleaſeth, I haue one eſpeciall comfort, and that is, that I performed my duetie in carefulnes and in foreſight (as much as in me laye) to guide him vnto promotion: it is comendable in a parent to haue a care for his children, but this womanlike tendernes in you deſerueth reprehention.

Phylopes. Se how euerye man can geue good councell, and few can followe it: well, I praye you, let vs withdraw oureſelues to our houſes, to ſee if change of place may alſo change my melancholike paſſion.

Phylocalus. Go we; I will go to your houſe for companie.

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Actus quinti, Scæna nona.

SEVERVS, GNOMATICVS, FIDVS, AMBIDEXTER.

Seuerus.

WELL, ſince he is found culpable of thus much, I would but talke with theſe neighbours of mine (I meane *Phylopæs* and *Phylocalus*), and wee will deuiſe ſuch puniſhement for the malefactors, as may be a terror hereafter to all paraſites how they abuſe the name of an officer, or entyſe the children of any burghers.

Gnomaticus. Sir, I dare ſay they will be pleaſed what ſoeuer you do therein, and, if it ſo pleaſe you, I will go vnto their houſes and call them vnto you, for mee thinkes they are departed ſynce we went. But what is hee that commeth here in ſuch haſte?

Fidus. Oh that I coulde tell where to fynde my Maſter.

Gnomaticus. It is *Fidus.* God graunt he bring good tidings.

Fidus. I would rather fynd him in any place then at hys howſe, that he might haue ſome company (yet) whych might comforte him, for I dare ſay theſe tidings will break his harte with Sorowe.

Gnomaticus. I will go to him. How now, *Fidus*, what newes?

Fidus. O maſter *Gnomaticus*, I knowe no man whom I wuld rather haue preſently then you: O Sir, I am vnhappy, for I am the meſſenger of the moſt wofull newes that euer my maſter receyued: for gods loue, accompanie me vnto him that you might yet by your wiſedom aſwage the extremitie of his grief.

Gnomaticus. I will willingly beare thee companie, gentle *Fidus*; and ſurely thou deſerueſt greate commendation and thankes, aſwell for thy fidelitie, as alſo for the exceeding greate ſpeede which thou haſt made; but I pray thee tell vs firſt (in the preſence of the right honorable Markegraue) the whole circumſtance & effect of theſe thy newes, which thou ſayeſt are ſo ſorowfull.

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needes afflict the poore parents with extreeme grief, for they are vnto me (almoſt) vntollerable: but ſince it becommeth a chriſtian to beare pacientely what ſoeuer God doth prouide, I pray thee tell on the whole circumſtance of euerie thing as it fell.

Fidus. I will tell you, Sir; I vſed all the dilligence poſſible on my way, and yet before I coulde come at *Doway*, they were from thence departed.

Gnomaticus. What, all togither?

Fidus. No, ſir; but *Phylomuſus* was ſent by the whole conſent of the vniuerſity vnto the Palſgraue to be his ſecretary, whereas he yet remaineth in good eſtimation; and *Phylotimus* was gone vnto *Geneua*, moued with an earneſt zeale and ſpirit, and there he is in finguler commendation and much followed.

Gnomaticus. And what was become (the meane while) of *Phylautus* and *Phyloſarchus?* They were ſtill at *Doway*, were they not?

Fidus. No, ſir, they were gone alſo, but no man could tell me whether they were gone, and they were gone ſomewhat before their brethren.

Gnomaticus. Why then, they taryed not for *Eccho*, as the letters emported that they would haue done.

Fidus, O Sir, they had aduertiſement that *Eccho* was apprehended, and that haſtened their departure.

Gnomaticus. And by what meanes knew they of it?

Fidus. There was one *Dicke Droom*, a companion of *Eccboes*, which came vnto them and tolde them the whole diſcourſe, wherevppon they fledde with him immediately.

Seuerus. Such a one was preſente in deede when *Eccho* was taken, and becauſe mine officers knew him not, nor had any commiſſion to ſearch for him, therefore they ſuffered him to departe.

Fidus. Out vppon him; I would to God they had made him ſafe alſo, for he hath bin the caſting away of *Phylautus*. *Phylautus*, *Phylo-*

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minion forſooth, and ſtayed with her at *Bruſſelles*, from whence *Phylautus* and *Dycke Droom* departed, and tooke their way togither vp towardes *Germany*, now *Phyloſarchus* and his cariage held their way (as it was ſaide) towardes *Fraunce*. When I ſawe that they were ſo parted, and that I could not followe both companies at once, I thought beſt to holde on my way towardes the Palſgraues Court, & hoped that by the way I might yet chance to heare of *Phylautus*, and in very deede I heard of ſuch a one at ſundrie places; and at laſt I heard of him expreſſedly, for the day before I came to the Palſgraues Court, he was there executed for a robbery with *Dicke Droom*, yea, euen in ſight of his Brother, and notwithſtanding the fauour that hee is in there, ſuch ſeuere execution of iuſtice is there adminiſtred.

Seuerus. It is a happy common wealth where Juſtice may be miniſtred with ſeueritie, and where no mediacions or ſutes may wreſt the ſentence of the Lawe.

Fidus. When I had there receyued theſe heauy newes, I tooke letters of diſpatch and aduertiſement from *Philomuſus* to his Father, & croſſed ouer the Countrey towards *Geneua*. And long before I came thether, *Phyloſarchus* had bin there (for fornication), whipped openly three ſeuerall dayes in the market, and was baniſhed the Towne with great infamie, notwithſtanding that his Brother *Phylotimus* was an earneſt ſuter vnto the congregation for him. When I perceyued that none other iſſue could be had of my trauaile, I tooke letters from *Phylotimus*, and ſought no further after *Phyloſarchus*, but thought my duty firſt to aduertiſe my maiſter of the certainty, and by my way homewardes I ouertooke this good fellowe *Ambidexter* in ſuch aray as you ſee, and haue brought him with me to abide ſuch puniſhment as the worthy Markgraue here and other magiſtrates ſhall thinke meete for him.

Ambidexter. Oh Sir, be good vnto me and pardon this offence.

Seuerus. Pardon? Nay, ſurely thou rather deſerueſt death, for it ſeemeth vnto me, that theſe young men had not ſo lightly gone aſtray, had it not bin through the helpe of thee and ſuch as thou art. Such lewde ſeruauntes as thou art are the caſting away of many toward young perſonages; and therefore ſince thy good happe hath

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retourned thee hether, thou ſhalt with the reſt ſerue as an example to all ſeruaunts. But thou canſt tell what is become of *Phyloſarchus?*

Ambidexter. He was ſo ſore whipped that I feare hee be dead. I lefte him in a village fyue leagues diſtant from *Geneua*, ſo ſore that he was not able to ſtir either hande or foote.

Seuerus. Well, Maſter *Gnomaticus*, ſince onley this fellow is recouered, I think meete to hold this courſe of iuſtice: he, together with Maſter *Eccho*, ſhall bee whyped aboute the Towne three ſeuerall market dayes, with papers declaring their faults ſet vpon their heds, and afterwards they ſhalbe baniſhed the Citie, vppon payne of death neuer to returne; & Miſtreſſe *Lamia* with her Aunt ſhall likewyſe be ſet on the Cucking ſtoole in publique three market daies, & then to be baniſhed the Towne alſo.

Gnomaticus. Surely you haue well deuiſed; and I beſech you, Sir, vouchſafe to aſſiſt mee in comforting the wofull Parents *Phylopæs* and *Phylocalus* who, I dare ſay, will be ſo ſorowfull for theſe tidinges, that it ſhall bee harde to perſwade them to patience.

Seuerus. It is but a reaſonable requeſt, & I will moſte gladly accompany you; go we together; and thou, *Fidus*, haſt well deſerued thy freedome, with a better turne for thy faythfull ſeruice in this behalfe; and I wilbe a meane vnto thy Maiſter that thou maiſt bee conſidered accordingly.

Fidus. I thanke you, Sir. My Maſters, the common ſaying is, clap your handes; but the circumſtance of this wofull tragicall comedie conſidered, I may ſay iuſtly vnto you wring your handes: neuertheleſſe I leaue it to your diſcretion.

Finis.

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Epilogus.

Whatſoeuer is written is written for our learning.

WE liue to learne, for ſo Sainct Paule doth teach,
And all that is, is doone for our auaile:
Both good and bad may be the wiſemans leach,
The good may ſerue to make him beare like ſayle,
The bad to ſhun the faults wherin they fayle.
Good wyndes and bad may ſerue in ſundry ſorte,
To bring our barkes into ſome pleaſant porte.

Who liſte to learne what dilligence may do,
What humble minds by ſtudies may attayne,
Let him behold theſe younger brethren two,
Whoſe wits at firſt did ſeeme to bee but playne,
Yet as you ſee, at laſt they got with payne
The golden fleeſe of grace and cunning Skyll,
Before the reſt which folowed wanton will.

And ſuch as brag of quicke capacitie,
Or thinke the field is woone withouten blowes,
Let them behold the youthfull vanitie
Of th' elder twayne, whoſe fancies lightly choſe
To ſeeke delight in gariſh grounde that growes,
Yet had by hart their maſters wordes in haſt:
But thinges ſone got are loſt againe as faſt.

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Who falles on face hath elbowes, hands and all
To ſaue himſelfe, and therwith eke to riſe;
To fall on backe, betokens ſuch a fall
As cannot riſe againe in any wiſe;
For when he falls, his face wide open lies
To euery blowe, and cannot fend the ſame:
Such falles found they, which brought them ſone to ſhame.

And in meane while their Brethren roſe as faſt;
Much like the ſnaile which clymes the Caſtle wall
With eaſie ſteppes, when ſouldiers downe be caſt
With furious force and many a hedlong fall.
Aſſaults are hotte, but yet if there withall
Some temperance and polycye be vſed,
They winne thoſe fortes, which hotter heads refuſed.

I meane but this: you ſee the younger twaine
(Bycauſe they did in vertue take delight)
They clombe at laſt (and that with pleaſaunt paine)
To honours Court, wherin their place was pight.
You ſee againe, their Brethren (by delight
In filthy luſt, ſelfe loue, and ſuc[h]e like mo)
Did fall as faſt to ſhamefull death and wo.

You ſee the bond, for faithfullneſſe made free;
You ſee the free, for doubleneſſe diſdaind:
You ſee the whippe, the cuke ſtoole, and the tree,
Are thought rewardes for ſuch as vice hath ſtainde:
You ſee that right, which euer more hath raigned,
And iuſtice both, do keepe their places ſtill,
To cheriſh good, and eke to puniſh ill.

Theſe things my muſe did meane to make you knowe

But otherwyſe then common wont hath bene.
This chriſtall glaſſe I poliſht fayre and cleene
For euery man that liſt his faultes to mend;
This was my mind, and thus I make an end.

FINIS.

¶ IMPRINTED AT London By H. M.
for Chriſtopher Barker at the ſigne
of the Graſſehopper in Paules
Churchyarde,
Anno Domini, 1575.[1]

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[1] The edition here uſed has after this a table of Errata, which have of courſe been corrected. In the earlier edition without the Errata, the ſame miſtakes occur; it would appear that they were not detected till the reprint of the volume had been completed. In my *Handbook of Early Engliſh Literature*, 1867, I have noted the variation in the colophons of the two impreſſions; but I was not at that time aware that the one *with* the Errata was the *ſecond*.

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The Princelye pleaſures, at the Courte at Kenelworth.

That is to ſaye.

The Copies of all ſuch verſes Proſes, or Poeticall inuentions, and other Deuices of pleaſure, as were there deuiſed, and preſented by ſundry Gentle men, before the *QVENES MAIESTIE:* In the yeare 1575.

¶ *Imprinted at London by Rychard Ihones and are to be ſolde without Newgate ouer againſt Saint Sepulchers Church.* 1576.

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A briefe rehearſall, or rather a true Copie of as much as was preſented be-fore her maieſtie at Kenelworth, during her laſt aboade there, As followeth,

HER Maieſty came thether (as I remember) on ſaterday, being the ninth of Iuly laſt paſt. On which day there met her on the way, ſomewhat neere the Caſtle, *Sybilla*, who prophecied vnto her Highnes the proſperous raigne that ſhe ſhould continue, according to the happy beginning of the ſame. The order thereof was this: *Sibilla* being placed in an arbor in the parke neere the high way where the *Queenes maieſtie* came, did ſtep out and pronounced as foloweth:

ALL hayle, all hayle, thriſe happy prince,
I am *Sibilla*, ſhe
Of future chaunce and after happ
foreſhewing what ſhalbe.
As now the dewe of heauenly gifts

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But peace ſhal gouerne all your daies,
encreaſing Subiects loue.
You ſhalbe called the Prince of peace,
and peace ſhalbe your ſhield,
So that your eyes ſhal neuer ſee
the broyles of bloody field.
If perfect peace then glad your minde,
he ioyes aboue the reſt,
Which doth receiue into his houſe
ſo good and ſweete a gueſt.
And one thing more I ſhall foretell,
As by my ſkil I know,
Your comming is reioyced at
tenne thouſand times and mo.
And whiles your highnes here abides,
nothing ſhall reſt vnfought,
That may bring pleaſure to your mind
or quyet to your thought.
And ſo paſſe foorth in peace (O Prince
of high and worthy praiſe;)
The God that gouernes all in all,
encreaſe your happy dayes.

This deuiſe was inuented and the verſes alſo written by M. Hunneys, maſter of her Maieſties Chappell.

HER Maieſty paſſing on to the firſt gate, there ſtode in the Leades and Battlementes therof ſixe Trumpetters hugelie aduaunced, much exceeding the common ſtature of men in this age, who had

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amazed at ſuch a preſence, vpon ſuch a ſodain, [and] proffered to ſtay them. And yet at laſt being ouercome by viewe of the rare beautie and princelie countenance of her Maieſtie, yeelded himſelfe and his charge, preſenting the keyes vnto her highneſſe with theſe words:

WHAT ſtirre, what coyle is here?
come back, holde, whether now?
Not one ſo ſtout to ſtirre,
what harrying haue we here?
My frends a Porter I,
no Poper here am plaſt.
By leaue perhaps els not
while club and limmes doe laſt.
A garboyle this in deede,
what, yea, faire Dames, what yea?
What, daintie darlings here?
oh God, a peereles Pearle,
No worldly wight, no doubt:
ſome ſoueraigne Goddes ſure:
Euen face, euen hand, euen eye,
euen other features all,
Yea, beutie, grace and cheare,
yea, port and maieſtie,
Shewe all ſome heauenly Peere,
with vertues all beſet.
Come, come, moſt perfect Paragon,
paſſe on with ioy and bliſſe,
Moſt worthy welcome Goddes gueſt,
whoſe preſence gladdeth all.
Haue here, haue here, both club and keyes:
my ſelfe, my warde I yeelde,
Euen gates and all, yea, Lord him ſelfe,

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WHEN her Maieſtie was entred the gate, and come into the baſe Court, there came vnto her a Ladie attended with two Nimphes, who came all ouer the Poole, being ſo conueyed that it ſeemed ſhee had gone vpon the water. This Ladie named her ſelfe the Ladie of the Lake, who ſpake to her Highneſſe as followeth:

THOUGH haſte ſay on, let ſute obtaine ſome ſtay,
(moſt peereles Prince, the honor of your kinde)
While that in ſhort my ſtate I doe diſplay,
and yeelde you thanks for that which now I finde.
Who earſt haue wiſht that death me hence had fet,
if Gods not borne to die had ought death any det.

¶ I am the Lady of this pleaſant Lake,
who ſince the time of great king *Arthures* reigne
That here with royal Court aboade did make,
haue led a lowring life in reſtles paine.
Til now that this your third arriuall here
doth cauſe me come abroad, and boldly thus appeare.

¶ For after him ſuch ſtormes this Caſtle ſhooke,
by ſwarming *Saxons* firſt who ſcourgde this land,
As foorth of this my poole I nere durſt looke,
Though *Kenelme* king of *Merce* did take in hand
(As ſorrowing to ſee it in deface)
to reare theſe ruines vp, and fortifie this place.

¶ For ſtraight by Danes and Normans all this Ile
was ſore diſtreſt, and conquered at laſt;
Whoſe force this Caſtle felt, and I therewhile
did hide my head, and though it ſtraightway paſt
Vnto Lord *Sentloes* hands, I ſtode at bay,
and neuer ſhewed my ſelfe, but ſtil in keepe I lay.

¶ The Earle ſir *Moumfords* force gaue me no hart:
ſir *Edmund Crouchbackes* ſtate, the princes ſonne,
Could not cauſe me out of my lake to part,
nor *Roger Mortimers* ruffe, who firſt begun

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(As *Arthures* heire) to keepe the table round,
could not comfort once my hart, or cauſe me come on ground.

¶ Nor any owner els, not he thats now,
(ſuch feare I felt againe, ſome force to feele)
Tyl now the Gods doe ſeeme themſelues t'allow
my comming foorth, which at this time reueale
By number due, that your thrice comming here
doth bode thriſe happy hope, and voides the place from feare.

¶ Wherefore I wil attend, while you lodge here,
(moſt peereles Queene) to Court to make reſort,
And as my loue to *Arthure* dyd appeere,
ſo ſhal 't to you in earneſt and in ſport,
Paſſe on, Madame, you neede no longer ſtand:
the Lake, the Lodge, the Lord, are yours for to cōmande.

Theſe verſes were deuiſed and penned by M. Ferrers, ſometime Lord of miſrule in the Court.

HER Maieſty proceeding towards the inward court paſſed on a bridge, the which was rayled in on both ſides. And in the toppes of the poſtes thereof were ſet ſundrie preſents, and giftes of prouiſion: as wine, corne, fruites, fiſhes, fowles, inſtrements of muſike, and weapons for martial defence. All which were expounded by an Actor clad like a Poet, who pronounced theſe verſes in Latine:

IVPITER é ſummi dum vertice cernit olympi,
Huc, princeps, regina, tuos te tendere greſſus:
Scilicet eximiæ ſuccenſus imagine formæ,
Et memor antiqui qui ſemper feruerat ignis,
Siccine Cœlicolæ pacientur turpiter (inquit)
Muneris exſortem Reginam hoc viſere caſtrum,
Quod tam læta ſubit? Reliqui ſenſere tonantis
Imperium ſuperi: pro ſe dat quiſque libenter.
Muſiculas Syluanus aues, Pomonaque poma,
Fruges alma Ceres, rorantia vina Lyœus:

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Neptunus piſces, Tela & tutanti a Mauors,
Hæc (Regina potens) ſuperi dant munera diui:
Ipſe loci dominus dat ſe Caſtrumque Kenelmi.

¶ Theſe verſes were deuiſed by maſter *Muncaſter*, and other verſes to the very ſelfe ſame effect were deuiſed by M. *Paten*, and fixed ouer the gate in a frame. I am not verye ſure whether theſe or maſter *Patens* were pronounced by the Author, but they were all to one effect. This ſpeech being ended, ſhe was receiued into the inner Court with ſweet Muſicke. And ſo alighting from her horſe, the Drummes, Fifes, and Trumpets ſounded: wherewith ſhee mounted the ſtayres, and went to her lodging.

ON the next day (being Sunday) there was nothing done vntil the euening, at which time there wer fireworks ſhewed vpon the water, the which were both ſtrange and wel executed: as ſometimes paſſing vnder the water a long ſpace, when all men had thought they had bene quenched, they would riſe and mount out of the water againe, and burne very furiouſly vntill they were vtterlie conſumed. Now to make ſome playner declaration and reherſall of all theſe things before her Maieſtie, on the x. of Iulie there met her in the Foreſt as ſhe came from hunting, one clad like a Sauage man, all in Iuie, who ſeeming to woonder at ſuch a preſence, fell to quarrelling with Iupiter as followeth:

O THUNDRING *Iupiter*,
which ſwayeſt the heauenly ſword:
At whoſe command all Gods muſt crouch
and knowledge thee their Lord.
Since I (O wretch therewhiles)
am here by thy decree,
Ordeyned thus in ſauage wiſe
for euermore to be.
Since for ſome cauſe vnknowen,
but only to thy wil,
I may not come in ſtately Court,
but feede in forreſtes ſtill.

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Vouchſafe yet, greateſt God,
that I the cauſe may know,
Why all theſe worthy Lords and Peeres
are here aſſembled ſo?
Thou knoweſt (O mighty God)
no man can be ſo baſe,
But needes muſt mount, if once it ſee
a ſparke of perfect grace.
And ſince I ſee ſuch ſights—
I meane ſuch glorious Dames,
As kindle might in frozen breſtes
a furnace full of flames,
I craue (great God) to know
what all theſe Peeres might be,
And what hath moued theſe ſundry ſhewes,
which I of late did ſee?
Enforme me, ſome good man:
ſpeake, ſpeake, ſome courteous knight.
They all cry mumme, what ſhall I do,
what ſunne ſhal lend me light?
¶ Wel, Eccho, where art thou?
could I but Eccho finde,
Shee would returne me anſwere yet
by blaſt of euery winde.
Ho, *Eccho; Eccho,* ho,
where art thou, *Eccho,* where?
Why, *Eccho,* friend, where dwelleſt thou now?
thou woontſt to harbour here.

Eccho anſwered:

Eccho. Here
then tell thou me ſome newes

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I ſay my heart wil breake;
And therefore euen of curteſie
I pray thee, *Eccho*, ſpeake.
Eccho. Speake.
I ſpeake? yes, that I will,
vnleſſe thou be too coye,
Then tell me firſt what is the cauſe,
that all the people ioy?
Eccho. Ioy.
Ioy? ſurely that is ſo,
as may full well be ſeene:
But wherefore doe they ſo reioyce?
is it for King or Queene?
Eccho. Queene.
Queene? what, the Queene of heauen?
they knewe hir long agone:
No, ſure, ſome Queene on earth,
whoſe like was neuer none.
Eccho. None.
O then, it ſeemes the Queene
of England for to be:
Whoſe graces make the Gods to grudge;
me thinkes it ſhould be ſhee.
Eccho. Shee.
And is it ſhe in deede?
then tell me what was ment,
By euery ſhew that yet was ſeene,
good *Eccho*, be content.
Eccho. Content.
What meant the woman firſt,
which met hir as ſhe came?

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Alas, what dyd that beldame there?
what dyd ſhe prophecie?
Eccho. Prophecie.
O then, by lyke ſhe cauſde
the worthy Queene to knowe,
What happy raigne ſhe ſtill ſhould hold,
ſince heauens ordeyned ſo.
Eccho. So.
And what ment thoſe great men
which on the walles were ſeene?
They were ſome Gyants certainly,
No men ſo bigge haue bene.
Eccho. Haue bene.
Haue bene? why then they ſerued
King *Arthur*, man of might;
And euer ſince this caſtle kept
for *Arthurs* heyres by right.
Eccho. Right.
Well, *Hercules* ſtood bie,
why came he from his Dorter?
Or was it eke ſome monſtrous man,
appoynted for a porter?
Eccho. A porter.
A porter; ſurely then,
he eyther was accraſed;
Or elſe to ſee ſo many men,
his ſpirits were amaſed.
Eccho. Amaſed.
Amaſed; ſo me thought;
why dyd he let them paſſe,
And yeeld his keyes? percaſe he knew
his maſters will ſo was.
Eccho. So was.
Well, then, dyd he but well:
yet ſawe I yet a dame,
Much like the Lady of the Lake.

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perchaunce ſo was hir name.
Eccho. Her name.
Alas, and what could ſhe
(poore dame diſtreſt) deſerue?
I knewe her well: percaſe ſhe came,
this worthy Queene to ſerue.
Eccho. To ſerue.
So would I her aduiſe:
but what meant all thoſe ſhifts
Of ſundry things vpon a bridge?
were thoſe rewards of gifts?
Eccho. Gifts.
Gifts? what, ſent from the Gods,
as preſents from aboue?
Or pleaſures of prouiſion,
as tokens of true loue?
Eccho. True loue.
And who gaue all thoſe gifts?
I pray thee, *Eccho*, ſay?
Was it not he, who (but of late)
this building here did lay?
Eccho. *Dudley.*
O *Dudley*, ſo me thought;
he gaue him ſelfe and all,
A worthy gift to be receiued,
and ſo I truſt it ſhall.
Eccho. It ſhall.
What meant the fierie flames,
which through the waues ſo flue?
Can no colde anſwers quench deſire?
is that experience true?
Eccho. True.
Well, *Eccho*, tell me yet,
howe might I come to ſee
This comely Queene of whom we talke?
oh, were ſhe nowe by thee.

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Eccho. By thee.
By me? oh were that true,
howe might I ſee her face?
Howe might I knowe her from the reſt,
or iudge her by her grace?
Eccho. Her grace.
Well then, if ſo myne eyes
be ſuch as they haue beene,
Me thinkes I ſee among them all
this ſame ſhould be the Queene.
Eccho. The Queene.

¶ Herewith he fell on his knees and ſpake as followeth:

O QUEENE, I muſt confeſſe,
it is not without cauſe,
Theſe ciuile people ſo reioyce,
that you ſhould giue them lawes.
Since I, which liue at large,
a wilde and ſauadge man;
And haue ronne out a wilfull race,
ſince firſt my lyfe began;
Doe here ſubmit my ſelfe,
beſeeching you to ſerue;
And that you take in worth my will
which can but well deſerue.
Had I the learned ſkyll,
which in your head is found,
My tale had flowed in eloquence,
where nowe my words are drownd.
Had I the bewties blaſe,
which ſhines in you ſo bright,
Then might I ſeeme a Faulcon fayre,
which nowe am but a Kite.
Could I but touch the ſtrings,
which you ſo heauenly handle,

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I would confeſſe, that fortune then
full freendly dyd me dandle.
O Queene (without compare)
you muſt not thinke it ſtrange,
That here amid this wilderneſſe
your glorie ſo doth raunge.
The windes reſound your worth,
the rockes record your name;
Theſe hils, theſe dales, theſe woods, theſe waues,
theſe fields, pronounce your fame.
And we which dwell abroade,
can heare none other newes,
But tydings of an Engliſh Queene,
whom heauen hath deckt with hewes.
Yea, ſince I firſt was borne,
I neuer ioyed ſo much,
As when I might behold your face,
becauſe I ſee none ſuch.
And death or drearie dole
(I know) will end my dayes,
As ſoone as you ſhall once depart,
or wiſh to go your wayes.
But comely peereleſſe Prince,
ſince my deſires be great,
Walke here ſometimes in pleaſant ſhade,
to fende the parching heate.
¶ On Thurſday next (thinke I)
here will be pleaſant Dames
Who bet then I may make you glee
with ſundry gladſome games.

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Eccho, likewiſe farewell,
let me go ſeeke ſome death,
Since I may ſee this Queene no more:
good greefe, nowe ſtop my breath.

¶ *Theſe verſes were deuiſed, penned and pronounced by maſter* Gaſcoyne: *and that (as I haue heard credibly reported) vpon a very great ſudden.*

THE next thing that was preſented before her Maieſtie, was the deliuerie of the Lady of the Lake, wherof the ſumme was this: *Tryton*, in likeneſſe of a Mermaide, came towarde the Queenes Maieſtie as ſhe paſſed ouer the bridge, returning from hunting. And to her declared that *Neptune* had ſent him to hir highnes, to declare the wofull diſtreſſe wherein the poore Ladie of the Lake did remaine, the cauſe whereof was this: Sir *Bruſe Sauns pittie*, in reuenge of his coſen *Merlyne* the Prophet whom for his inordinate luſt ſhe had incloſed in a rocke, did continuallie purſue the Ladie of the Lake: and had (long ſithens) ſurpriſed hir, but that *Neptune* (pitying hir diſtreſſe) had enuyroned hir with waues. Whereupon ſhe was enforced to liue alwaies in that Poole, and was therby called the Ladie of the Lake. Furthermore affirming that by *Merlynes* prophecie it ſeemed ſhe coulde neuer bee deliuered but by the preſence of a better maide then hir ſelfe. Wherefore *Neptune* had ſent him right humbly to beſeech hir maieſtie that ſhe would no more but ſhew her ſelfe, and it ſhould bee ſufficient to make ſir *Bruſe* withdrawe his forces. Furthermore, commanding both the waues to be calme and the fiſhes to giue their attendance: And this he expreſſed in verſe as followeth:

¶ *The ſpeech of* Tryton *to the Queenes* Maieſtie.

MUSE not at all, moſt mightie Prince,
though on this lake you ſee
Me, *Triton*, floate, that in ſalt ſeas
among the Gods ſhould be.
For looke what *Neptune* doth commaund,
of *Triton* is obeyde:

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And nowe in charge I am to guyde
your poore diſtreſſed mayde:
Who when your highneſſe hither came,
dyd humbly yeeld her Lake,
And to attende vpon your Court,
did loyall promiſe make.
But parting hence that yrefull knight,
ſyr *Bruce*, had hyr in chaſe,
And ſought by force her virgins ſtate
full fowlie to deface.
Yea, yet at hand about theſe bankes
his bands be often ſeene,
That neither can ſhe come nor ſcape
but by your helpe, O Queene.
For though that *Neptune* hath ſo fenſt
with floods her fortreſſe long,
Yet *Mars* her foe muſt needes preuaile,
his battries are ſo ſtrong.
Howe then can *Diane*, *Iunos* force,
and ſharpe aſſaults abyde,
When all the crue of cheefeſt Gods
is bent on *Bruſe* his ſide?
Yea, oracle and prophecie
ſay ſure ſhe can not ſtande,
Except a worthier maide then ſhe
her cauſe do take in hand.
Loe, here therefore a worthy worke,
moſt fit for you alone:
Her to defend and ſet at large
(but you, O Queene) can none:
And Gods decree, and *Neptune* ſues:
this graunt, O peereles Prince:
Your preſence onely ſhall ſuffice

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¶ Herewith *Triton* ſoundeth his Trompe, and ſpake to the winds, waters, and Fiſhes, as followeth:

YOU winds, returne into your Caues,
and ſilent there remaine;
You waters wilde, ſuppreſſe your waues,
and keepe you calme and plaine;
You fiſhes all, and each thing elſe,
that here haue any ſway:
I charge you all in *Neptunes* name,
you keepe you at a ſtay,
Vntill ſuch time this puiſſaunt Prince
ſir *Bruſe* hath put to flight:
And that the maide releaſed be
by ſoueraigne maidens might.

THIS ſpeach being ended, her Maieſtie proceeded further on the bridge, and the Ladie of the Lake (attended with her two Nimphes) came to her vppon heapes of Bulruſhes, according to this former deuiſe: And ſpake as followeth:

WHAT worthy thankes might I poore maide expreſſe,
Or thinke in heart, that is not iuſtly due
To thee (O Queene) which in my great diſtres
Succours haſt ſent, mine enemies to ſubdue.
Not mine alone, but foe to Ladyes all,
That tyrant, *Bruce Sans pittie* whom we call.

¶ Vntyll this day, the Lake was neuer free
From his aſſaults, and other of his knights,
Vntill ſuch tyme as he dyd playnely ſee

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Of this large Lake, with humble heart vnfayned
Render thee thankes, and honour thee withall.
And for playne proofe how much we do reioyce,
Expreſſe the ſame with tongue, with ſound and voyce.

FROM thence her Maieſtie paſſing yet further on the brydge, *Protheus* appeared, ſitting on a *Dolphyns* backe. And the *Dolphyn* was conueied vpon a boate, ſo that the Owers ſeemed to bee his Fynnes. Within the which *Dolphyn* a Conſort of Muſicke was ſecretely placed, the which ſounded, and *Protheus* clearing his voyce, ſang this ſong of congratulation, aſwell in the behalfe of the Lady diſtreſſed, as alſo in the behalfe of all the Nimphs and gods of the ſea.

¶ The ſong of *Protheus.*

O NOBLE Queene, giue eare
to this my floating muſe,
And let the right of readie will
my little ſkill excuſe;
For heardmen of the ſeas
ſing not the ſweeteſt notes;
The winds and waues do roare and crie
where *Phœbus* ſeldome floates;
Yet ſince I doe my beſt
in thankfull wiſe to ſing,
Vouchſafe (good Queene) that calme conſent
theſe words to you may bring.
We yeeld you humble thanks,
in mightie *Neptunes* name,
Both for our ſelues and therewithall
for yonder ſeemely Dame:
A Dame whom none but you
deliuer could from thrall;
Ne none but you deliuer vs,
from louring life withall.
She pined long in paine,
as ouerworne with woes;

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And we conſumde in endles care,
to ſend her from her foes.
Both which you ſet at large
moſt like a faithfull freend;
Your noble name be praiſde therefore,
and ſo my ſong I ende.

THIS ſong being ended, *Protheus* tolde the Queenes Maieſtie a pleaſaunt tale of his deliuerie and the Fiſhes which hee had in charge. The deuiſe of the Ladie of the Lake alſo was maſter *Hunnes:* and ſurely, if it had bene executed according to the firſt inuention, it had bene a gallant ſhewe: for it was firſt deuiſed that (two dayes before the Ladie of the Lakes deliuerie) a captaine with twentie or thyrtie ſhotte ſhoulde haue bene ſent from the Hearon houſe (which repreſented the Lady of the Lakes Caſtell) vpon heapes of bulruſhes: and that ſyr *Bruſe*, ſhewing a great power vpon the land, ſhoulde haue ſent out as many or moe ſhot to ſurpriſe the ſayde Captayne, and ſo they ſhould haue ſkirmiſhed vpon the waters in ſuch ſort, that no man coulde perceiue but that they went vpon the waues: at laſt (ſyr *Bruſe* his men being put to flight) the captaine ſhould haue come to her maieſtie at the caſtell window, and haue declared more plainely the diſtreſſe of his miſtreſſe, and the cauſe that ſhe came not to the Court according to duetie and promiſe, to giue hyr attendance: and that therupon he ſhould haue beſought hyr Maieſtie to ſuccour his miſtreſſe; the rather becauſe *Merline* had prophecied that ſhe ſhould neuer be deliuered but by the preſence of a better maide then her ſelfe. This had not onely bene a more apt introduction to her deliuerie, but alſo the ſkirmiſh by night woulde haue bene both very ſtrange and gallant: and thereupon her Maieſtie might haue taken good occaſion to haue gone in her barge vpon the water for the better executing of her deliuerie. The verſes as I thinke, were penned.

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To proceede then, there was prepared a ſhew to haue bene preſented before hyr maieſtie in the Foreſt.

The argument whereof was this:

DYANA, paſſing in chaſe with her Nymphs, taketh knowledge of the countrie, and thereby calleth to minde howe (neere ſeuenteene yeares paſt) ſhe loſt in thoſe Coaſtes one of her beſt beloued Nimphes called *Zabeta*. She deſcribeth the rare vertues of *Zabeta*. One of her Nimphes confirmeth the remembrance thereof, and ſeemeth to doubt that Dame *Iuno* hath wonne *Zabeta* to be a follower of hers. *Dyana* confirmeth the ſuſpition, but yet affirming her ſelfe much in *Zabetaes* conſtancie, giueth charge to her Nimphes, that they diligently hearken and eſpie in all places to finde or here newes of *Zabeta*: And ſo paſſeth on.

TO entertayne *Interuallum temporis*, a man cladde all in Moſſe commeth in lamentyng, and declaryng that he is the wylde mans ſonne, which (not long before) had preſented hym ſelfe before hyr maieſtie: and that his Father (vppon ſuch wordes as hyr highneſſe dyd then vſe vnto him) lay languiſhing like a blind man, vntill it might pleaſe hyr highneſſe to take the filme from his eyes.

THE Nimphes returne one after another in queſt of *Zabeta*: at laſt *Diana* her ſelfe returning, and hearing no newes of her, inuoketh the helpe of her Father *Iupiter*. *Mercurie* commeth downe in a cloude ſent by *Iupiter* to recomfort *Dyana*, and bringeth her vnto *Zabeta*: *Dyana* reioyceth, and after much freendly diſcourſe departeth: affying her ſelfe in *Zabetaes* prudence and pollicie: She and *Mercurie* being departed, *Iris* commeth downe from the Rainebowe, ſent by *Iuno*: Perſwading the Queenes Maieſtie that ſhe be not caryed away with *Mercuries* filed ſpeach, nor *Dyanaes* faire words, but that ſhe conſider all things by proofe, and then ſhee ſhall finde much greater cauſe to followe *Iuno* then *Dyana*.

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The interlocutours were theſe:

Diana, **Goddeſſe of Chaſtitie,**
Caſtibula, Anamale, Nichalis, Dianes, **Nimphes.**
Mercurie, Ioues **meſſenger.**
Iris, Iunos **meſſenger.**
Audax, **the ſonne of** Silueſter.

Actus 1. *Scena* 1.

DIANA. CASTIBVLA.

MINE owne deere Nimphes, which knowledge me your Queene,
And vow (like me) to liue in chaſtitie;
My louely Nimphes (which be as I haue beene)
Delitefull Dames, and gemmes of iolytie;
Reioyſing yet (much more) to driue your dayes
In life at large that yeeldeth calme content,
Then wilfully to treade the wayward wayes
Of wedded ſtate, which is to thraldome bent;
I neede not nowe with curious ſpeach perſwade
Your chaſt conſents in conſtant vowe to ſtande,
But yet beware leaſt *Cupids* Knights inuade
By ſlight, by force, by mouth or mightie hand,
The ſtately tower of your vnſpotted myndes:
Beware (I ſay) leaſt whiles we walke theſe woods,
In pleaſant chaſe of ſwifteſt Harts and Hyndes,
Some harmful hart entrap your harmleſſe moodes.
You knowe theſe holts, theſe hils, theſe couert places,
May cloſe conuey ſome hidden force vnſeene:
You ſee likewiſe the ſundry gladſome graces
(Which in this ſoyle we ioyfully haue ſeene)
Are not vnlike ſome Court to keepe at hand,
Where guilefull tongues with ſweete entiſing tales
Might (*Circe* like) ſet all your ſhips on ſand,
And turne your preſent blyſſe to after bales.

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In ſweeteſt flowres the ſubtyll Snakes may lurke,
The Sugred baite oft hides the harmefull hookes,
The ſmootheſt words draw wils to wicked worke,
And deepe deceipts do follow faireſt lookes.

Hereat pawſing and looking about her, She tooke knowledge of the coaſt, and proceeded:

BUT what? ahlas! oh whyther wander wee?
What chaſe hath led vs thus into this coaſt?
By ſundrie ſignes I nowe perceiue we be
In *Brutus* land, whereof he made ſuch boaſt;
Which *Albion* in olden dayes dyd hyght,
And *Brittaine* next by *Brute* his noble name;
Then *Engiſtes* lande, as Chronicles do write;
Now *England* ſhort, a land of worthy fame:
Ahlas behold, how memory breedes moone!
Behold and ſee, how ſight bryngs ſorow in,
My reſtleſſe thoughts haue made me woe-begon.
My gaſing eyes dyd all this greefe begin.
Beleeue me (Nimphs) I feele great grips of greefe
Which bruſe my breſt, to thinke how here I loſt
(Now long agoe) a loue to me moſt lefe.
Content you all: hyr whom I loued moſt:
You can not chuſe but call vnto your mynde
Zabetaes name, who twentie yeeres or more
Dyd follow me, ſtill ſkorning *Cupids* kinde;
And vowing ſo to ſerue me euermore:
You cannot chooſe but beare in memory
Zebeta; hyr whoſe excellencie was ſuch
In all reſpects of euery qualitie,
As Gods themſelues thoſe gifts in hir did grutch.
My ſiſter firſt, which *Pallas* hath to name,

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Apollo dread to touch an Inſtrument,
Where my *Zabeta* chaunſt to come in place:
Yea, *Mercurie* was not ſo eloquent,
Nor in his words had halfe ſo good a grace.
My ſtepdame *Iuno*, in hyr glyttering guyſe,
Was nothing like ſo heauenlie to beholde:
Short tale to make, *Zabeta* was the wight,
On whom to thinke my heart now waxeth cold.
The fearefull byrd oft lets hyr food downe fall,
Which findes hyr neaſt diſpoyled of hyr yong:
Much lyke my ſelfe, whoſe mynde ſuch mones appale
To ſee this ſoyle, and therewithall among
To thinke how now, neere ſeuenteene yeeres agoe,
By great myſhap, I chaunſt to leeſe her here:
But my deere Nimphes, (on hunting as you go)
Looke narrowly, and harken euery where;
It cannot be, that ſuch a ſtarre as ſhe
Can leeſe hyr lyght for any lowring clowde;
It can not be that ſuch a Saint to ſee
Can long inſhrine her ſeemely ſelfe in ſhroude.
I promiſe here, that ſhe which firſt can bryng
The ioyfull newes of my *Zabetaes* lyfe,
Shall neuer breake hyr bow, nor fret hyr ſtring;
I promiſe eke, that neuer ſtorme of ſtrife
Shall trouble hyr: nowe, Nimphs, looke well about;
Some happie eye ſpy my *Zabeta* out.

Caſtibula.

O heauenly Dame, thy wofull words haue pearſt
The very depth of your forgetfull mynde:
And by the tale which thou haſt here rehearſt,
I yet record thoſe heauenly gifts which ſhinde
Tryumphantly in bright *Zabetaes* deedes,
But therewithall a ſparke of iellowſie
With nyce conceypt my mynde thus farforth feedes,
That ſhe which alwayes liked liberty,

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And coulde not bowe to beare the ſeruyle yoke
Of falſe ſuſpect, which mars theſe louers marts,
Was neuer wonne to lyke that ſmouldring ſmoke,
Without ſome feate, that paſſeth common arts.
I dread Dame *Iuno*, with ſome gorgeous gift,
Hath layde ſome ſnare hyr fancie to entrap,
And hopeth ſo hyr loftie mynde to lyft
On *Hymeus* bed by height of worldly hap.

Diana.

¶ My louing Nimph, euen ſo feare I likewiſe,
And yet to ſpeake as trueth and cauſe requires,
I neuer ſawe *Zabeta* vſe the guyſe
Which gaue ſuſpect of ſuch vnchaſt deſires.
Full twentie yeeres, I marked ſtill hyr mynde,
Ne could I ſee that any ſparke of luſt
A loytring lodge within hyr breaſt could finde,
How ſo it be (deare Nimphes), in you I truſt
To harke, and marke what might of hyr betyde:
And what miſhap withholds hyr thus from me.
High *Ioue* hym ſelfe my luckie ſteps ſo guide,
That I may once mine owne *Zabeta* ſee.

DYANA with hir Nymphes proceede in chaſe; and to entertaine time, commeth in one clad in moſſe, ſaying as followeth:

Actus 1. *Scena* 2.

AVDAX, ſolus.

IF euer pitie pearſt
a peereleſſe Princeſſe breaſt;

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For needes that ſonne muſt ſobbe and ſigh
whoſe Father bides in bale.
O Queene, O ſtately Queene,
I am that wildè mans ſonne,
Which not long ſince before you here
preſumed for to runne:
Who tolde you what he thought
of all your vertues rare;
And therefore euer ſince (and yet)
he pines in woe and care.
Alas, alas, good Queene,
it were a cruel deede
To puniſh him which ſpeakes no more
but what he thinks in deede;
Eſpecially when as
all men with him conſent,
And ſeeme with common voyce to proue
the pith of his intent.
You heard what *Eccho* ſaid
to euery word he ſpake;
You heare the ſpeech of *Dyans* Nimphes,
and what reports they make.
And can your Highneſſe then
condemne him to be blinde?
Or can you ſo with needeles greefe,
torment his harmeles minde?
His eyes, good Queene, be great,
ſo are they cleere and graye;
He neuer yet had pinne or webbe
his ſight for to decay.
And ſure the Dames that dwell
in woods abroad with vs

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He did not onely ſee you then,
but more he did foreſee.
What after ſhould betide,
he tolde you that (ere long)
You ſhould finde here bright heauenly dames
would ſing the ſelfe ſame ſong.
And now you finde it true
that he did then pronounce,
Your praiſes peyze by them a pound,
which he weyed but an ounce.
For ſure he is nor blinde,
nor lame of any limme;
But yet becauſe you tolde him ſo,
he doubts his eyes are dimme.
And I therefore (his ſonne)
your Highneſſe here beſeech
To take in worth (as ſubiects due)
my Fathers ſimple ſpeech.
And if you finde ſome filme,
that ſeemes to hide his eyes,
Vouchſafe, good Queene, to take it off
in gratious woonted wiſe.
He, ſighing, lies and ſaies,
God put mine eyes out cleane,
Ere choice of change in England fall,
to ſee another Queene.

FINIS *Actus* 1.

Actus 2. *Scena* 1.

ANAMALE ſola.

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That ſo the moode of my *Dyanaes* minde
Might reſt (by me) contented or appeaſed,
And I likewiſe might ſo her fauour finde,
Whom (Goddeſſe like) I wiſh to haue wel pleaſed.
Some courteous winde come blowe me happy newes,
Some ſweete birde ſing and ſhewe me where ſhe is;
Some Forreſt God, or ſome of *Faunus* crues,
Direct my feete if ſo they treade amiſſe.

Actus 2. *Scena* 2.

NICHALIS ſola.

IF euer *Eccho* ſounded at requeſt
To ſatisfie an vncontented mind,
Then, *Eccho*, now come helpe me in my queſt,
And tel me where I might *Zabeta* finde.
Speake, *Eccho*, ſpeake, where dwels *Zabeta*, where?
Alas, alas, or ſhe or I am deafe;
She anſwered not; ha! what is that I heare?
Alas, it was the ſhaking of ſome leafe.
Wel, ſince I heare not tidings in this place,
I wil goe ſeeke her out in ſome place els;
And yet my mind diuineth in this caſe,
That ſhe is here, or not farre off ſhe dwels.

Actus 2. *Scena* 3.

DIANA with her Traine.

NO newes, my Nimphes? wel then, I may wel thinke,
That careleſly you haue of her enquired:
And ſince from me in this diſtreſſe you ſhrinke,
While I meane while my wearie limmes haue tyred,
My Father *Ioue* vouchſafe to giue my greefe

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Actus 2. *Scena* 4.

MERCVRY, DIANA, and the Nimphes.

O GODDES, ceaſſe thy mone,
Thy plaints haue pearſt the ſkies,
And *Ioue* thy frendly Father hath
Vouchſaft to heare thy cries.
Yea more, he hath vouchſaft
In haſt (poſt haſt) to ſend
Me downe from heauen to heale thy harme,
And all thy miſſe to mend.
Zabeta whom thou ſeekeſt
(In heart) euen yet is thine,
And paſſinglie in woonted wiſe
Her vertues ſtil doe ſhine.
But as thou doeſt ſuſpect,
Dame *Iuno* trained a trap,
And many a day to winne her wil
Hath lulde her in her lap.
For, firſt, theſe ſixteene yeres
She hath beene daily ſeene
In richeſt Realme that Europe hath,
A comelie crowned Queene.
And *Iuno* hath likewiſe
Suborned ſundrie kings,
The richeſt and the braueſt both
That this our age foorth brings,
With other worthy wights
Which ſue to her for grace:
And cunningly with queint conceits
Doe pleade the Louers caſe.
Dame *Iuno* geues her wealth,
Dame *Iuno* geues her eaſe,
Dame *Iuno* gets her euery good
That womans wil may pleaſe.
And ſo in ioy and peace

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She holdeth happy daies:
Not as thou thoughtſt, nor done to death
Or woonne to wicked wayes.
For though ſhe finde the ſkil
A kingdome for to weelde,
Yet cannot *Iuno* winne her will
Nor make her once to yeelde
Vnto the wedded life,
But ſtill ſhe liues at large,
And holdes her neck from any yoke
Without controll of charge.
Thus much it pleaſed *Ioue*
That I to thee ſhould ſay,
And furthermore by words expreſt
He bade I ſhould not ſtay.
But bring thee to the place,
Wherein *Zabeta* bides,
To prop vp ſo thy ſtagring mind
Which in theſe ſorrowes ſlides.
O Goddes, then be blithe,
Let comfort chaſe out greefe,
Thy heauenly fathers will it is
To lend thee ſuch releefe.

DIANA.

O NOBLE *Mercurie*,
doeſt thou me then aſſure
That I ſhall ſee *Zabetaes* face,
and that ſhe doeth endure
(Euen yet) in conſtant vowe
of chaſte vnſpotted life:

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O Muſes, ſound the praiſe
of *Ioue* his mighty name,
And you, deere Nimphes which me attend,
by duetie doe the ſame.

HERE *Dyana* with her Nimphes, aſſiſted by a conſort of muſicke vnſeene, ſhoulde ſing this ſong or rondlet following:

O MUSES, now come helpe me to reioyce,
Since *Ioue* hath changed my greefe to ſodain ioy;
And ſince the chaunce whereof I craued choice,
Is graunted me to comfort mine annoy,
O praiſe the name of *Ioue*, who promiſt plaine
That I ſhall ſee *Zabeta* once againe.

¶ O Gods of woods, and Goddes *Flora* eke,
Now cleare your breſtes and beare a part with me;
My iewel ſhe, for whom I woont to ſeeke,
Is yet full ſafe, and ſoone I ſhal her ſee.
O praiſe the name of *Ioue*, who promiſt plaine
That I ſhall ſee *Zabeta* once againe.

¶ And you, deere Nimphes, who know what cruel care
I bare in breſt ſince ſhe from me did part,
May wel conceiue what pleaſures I prepare,
And how great ioyes I harbour in my hart.
Then praiſe the name of *Ioue*, who promiſt plaine
That I ſhall ſee *Zabeta* once againe.

MERCVRIE.

COME, Goddes, come with me,
thy leyſures laſt too long:
For now thou ſhalt her here beholde,
for whom thou ſingſt this ſong.
Behold where here ſhe ſits,
whom thou ſo long haſt ſought,

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Embrace her ſince ſhe is to thee
a Jewel deerely bought.
And I wil now returne
to God in heauen on hie;
Who graunt you both always to pleaſe
his heauenly Maieſtie.

[*Mercury departeth to heauen.*

WHAT! doe I dreame? or doth my minde but muſe?
Is this my leefe, my loue, and my delight?
Or dyd this God my longing minde abuſe,
To feede my fancie with a fained ſight?
Is this *Zabeta*, is it ſhe in deede?
It is ſhe, ſure: *Zabeta* mine, all haile!
And though dame Fortune ſeemeth you to feede
With Princely port, which ſerues for your auaile,
Yet geue me leaue to gaze you in the face,
Since now (long ſince) my ſelfe your ſelfe did ſeeke,
And be content for all your ſtatelie grace,
Stil to remaine a maiden alwaies meeke.
Zabeta mine (now Queene of high renowne),
You know how wel I loued you alwaies,
And long before you did atcheeue this crowne,
You know how wel you ſeemde to like my wayes,
Since when you (woon by *Iunos* gorgeous giftes)
Haue left my lawndes, and cloſely kept in Court;
Since when delight and pleaſures gallant ſhifts
Haue fed your minde with many a Princely ſport.
But peereles Queene (ſometime my peereles maide),
And yet the ſame, as *Mercurie* doeth tel,
Had you but knowen how much I was diſmaide,
When firſt you did forſake with me to dwel:
Had you but felt what priuie panges I had,
Becauſe I could not finde you foorth againe,
I know full wel your ſelfe would haue beene ſad
To put me ſo to proofe of pinching paine.

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Well, ſince *Dan Ioue* (my father) me aſſures,
That notwithſtanding all my ſtepdames wyles,
Your Maidens minde yet conſtant ſtil endures,
Though wel content a Queene to be therewhiles;
And ſince by prudence and by pollicie
You winne from *Iuno* ſo much worldly wealth;
And ſince the Piller of your chaſtitie
Still ſtandeth faſt, as *Mercurie* me telleth:
I ioy with you, and leaue it to your choice
What kinde of life you beſt ſhall like to holde,
And in meane while I cannot but reioyce
To ſee you thus bedect with gliſtering golde;
To ſee you haue this traine of ſtately Dames,
Of whome eche one may ſeeme ſome Goddes peere;
And you your ſelfe (by due deſert of fame)
A Goddes full, and ſo I leaue you here;
It ſhall ſuffice that on your faith I truſt:
It ſhall ſuffice that once I haue you ſeene.
Farewell: not as I would, but as I muſt:
Farewel, my Nimphe; farewel, my noble Queene.

[*Diana with her Traine departeth.*

Actus 2. Scena vltima.

IRIS ſola.

OH loe, I come to late,
oh why had I no wings
To helpe my willing feete which ſet
theſe haſtie friſking flings?
Ahlas, I come too late!
that babling God is gone;
And Dame *Diana* fled likewiſe:
here ſtandes the Queene alone.
Well, ſince a booteles plaint
but little would preuaile,

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I will goe tell the Queene my tale—
O peereles Prince, all haile!
The Queene of heauen her ſelfe
did ſend me to controle
That tatling traytor *Mercurie*,
Who hopes to get the gole,
By curious filed ſpeech
abuſing you by arte,
But, Queene, had I come ſoone inough,
he ſhould haue felt the ſmart.
And you whoſe wit excelles,
whoſe iudgement hath no peere,
Beare not in minde thoſe flattering words
which he expreſſed here.
You know that in his tongue
conſiſtes his cheefeſt might;
You know his eloquence can ſerue
to make the Crowe ſeeme white;
But come to deedes in deede,
and then you ſhall perceiue
Which Goddes meanes your greateſt good,
and which would you deceiue.
Call you to minde the time
in which you did inſue
Dianaes chaſe, and were not yet
a gueſt of *Iunos* crue.
Remember all your life,
before you were a Queene;
And then compare it with the daies
which you ſince then haue ſeene.
Were you not captiue caught?
were you not kept in walles?

Why did ſhe not defend your ſtate,
which were and are her maide?
Who brought you out of bryers?
who gaue you rule of Realmes?
Who crowned firſt your comely head
with Princely Dyademes?
Euen *Iuno*, ſhe which meant,
and yet doeth meane likewiſe
To geue you more then will can wiſh,
or wit can wel deuiſe.
Wherefore, good Queene, forget
Dianaes tyſing tale:
Let neuer needleſſe dread preſume
to bring your bliſſe to bale.
How neceſſarie were
for worthy Queenes to wed,
That know you wel, whoſe life alwayes
in learning hath beene led.
The Countrey craues conſent,
your vertues vaunt themſelfe,
And *Ioue* in heauen would ſmile to ſee
Diana ſet on ſhelfe.
His Queene hath ſworne (but you)
there ſhal no mo be ſuch:
You know ſhe lies with *Ioue* a nights,
and night Rauens may doe much.
Then geue conſent, O Queene,
to *Iunoes* iuſt deſire,
Who for your wealth would haue you wed,
and for your farther hire
Some Empreſſe wil you make,
ſhe bad me tel you thus:

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That where you now in Princely port
haue paſt one pleaſant day,
A world of wealth at wil
you hencefoorth ſhall enioy
In wedded ſtate, and therewithall
holde vp from great annoy
The ſtaffe of your eſtate;
O Queene, O worthy Queene,
Yet neuer wight felt perfect blis,
but ſuch as wedded beene.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

This ſhewe was deuiſed and penned by M. Gaſcoigne; and being prepared and redy (euery Actor in his garment), two or three dayes together, yet neuer came to execution. The cauſe whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing, then to lack of opportunitie and ſeaſonable weather.

THE Queenes Maieſtie haſting her departure from thence, the Earle commanded maſter *Gaſcoigne* to deuiſe ſome Farewel worth the preſenting, whereupon he himſelfe clad like vnto *Syluanus*, God of the Woods, and meeting her as ſhe went on hunting, ſpake (*ex tempore*) as followeth:

RIGHT excellent, puyſſant and moſt happy Princeſſe, whiles I walke in theſe woods and wildernes (wherof I haue the charge) I haue often muſed with my ſelfe that your Maieſty being ſo highly eſteemed, ſo entirely beloued, and ſo largely endued by the Celeſtial powers, you can yet continually giue eare to the councel of theſe terreſtrial companions, and ſo conſequently paſſe your time whereſoeuer they deuiſe or determine that it is meete for your royal perſon to be reſident. Surely if your highneſſe did vnderſtand (as it is not to me vnknowen) what pleaſures haue been for you prepared, what great good will declared, what ioy and comfort conceiued in your preſence, and what ſorowe and greefe ſuſtained by likelihode of your abſence: (yea and that by the whole bench in heauē) ſince you firſt arryued in theſe Coaſtes, I thinke it would be ſufficient to drawe

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your reſolute determination for euer to abide in this Countrey, and neuer to wander any further by the direction and aduice of theſe Peeres and Councellers, ſince thereby the heauens might greatly be pleaſed, and moſt men throughly recomforted. But becauſe I rather wiſh the increaſe of your delights thē any way to diminiſh the heape of your contentment, I will not preſume to ſtay your hunting for the hearing of my needeleſſe, thriftleſſe, and booteleſſe diſcourſs: but I doe humbly beſeech that your excellencie will geeue mee leaue to attend you as one of your footemen, wherein I vndertake to doe you double ſeruice: for I will not onely conduct your Maieſtie in ſafetie from the perillous paſſages which are in theſe Woods and Forreſts, but will alſo recount vnto you (if your maieſtie vouchſafe to hearken thereunto) certaine aduentures neither vnpleaſant to heare, nor vnprofitable to be marked.

¶ Herewith her Maieſtie proceeded, and *Syluanus* continued as followeth:

THERE are not yet twenty daies paſt (moſt noble Queene) ſince I haue beene by the Procuror generall twiſe ſeuerally ſummoned to appeare before the great Gods in their Councel chamber; and making mine appearance according to my duety, I haue ſeene in heauen two ſuch exceedyng great Contraryetyes, or rather two ſuch woonderfull changes, as drawe me into deepe admiration and ſuddayne perplexitie. At my firſt comming I found the whole company of heauen in ſuch a iollitie, as I rather want ſkill to expreſſe it liuely, then wil to declare it redily. There was nothing in any corner to be ſeene but reioyſing and mirth, ſinging, daunſing, melody and harmony: amiable regardes, plentiful rewards, tokens of loue, and great good wil: Tropheys and triumphes, gifts and preſents (alas, my breath and memorie faile me),

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ſundry manifeſt tokens here on earth; for euen here in my charge I might ſee the trees floriſh in more then ordinarie brauery, the graſſe growe greener then it was woont to doe, and the Deere went tripping (though againſt their death) in extreme delicacie and delight. Wel, to ſpeake of that I ſawe in heauen, euery God and Goddes made all preparations poſſible to preſent your Maieſtie with ſome acceptable gift, thereby to declare the exceeding ioy which they conceiued in your preſence. And I, poore Rurall God which am but ſeldome called amongſt them, and then alſo but ſlenderly countenanced, yet for my great good will towardes your Maieſtie, no way inferior to the proudeſt God of them all, came downe againe with a flea in mine eare, and began to beate my braines for ſome deuice of ſome preſent, which might both bewray the depth of mine affections, and alſo be worthy for ſo excellent a Princeſſe to receiue. But whiles I went ſo muſing with my ſelfe many, yea, too many dayes, I found by due experience that this Prouerbe was all too true, *Omnis mora trahit periculum.* For whiles I ſtudyed to atcheeue the height of my deſires, beholde, I was the ſecond time ſummoned to appeare in heauen. What, ſayd I, Heauen? no, no, moſt comely Queene, for when I came there, heauen was not heauen, it was rather a verye Hell. There was nothing but weeping and wayling, crying and howling, dole, deſperation, mourning and moane. All which I perceiued alſo here on earth before I went vp; for of a trueth (moſt noble Princeſſe), not onely the ſkies ſcowled, the windes raged, the waues rored and toſſed, but alſo the Fiſhes in the waters turned vp their bellies, the Deere in the woods went drowping, the graſſe was wery of growing, the Trees ſhooke off their leaues, and all the Beaſtes of the Forreſt ſtoode amazed.

The which ſudden change I plainly perceyued to be for that they vnderſtood aboue, that your Maieſtie would ſhortly (and too ſpeedely) depart out of this Countrey, wherein the heauens haue happely placed you, and the whole earth earneſtly deſireth to keepe you. Surely

cenſure of the Celeſtiall bench, I thought meete to hearken what they would determine; and for a finall concluſion it was generally determined that ſome conuenient Meſſenger ſhould be diſpatched with all expedition poſſyble, as wel to beſeech your Maieſtie that you would here remaine, as alſo further to preſent you with the proffer of any ſuch commodities and delights as might draw your full conſent to continue here for their contentation, and the generall comfort of men.

HERE her maieſtie ſtayed her horſe to fauour *Syluanus*, fearing leaſt he ſhould be driuē out of breath by following her horſe ſo faſt. But *Syluanus* humbly beſought her Highneſſe to goe on, declaring that if hys rude ſpeech did not offend her, he coulde continue this tale to be twenty miles long, and therewithall proteſted that hee had rather be her maieſties footeman on earth, then a God on horſeback in heauen—proceeding as followeth:

NOW to returne to my purpoſe, moſt excelent Queene, when I had heard their deliberation, and called vnto minde that ſundry Realmes and Prouinces had come to vtter ſubuertion by ouer great truſt geuen to Ambaſſadors, I (being thorowly tickled with a reſtleſſe deſire), thought good to pleade in perſon, for I will tell your Maieſtie one ſtrange propertie that I haue: there are fewe or none which know my minde ſo wel as my ſelfe, neither are there many which can tel mine owne tale better then I my ſelfe can do. And therefore I haue continually awayted theſe 3. dayes to eſpie when your Maieſtie would (in accuſtomed manner) come on hunting this way.

And being now arriued moſt happely into the Porte of my deſires, I wil preſume to beſeech moſt humbly, and to intreate moſt earneſtly, that your highnes haue good regard to the general deſire of the Gods, together with ỹ humble petitions of your moſt loyal and deeply affectionate ſeruãts.

And for my poore part, in full token of my duetiful meaning, I here preſent you the ſtore of my charge, vndertaking that the deare ſhalbe dayly doubled for your delight in chaſe. Furthermore I will intreate Dame *Flora* to make it continually ſpring here with ſtore of

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redolent and fragrant Flowers. *Ceres* ſhall be compelled to yeelde your Maieſtie competent prouiſion, & *Bacchus* ſhalbe ſued vnto for the firſt fruits of his Vineyards. To be ſhort, O peereleſſe Princes, you ſhall haue all things that may poſſibly be gotten for the furtheraunce of your delights. And I ſhall be moſt glad and tryumphant, if I may place my Godhead in your ſeruice perpetually. This tedious tale, O comely Queene, I began with a baſhfull boldnes, I haue continued in baſe eloquence, and I cannot better knit it vp then with homely humilitie, referring the conſideration of theſe my ſimple wordes vnto the deepe diſcretion of your Princelie will. And now I wil, by your Maieſties leaue, turne my diſcourſe into the rehearſal of ſtrange and pitifull aduentures.

So it is, good gracious Lady, that *Diana* paſſeth often times through this foreſt with a ſtately traine of gallant and beutifull Nimphs.

Amongſt whome there is one ſurpaſſing all the reſt for ſinguler gifts and graces; ſome call her *Zabeta*, ſome other haue named hyr *Ahtebaſile*, ſome *Completa*, and ſome *Complacida*; what ſoeuer hyr name be, I will not ſtande vpon it. But (as I haue ſayde), her rare giftes haue drawne the moſt noble and worthy perſonages in the whole world to ſue vnto hyr for grace.

All which ſhe hath ſo rigorouſly repulſed, or rather (to ſpeake playne Engliſh), ſo obſtinatly and cruelly reiected, that I ſigh to thinke of ſome their miſhaps. I allowe and commende her iuſtice towardes ſome others, and yet the teares ſtande in mine eyes (yea, and my tongue trembleth and faltereth in my mouth), when I begin to declare the diſtreſſes wherein ſome of them doe preſently remayne. I could tell your highneſſe of ſundry famous and worthy perſons, whome ſhee hath turned and conuerted into moſt monſtrous ſhapes and proportions. As ſome into Fiſhes, ſome other into foules, and ſome into huge ſtony rocks and great mountaines: but becauſe diuerſe of hyr moſt earneſt and faithfull followers (as alſo ſome Cicophants), haue bin conuerted into ſundry of theſe plants wherof I haue charge, I will on ſhew vnto your Maieſtie ſo many of them as are in ſight in theſe places where you paſſe.

Behold, gratious Lady, this old Oke; the ſame was many yeeres

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a faithfull follower and truſtie ſeruant of hyrs, named *Conſtance*, whome when ſhee coulde by none other meanes ouerthrowe, conſidering that no chaunge coulde creepe into his thoughtes, nor any trouble of paſſions and perplexities coulde turne his reſolute minde, at length ſhee cauſed him, as I ſay, to bee conuerted into this Oke, a ſtrange and cruell metamorphoſis. But yet the Heauens haue thus far forth fauoured and rewarded his long continued ſeruice, that as in life he was vnmouable, euen ſo now all the vehement blaſts of the moſt raging windes can not once moue his rocky body from his rooted place and abyding. But to counteruaile this cruelty with a ſhewe of iuſtice, ſhe conuerted his contrarie inconſtancie into yonder Popler, whoſe leaues moue and ſhake with the leaſt breath or blaſt.

As alſo ſhee dreſſed Vaine glory in his right coulours, conuerting him into this Aſhtree, which is the firſt of my plants that buddeth, and the firſt likewiſe that caſteth leafe. For beleeue mee, moſt excellent Princeſſe, Vaineglory may well begin haſtily, but ſeldome continueth long.

Againe, ſhe hath well requited that buſie elfe *Contention*, whom ſhe turned into this bramble Bryer the which, as your maieſty may well ſee, dooth euen yet catch and ſnath at your garments and euery other thing that paſſeth by it. And as for that wicked wretch *Ambition*, ſhe dyd by good right condemne hym into this braunch of Iuy, the which can neuer clyme on hygh nor floryſh without the helpe of ſome other plant or tree; and yet commonly, what tree ſoeuer it ryſe by, it neuer leaueth to wynde about it, and ſtrayghtly to infolde it, vntyll it haue ſmowldred and killed it. And by your leaue, good Queene, ſuch is the vnthankfull nature of cankred ambitious myndes, that commonly they maligne them by whom they haue ryſen, and neuer ceaſe vntyll they haue brought them to confuſion. Well, notwithſtanding theſe examples of iuſtice, I will nowe rehearſe vnto your Maieſty ſuch a ſtraunge and cruell *Metamorphoſis* as I think muſt needes mooue your noble minde vnto compaſſion. There were two ſworne brethren which long time ſerued hyr, called *Deepe deſire* and *Dewe deſert*; and although it bee very hard to part theſe two in ſunder, yet is it ſayd that ſhe dyd long ſithens conuert *Due deſert* into yonder ſame *Lawrell tree*. The which may very well be ſo, con-

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ſideryng the *Etimologie* of his name, for we ſee that the *Lawrell braunch* is a token of triumph in all *Tropheis*, and giuen as a reward to all Victors, a dignitie for all degrees, conſecrated and dedicate to *Apollo* and the *Muſes* as a worthie flower, leafe, or braunch for their due deſerts. Of him I will hold no longer diſcourſe, becauſe hee was *Metomorphoſed* before my tyme; for your Maieſtie muſt vnderſtand that I haue not long helde this charge, neyther do I meane long to continue in it: but rather moſt gladly to followe your Highneſſe, whereſoeuer you ſhall become.

But to ſpeake of *Deepe deſire* (that wretch of worthies, and yet the worthieſt that euer was condemned to wretched eſtate), he was ſuch an one as neither any delay could daunt him: no diſgrace could abate his paſſions, no tyme coulde tyre him, no water quench his flames, nor death it ſelf could amaſe him with terror.

And yet this ſtraunge ſtarre, this courteous, cruell, and yet the cruelleſt courteous that euer was, this *Ahtebaſile*, *Zabeta*, or by what name ſouer it ſhall pleaſe your maieſtie to remember hyr, did neuer ceaſe to vſe imprecation, inuocation, coniuration, and all meanes poſſible, vntill ſhe had cauſed him to be turned into this *Holy buſh;* and he was in this life and worlde continually full of compunctions, ſo is he now furniſhed on euery ſide with ſharpe pricking leaues, to proue the reſtleſſe prickes of his priuie thoughts. Mary, there are two kinds of *Holly*, that is to ſay, he *Holly*, and ſhe *Holly*. Nowe ſome will ſay that the ſhe *Holly* hath no prickes, but thereof I entermeddle not.

AT theſe wordes her Maieſtie came by a cloſe Arbor, made all of *Hollie*, and whiles *Siluanus* pointed to the ſame, the principall buſh ſhaked. For therein were placed both ſtraunge Muſicke, and one who was there appointed to repreſent *deepe Deſire*. *Siluanus*, perceiuing the buſh to ſhake, continued thus:

BEHOLDE, moſt gratious Queene, this *Holly buſh* doeth tremble at your preſence, and therefore I beleeue that Deepe deſire hath gotten leaue of the Gods to ſpeake vnto your excellent Maieſtie in

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their behalfe, for I my ſelfe was preſent in the councell chamber of Heauen, when Deſire was thought a meete meſſenger to be ſent from that conuocation vnto your Maieſtie as Ambaſſadour; and giue eare, good Queene: me thinkes I heare his voyce.

Herewith Deepe deſire ſpake out of the Holly Buſh as followeth:

STAY, ſtay your haſtie ſteppes,
O Queene without compare,
And heare him talke whoſe truſty tongue
conſumed is with care.
I am that wretch *Deſire*,
whom neither death could daunt,
Nor dole decay, nor dread delay,
Nor fayned cheere inchant.
Whom neither care could quench,
nor fancie force to change;
And therefore turned into this tree,
which ſight, percaſe, ſeemes ſtrange.
But when the Gods of Heauen,
and Goddeſſes withall,
Both Gods of fieldes and foreſt Gods,
yea, *Satires*, *Nimphes*, and all,
Determined a dole
by courſe of free conſent,
With wailing words and mourning notes
your partyng to lament,
Then thought they meet to chuſe
me, ſilly wretch *Deſire*,
To tell a tale that might bewray
as much as they requyre.
And hence proceedes, O Queene

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But, Queene, beleeue me nowe,
although I do not ſweare,
Was neuer greefe, as I could geſſe,
which ſat their harts ſo neere,
As when they heard the newes
that you, O royall Queene,
Would part from hence, and that to prooue
it may full well be ſeene;
For marke what teares they ſhed,
theſe fiue dayes paſt and gone!—
It was no rayne of honeſtie,
it was great floods of mone;
As firſt *Diana* wept
ſuch bryniſh bitter teares:
That all hyr *Nimphes* dyd doubt hyr death,
hyr face the ſigne yet beares:
Dame *Flora* fell on ground,
and bruſde hyr wofull breaſt;
Yea, *Pan* dyd breake his Oten pipes:
Siluanus and the reſt
Which walke amid theſe woods,
for greefe dyd rore and cry;
And *Ioue*, to ſhew what mone he made,
with thundring crackt the ſkye.
O Queene, O worthy Queene,
within theſe holts and hilles
Were neuer heard ſuch greeuous grones,
nor ſeene ſuch wofull wils.
But ſince they haue decreed
that I, poore wretch, *Deſire*
In their behalfe ſhall make their mone,
and comfort thus require,
Vouchſafe, O comely Queene,
yet longer to remayne,
Or ſtill to dwell amongſt vs here.
O Queene, commaund againe

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This Caſtle and the Knight
which keepes the ſame for you:
Theſe woods, theſe waues, theſe fouls, theſe fiſhes,
theſe deere which are your dew,
Liue here, good Queene, liue here,
you are amongſt your friends:
Their comfort comes when you approch,
and when you part, it ends.
What fruits this ſoyle may ſerue,
thereof you may be ſure;
Dame *Ceres* and Dame *Flora* both
will with you ſtill indure.
Diana would be glad
to meet you in the Chaſe;
Siluanus and the forreſt Gods
would follow you apace.
Yea, *Pan* would pipe his part
ſuch daunces as he can,
Or els *Apollo* Muſicke make,
and *Mars* would be your man.
And to be ſhort, aſmuch
as Gods and men may doo,
So much your highneſſe here may finde
with faith and fauour to.
But if your noble mynde
reſolued by decree,
Be not content by me, *Deſire*,
perſwaded for to be,
Then bende your willing eares
vnto my willing note,

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Herewith the conſort of Muſicke ſounded, and Deepe deſire ſung this ſong:

COME, Muſes, come, and helpe me to lament,
come woods, come waues, come hils, come doleful dales,
Since life & death are both againſt me bent,
come gods, come men, beare witneſſe of my bales.
O heauenly Nimphs, come helpe my heauy heart
with ſighes to ſee dame pleaſure thus depart.

If death or dole could daunt a deepe deſire,
if priuie pangs could counterpeiſe my plaint;
If tract of time a true intent could tire,
or cramps of care a conſtant minde could taint;
Oh then might I at will here liue and ſterue,
although my deedes did more delight deſerue.

But out, alas! no gripes of greefe ſuffice
to breake in twaine this harmeleſſe heart of mine;
For though delight be baniſht from mine eies,
yet liues *Deſire* whom paines can neuer pine.
O ſtraunge affects, I liue which ſeeme to die,
yet die to ſee my deere delight go by.

Then farewell ſweet, for whom I taſte ſuch ſower;
farewell, delight, for whom I dwell in dole:
Free will farewell, farewell my fancies flower,
farewell content, whom cruell cares controle.
Oh farewell life, delightfull death farewell,
I dye in heauen, yet liue in darkſome hell.

¶ This ſong being ended, the muſicke ceaſed, and *Siluanus* concluded thus:

MOST gratious Queene, as it ſhould but euill haue beſeemed a God to be founde fraudulent or deceiptfull in his ſpeech, ſo haue I neither recompted nor foretolde any thing vnto your Maieſtie,

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but that which you haue nowe founde true by experience, and becauſe the caſe is very lamentable in the conuerſion of *Deepe deſire*, as alſo becauſe they knowe that your Maieſtie is ſo highly fauoured of the Gods that they will not deny you any reaſonable requeſt. Therfore I do humbly craue in his behalfe, that you would either be a ſuter for him vnto the heauenly powers, or elſe but onely to giue your gracious conſent that hee may be reſtored to his pryſtinate eſtate. Whereat your highneſſe may be aſſured that heauen will ſmile, the earth will quake, men will clap their hands, and I will alwayes continue an humble beſeecher for the flouriſhing eſtate of your royall perſon. Whom God nowe and euer preſerue to his good pleaſure and our great comfort.

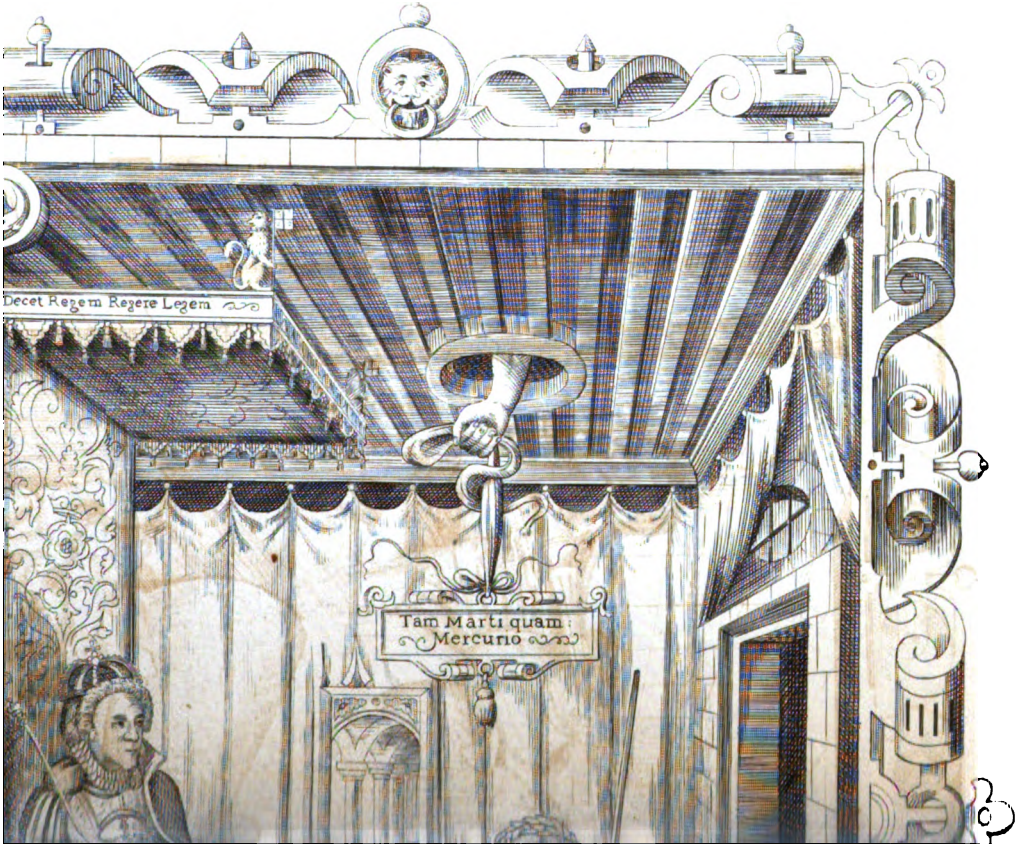
Amen.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

FINIS.

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The Hermit's Tale.[1]

BEHOLDE, good Queene, a poett with a Speare
(Straundge ſightes well mark't are underſtode the better.)
A Soldyer armde, with penſyle in his eare,
With penn to fighte, and ſworde to wryte a letter,
His gowne haulffe of, his blade not fully bownde,
In dowbtfull doompes which waye were beſt to take
With humble harte, and knees that kyſſe the growunde,
Preſentes hymſelfe to yō for dewtyes ſake
And thus he ſaithe: no daunger, I proteſt,
Shall ever lett this loyall harte I beare
To ſerve yō ſo as maye become me beſte
In feilde, in Towne, in Cowrte, or any where.
Then, peereles prince, employe this willinge man
In your affayres, to do the beſte he cann.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

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[1] It will be ſeen that there is much ſameneſs of treatment and character between the preſent production and the *Pleaſures at Kenilworth*. In both, Gaſcoigne ſeems to have imperſonated a wild man; and there are other tolerably obvious reſemblances. Gaſcoigne's work has always a ſtrong perſonal complexion and bias, and even in Pre-

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To the Queenes moſt excellent Ma^{tye}.

WELL, (worthy Quene) & my moſt gracyous ſovraugne, it hathe byn wrytten in authoryty, and obſerued by experience, that thonder "often tymes bruſeth the bones, wthhout blemyſhing of y^{e} fleſh/ or (as ſome have held opynyon) yt hathe byn ſene to breke the ſword, without hurt don to the ſcaberd/" The w^{ch} as yt is a rare and ſtraunge aduenture, ſo in my judgement yt deſerveth deepely to be conſidered/, and being once well weyed it requyreth alſo to be well remembred/ The chaunces w^{ch} happen unto man, are infynyte & full of wonderfull varyetie/ yet are theare none of them (in my judgement) ſo ſleight or ridiculous, but that they carry wth them ſome preſage or forewarnyng/ And being thriftely uſed, may become as proffitable to the willing mynde, "as the drye Tyme is to the Bees hyve/" much more then are thos accidents to be marked, w^{ch} in them ſelves bewray that they are ſent from above, as manyfeſt tokens of gods wrathe or will/ And becauſe I knowe yo^{r} Ma^{tye} to be as depe in judgem^{t}, as you are gracious in favorable conſtruction, I will (by your highnes leave) p^{r}ſume to allegoryſe this Adage in ſuch ſimple ſorte as my ſlender capacyty is able/ referring bothe my tryfelyng travayle, & myne unſemely ſelf, to y^{e} dome w^{ch} my duty bodeth, and the grace w^{ch} your Sovraugnty will vouch ſafe. Thonder then (ſay I) is an apparant token of gods wrath and diſpleaſure/ not only becauſe it hath byn by poeticall inventōn̄s ſo expounded, but becauſe we ſee by experience y^{t} it never (or very ſeldom) bringeth good effects wth yt,

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extremyties of heate, uppon y^e face of y^e earth/ The froſt ſeaſoneth y^e ground/ The ſnow comforteth both graſſe & corne/ and y^e hayle (w^ch of y^e reſt is moſt vehem^t) doth drawe downe groſſe humors congealed in y^e ayre, w^ch otherwiſe might grow to greater inconvenyence: only Thonder (w^th lightening his meſſenger) do beat down corne graſſe & fruite, conſume the foyſon of y^e erth, and many tymes do deſtroy o^r habytacõns and reſtinge places, wheareby we maye playnlye perceyve that it is a type or perfecte token of gods wrath and indignacon conceyved agaynſt us./

Well, yt weare high tyme that I ſhoulde ſhorten this Tedyous preamble, and retourne to paraphraſe uppon my Adage according to my promeſſe/ ſince I may ſooner mynyſter matter to make y^or ma^ty^e ſmyle att my folly, then ſett downe ſuch reaſons as are worthye the attentyve readyng of ſo lerned a prynceſſe./

Shall we then take this Text groſſely or litterally as yt ſtandeth, ſaying thatt Thoonder bruſeth the bones withoute blemyſhe ſeen on the fleſhe? or breaketh the ſword and hurteth not the ſkaberd? God forbyd. But thonder (being as I have ſayd) the wrath of god doth often punyſhe the ſowle of man, when his body ſeemeth to floriſhe in greateſt proſperytie/ ytt ſecretly cracketh the ſkyes of his conſcyens, when he tryumpheth moſt to the outward eye of the world/ ytt breaketh the blade of his raſhe determynacõns, though ytt leave the ſkaberd of diſſimulation whole and untouched/ for trewly (my good Sovereigne) I cõmpt the thoughtes of man to be fowle, how fayr ſoever his pretences are/ nott unlike the filthynes of his fleſhe and entrayles, w^ch are clenly covered with a fyne fyllme of comely ſkynne/ And this allegorycall expoſitõũ of Thoonder have I pretely pyked owt of myne owne youthfull pranks fyndyng by deare experyence that God (ſeeing the crokednes of my wayes) hath bruſed my bones though not blemyſhed my fleſhe/ and broken my ſword not touching the ſkaberd/ he hath overwhelmed my pryvy thoughts w^th contynuall regreate, though owtwardly I march amongſt the ranks of a delightfull darlyng/ he hath bruſed my bones w^th the ſcourge of repentance though my body beare the ſhew of a wanton and waveryng worldling/ and he hath broken the blade of my headye will/ though the ſcaberd of my wiſhinge remayn hole & att lybertye/

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But ſynce the judgem[t] of the allmighty are nott moveable, ſynce tyme paſt cãñot be called agayne/ ſynce Had I wyſt is a ſymple ſigne of diſcrete government, I am forced in theis extremyties to take comforte in one other obſervac̃on w[ch] we fynde in worldly occurrents/ for we ſee that one ſelf ſame Soonſhyne doth both harden the clay and diſſolve the waxe/ wherby I am encouraged to gather that as god (by his wrath juſtly conceyved) hath ſtrooken me, ſo (by his mercy pyttefully enclyned) he may when ytt pleaſeth hym gracyouſly recomfort me/ and the ſame Soone which ſhyneth in his juſtice to correct ſtubborne offendo[rs] may alſo gliſter in his grace to forgeve the penytent ſynner.

Theis things (liege Lady) I am bold thus rudely to draw in ſequens before the ſkyllful eyes of your lerned ma[tye]/fyndyng my youth myſpent, my ſubſtance ympayred, my credytt accraſed, my tallent hydden, my follyes laughed att, my rewyne unpytted, and my trewth unemployed/ All which extremyties as they have of long tyme aſtonyed myne underſtanding, ſo have they of late openly called me to gods gates. And yo[ur] ma[tye] being of God godly and (on earth) our god (by god) appoynted, I preſume lykewyſe to knock att the gates of yo[r] gracyous goodneſs/ hopyng that yo[r] highneſs will ſett me on worke though ytt were noone and paſt before I ſoughte ſervice/ for (moſt gracyous lady) although I have overlong loytered, although I have gariſhly gadded, although I tylled the ſoyle of fancy and reaped the fruite of folly, I may not yet allwaies wander wyldlye nor fynallie conclude to diſpayre cowardly/ I maye "not (like a babe) for one tryfle taken from me throwe away the reſt w[ch] might have heaped my contentac̃on/ I may not ſo much mervayle att other mens good happes, that in the meane whyle I forgett myne owne defects/ for as fencers before they be made maiſters muſt challenge and abyde all comers, ſo Magnanymtye and true Fortitude muſt be content to abyde all frownes of fortune before they atteyne to the height of her wheele/ and more comendable is he w[ch] (in poverty) ſtryveth that no man excell hym for vertews, then he w[ch] in proſperytie grudgeth att another mans advancement.

And will y[or] Ma[tye] geue me leave a little to playe with my ſelf, or arogantly to tomble owt of myne owne mowth a ſpeeche thatt w[th]

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much more modeſty might have byn delyvered by others? I will ſaye then that I fynd in my ſelf ſome ſuffycency to ſerve yo^r highnes/ w^ch cauſeth me thus preſumpteowſly to preſent you w^th theis rude lynes/ having turned the eloquent tale of Hemetes the Heremyte (Wherw^th I ſaw y^or lerned judgment greatly pleaſed at Woodſtock) into latyne, Italyan and frenche/ nott that I thinke any of the ſame tranſlac̃ons any waie comparable with the firſt inven&c̃on/ for if yo^r highnes compare myne ignorance w^th the auc̃to^rs ſkyll, or have regard to my rude phraſes compared with his well poliſhed ſtyle, you ſhall fynde my ſentences as much diſordered as arrowes ſhott owt of ploughes/ and my theames as unaptly proſecuted as hares hunted w^th oxen/ for my latyne is ruſtye, myne Itallyan muſtye, and my french forgrowne: I meane my lattyne over long yeared, myne Itallyan to lately lerned, and my frenche altogether owt of faſhyon.

But yet ſuche Itallyan as I have lerned in London, and ſuch lattyn as I forgatt att Cantabridge: ſuche frenche as I borowed in holland, and ſuche Engliſhe as I ſtale in weſtmerland: even ſuch & no better (my worthy ſovereigne) have I here poured forth before you/ moſt humbly beſeching yo^r ma^tye, that you will vouchſafe gracyowſly to looke ynto yo^r loyall ſubject/ and beholde me (coomly Queene) nott as I have byn, butt as I am/ or rather not as I am but as I would be/ for I ſpare not here to proteſt that I have no will to be, but as I ſhould be/

Behold here (learned prynceſſe) nott Gaſcoigne the ydle poett, wryting tryfles of the green Knighte, but Gaſcoigne the Satyricall wryter, medytating the Muſe that may expreſſe his reforma&c̃on/ forgett (moſt excellent lady) the poeſies w^ch I have ſcattered in the world, and I vowe to wryte volumes of proffitable poems, wherew^th yo^or ma^tie may be pleaſed./ only employ me (good Queene) and I truſt to be proved as dillygent as Clearchus, as reſolute as Mutius, and as faythfull as Curtius/ yo^r ma^tie ſhall ever fynde me w^th a penne

ſpent, lett me moſt humbly beſeche yo^r highnes that you vouch ſafe to pardon my boldnes, and deigne to accepte this my ſimple new-yeres gifte/

Some newes may yt ſeme vnto yo^r ma^tie that a poore gent. of Eng^d w^thowt travell or inſtructions (lattyne except) ſhould any way be able to deale w^th ſo manye ſtraunge languages/ more newes ſhould yt be to my frends if they heard that any vertue had advanced me to your ſervice/ but moſt gladſome newes ſhould I thinke them, if I mighte underſtand that yo^r noble and worthy mynde had but onely vouchſafed to peruſe theis rude lynes/ for my comfort and ſatisfaction herin I ſhall chefelie crave that if your ma^tie doe any way miſlike this my bold attempt, you will yet vouchſafe to kepe yt from my knowledge/ for yt is one eſpeciall comfort, a man to be void of underſtanding when the ſucceſſe of his occurrents is contrary to his deſire./

I am yo^r ma^tie loyall ſubject/ borne to enheryte the freedom of yo^r domynyons/ and thearew^thall have byn (more then ones) recomforted w^th the pleſant ſownd of yo^r cherefull voyce/ ſo that y^r highnes hath vouchſafed to knowe me/ and that (w^th the reſt) emboldened this enterpryſe/ wherin I preſume (by contemplac̃on) righte humbly to kyſſe the delycacy of yo^r imperiall handes/ beſeeching the all-mighty to bleſſe you w^th many proſperous newe yeres, and to enable me for yo^r ſervice according to my deſiers this furſt of January 1576 and ever/ . . . .

Your Ma^te loyall and depely
affectionate ſubject
G. Gascoigne.

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The tale of Hemetes the heremyte

Pronownced before the Q. Majeſty att Woodſtocke. 1575.

NO more, moſt valyant Knights/ vyolence muſt geve place to vertue/ and the doubtfull hazard you be in by a moſt noble helpe muſt be ended. Thus the Imortall gods by unmoveable deſtiny have decreed/ therefore ceaſe your fight and follow me/ ſo ſhall you heare that you woulde litle beleeve/ and ſhall have w^th^ me that will moſt behove you. And you (faire lady) fall into this fellowſhipp wheare yt ſhall appeare Sibilla ſaid true, and youre infortunes ſhall have end./

He ſpeaketh to two Knights thatfoughte there.

He ſpeaketh to a Ladie preſent.

Moſt excellent princeſſe: forepoynted from above with yo^r^ preſenſe to pleaſe and yo^r^ vertue to profitt more then you are aware of; how muche you are bownd to the Imortall godds, and mortall men be bownd to you, oure preſent caſe will partly proove/ But before you undtand the worth of yo^r^ vertue, it may pleaſe you to heare the varyablenes of o^r^ adventures/ Not longe ſince in the country of Cambaya w^ch^ is ſcytuate neere the mouthe of the riche ryver Indus, a mighty duke bare domynyon called Oceanon/ who had heire to his eſtate but one onely daughter named Gandina/ This ladie then, more faire then fortunate, lyved moſt deare to her father and moſt beloved of his people. But (to prove that beawtie is not ever a benefit, nor highe eſtates be alwaies the happieſt) it happened within a while Gandina, ſoughte by many that were great and ſerved by many that were worthy, had more competytiõ of her beawtie, then did either well content her, or proove yt comodyous unto her/ for love w^ch^ is not leadd by order, nor chuſeth by appoyntment, tymed her affection unmoveably w^th^ the likyng of a Knight (of eſtate but meane but of value very great) called Contarenus, who exceedingly loved

He ſpeaketh to her ma^tye^.

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her. So the desires of many other was somewhat for her glory, but nothinge for her gaine. In small proces of tyme (the secret fiers of their fancies discovered) the smoke of their desires bewrayed this matter to her father longe before they woold. The duke dissembling what he sawe, determyning to disappoint that he most misliked, neither made challendge to the knighte nor charged his daughter for any love was betwixt them, but devysed a way (as he thoughte) most sure but (as it prooved) most sorowfull, to sett theis lovers in soonder. By the worke of an enchantresse (most cunnyng in her kynde) he caused Contaremus to be caughte upp and carryed in the ayre from the coaste of Cambaya to the very bondes of the Ocean Sea: wch cost Oceanon xx Thousande crownes/ a deare price of repentaunce/ but it is no novellty for princes to make their willes very costly, and sometyme to pay deare for their owne displeasure.

Contarenus thus straungely devyded from his joy and pplexed above measure, was charged by his enchantress to weare this punyshmt wth patiens wch necessyty did putt on, and destyny wold putt off/ And ere seven yeres came about, she truly assured hym he should have for his reward the height of his desire. But first he should fighte wth the hardyest Knighte, and see the worthiest ladie in the whole worlde/ Now the while whileſt she tould hym he must take the garde of a blynd heremyte who shold recover his sighte, and he his satisfaction bothe at one tyme/ So she lefte hym on the erth and toke her way agayne into the ayre.

Gandina now lacking longe that she loked for (the sighte and service of her Knighte) fell soone into those diseases yt accompany suche desire, as she was accombred with mistrust, curyosity and exceeding unrest. At last (as princes doe fewe things so pryvyly but they have ptakers of their counsell, and heires to crownes lack never servants of hope wch be curyous to please them) the devyse & dealynge of Oceanon came to the eares of his daughter/ the wch beeng tould her, and is it even so (q. Gandina) care Kings for no righte/

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of myne adventures ſhall make me forſake. But if I looſe not my lyfe, I will fynde Contarenus, if he be in the world. This ſayd ſhe purſued her moſt hard determynac̃on: and taking onely a Damſell w^th^ her in ſimple habyte w^th^ ſuche things as were neceſſary ſhe ſtreighte conveyed her ſelfe moſt cloſely from the borders of Cambaya, and with toyle to longe to tell paſſed pills paſt beleefe till at laſt ſhe arryued att the grott of Sibilla/ wheare by chaunce ſhe mett a moſt noble Knighte cleped Loricus/ by love lykewyſe drawne thither to learne what ſhould betyde hym/ This Loricus loved a ladie that was matchles in ſuche mann^r^ as was ſtraunge/ for after muche devyſe and dyllygens to attayn to that favour that ſhe wold be pleaſed/ he mighte but love her withoute lokinge for rewarde/ Seing no glympſe of her liking his utmoſt devocioñ, (to fynde ſurely owte her fancie w^ch^ ſhe carryed moſt cloſely) he made a ſtraunge aſſay w^th^ all ſemblaunt that mighte be ſhewed to ſett by her but little that was ſo ſoughte for of all/ and the better to colo^r^ the paſſyon he was not able to conquere he made ſhew of choyce of a new m^reſs^ that lyved evry day in her eye (a pece ſurely of price, but farre from ſuche a perle as his hert onely eſteemed) and to this Idoll he ſemed to offer all his love and his ſervice/ leaving no manner of obſervaunce y^t^ to love apperteyneth/ as wearing her colo^r^ on his back and her picture in his boſome/ keeping her company before all other, and contynuing moſt att her commaundem^t^ w^ch^ eſpied by the ladie that in dede was like no moe (for whatſoever man may thinke might be come or content) though ſhe cared not for his choyce, ſhe ſhowed ſkorne of his chaunge/ and diſcloſed by jelouſy that love cold not diſcov^r^/ w^ch^ Loricus perceiving he fell by and by to conſider yt was the want of his worthe that made his ſervice unacceptable, and no impoſſibyllyty in her will, to receyve them to ſerve her, that meryted the hono^r^ of ſuche favo^r^. Therefore he lefte his owne country and betooke hym ſelf altogether to travell and to armes/ deſeiring w^th^ moſt endevo^r^ but to deſerve that reputacon, as this greate and noble miſtreſs wold but thynke hym worthy to be hers though ſhe would never be none of his. So thinking no toyle to tough nor no attempt to hard to attayne to renowne, he wandred through the world till by paynfull waies he came to Sybyllas grott, where he met Gandina. Theare theis two

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lovers having occaſyon to unfold all theire fortunes, the ladie ſeking to know the ende of her travell and the Knighte ſome advyſe for the eaſe of his hope/ they bothe receyved this aunſwer of Sybilla/ that as they were now coupled by fortune, they ſhould never part fellowſhipe till they had found owte a place, wheare men were moſte ſtrange and women moſt fayre/ the country moſt fertyll/ the peopele moſt welthy/ the govmn^{t} moſt juſt/ and the princes moſt wourthy/ So ſhould the lady ſee that would content her/ ſo ſhould the Knighte here that wold comforte hym.

Now, moſt deare and beſt deſerving ladie, ytt falles to my purpoſe and yo^{r} prayſe to ſay ſomewhat of my ſelf. Oulde though you ſee me here and wrynkled/ caſt into a coroner/ yet once have I byn otherwyſe/ a Knighte knowne and accepted of wth the beſt in the world and lyving in a court of moſt fame amongſt a ſwarme of Knights and ladies of greate worthe and greate vertue/ wheare beawty had the baſe, and deſire ſoughte the goale/ Itt chaunced me to love a lady, to be beloved of love hym ſelf if he could have but ſeen her/ Butt as ſhe was ſuche as didd excell, ſo was ſhe wonderfull of condic$\tilde{o}$n, wthoute diſdayne to be deſired, but moſt deynty to be dealt with for touche her/ ſhe would tourne to twenty dyvers ſhapes yet to none but to content me, as me thoughte that thoughte ſtill to touche her was heaven/ And ſo yt ſemed by my hold that was moſt loath to lett her goe, till ſhe liked (alas) at y^{e} laſt to putt on the ſhape of a Tigreſſe ſo terrible to behould as I durſt beholde her no longer/ And being ſo eſcaped I cold nev^{r} more ſett eye on her. Madame, thus began my payn, but you here not yet my punyſhm^{t}/ being ſhifted from y^{e} ſighte of y^{t} I ſought above all things in the world & then little delighting to loke on any thinge ells I toke by, & by a pilgrymage to Paphos in Cyprus truſting to here of my M^{rs} theare where Venus was moſt honoured/ whither when I was c$\tilde{o}$me, as I began to ſteppe in att y^{e} dores of her temple I was ſodenly ſtricken blynde/ aſtonyed at my miſchaunce and underſtanding no cauſe I

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& a ſervant of love/ But it is no parted affection (q^d he) that Venus wilbe honored w^th/ Booke & bewty make no matche, and it is a whole man (or no man) y^t this goddeſſe will haue ſerve her/ And therw^thall taking me by y^e ſhoulders he thruſt me oute of y^e temple/ So w^th ſighes & ſorrow I ſatt downe in y^e porche, making interceſſyon to Apollo, (the peculyer god I honoured) to have compaſſyon of myne eſtate/ Now faithful preyers being harde ere they be eended, Mercury cõmes unto me & bids me be of good comfort/ The gods (q^d. he) be iuſt, though women be angrye: the goddeſſes be all fownde to have this fault: Diana w^th Actaeon: Pallas w^th Arachne: Juno w^th Tyreſias, were angry withoute meaſure/ ſo is Venus now w^th the/ The cauſe (w^th the remydy) ſhalbe tould the at Delphos whither ſtreght I muſt carry the/ W^ch he had no ſooner ſpoken, but by & by I was ſett in the temple of Apollo/ wheare firſt demaunding my fault, the oracle made aunſwer: Thy feare and not thie faith: And what (q. I) may be my remydie? The beſt beſide the beawtyfulleſt, the oracle ſtreight aunſwered/ And w^th this Apollo his prieſt toke mee by the hand recompting unto me the whole corſe of my life/ whome I loved and how I loſt her/ And when I told hym of the faythfullnes of my ſervice, and faultleſnes of my meanyng, of the varyablenes of her condicon, and at laſt of the fearfulnes of her appearaunce/ Ah good Hemetes (q. he), it is not the kynde of women to be cruell, it is but their countenaũce/ and touching theire varyablenes, who will not apply hym ſelf therto/ ſhall not muche pleas them, nor longe hould them: neither is it to be found fault with. Nature yt ſelfe loveth varyety, ſo it be withoute deceipt/ now for thy faultleſnes, it ſufficeth not/ The ſervant of Venus muſt not onely have faith, but alſo lack feare. Feare loſt the thy m^rſe, and thy boldenes to enter into Venus temple being unacceptable, made her ſtrike the blynde/ Butt Appollo biddes me tell thee the gods will receave whome women forſake/ and eyes ſhutt from delightes have myndes more open to underſtanding/ This punyſhm^t ſhalbe thy proffitt/ Venus can barre the but from her felicytie of love/ but for the devotion thou beareſt to Appollo he geveth thee this gifte/ to be able to decypher the deſtyny of evry one in love, and better to advyſe them than the beſt of her dearlings/ And further now doth promiſe the in

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revolution of yeres/ thou ſhalt recover thy ſighte/ but this ſhall not betyde the/ tyll att one tyme and in one place in a country of moſt peas/ two of the moſt vallyaunt Knights ſhall fighte, two of the moſt conſtant lovers ſhall meete, & the moſt verteous lady in the world ſhall be theare to looke on/ And when thyne eies may beholde that thy harte delighteth in, a ladie in whome enhabiteth the moſt vertue learnyng and beawtie that ever was in creature then ſhall they be opened/ and that ſhalbe thy warrant/ All Apollo ſaieth is ſoothe, the whilſt it is determyned thowe ſhalt dwell in an hermytage, wheare nothinge that longs to natures uſe ſhalbe lacking unto the/ So ſodeynly I was ſhifted to this hill hard by wheare I have wyntered many a yere farre from the woes and wrongs the world beſides is full of/ And now beſt ladie and moſt beawtyfull/ ſo termed of the Oracle/ and ſo thoughte of in the world, what the enchantreſſe told Contarenus, Sybilla ſhewed Gandina and Loricus/ And what Apollo ſaid to me/ by your moſt happy coomyng is veryfied. The moſt hardy Knights Contarenus and Loricus here have foughte/ the moſt conſtaunt lovers Loricus and Gandina here be mett/ and poore Hemetes, as this Knighte knoweth, full longe blynde have receyved agayne my ſighte/ All w^{ch} happened by the grace of yo^{r} vertue, with the beſt ſo much honord, and we are now moſt bounde to/ And ſo I preſent theis noble p̄ſons, to pleas you with their ſervice, and my ſelf to ſerve you wth my prayers/ And leaving the lovers to theare delighte muſt leave Loricus this advyſe/ Knighte p̄ſecute thy purpoſe, it is noble/ learnyng by me not to feare/ and of thy ſelf to take payne remembring nothinge notable is woone w^{t}howte difficulty/ Hercules had by his labo^{r} his renowne, and his ruyn by his love/ Loricus thyne ende wilbe rewarde/ att leaſt moſt reputac̄on, w^{ch} nobleſt women muſt eſteeme/ But I feare I have to longe tyred yo^{r} moſt noble eares, and therefore

no coſt but of good will/ myne hower approcheth for my oryſons/ W^ch according to my vowe I muſt never breake/ I muſt there leave yo^r Ma^tie, p'myſing to pray (as for my ſoule) that whoſoer wiſhe you beſt, may never wiſhe in vayne/

Fabula ab Hemete Heremita corā Maieſtate regia Woodſtocki prolata 1575.

SATIS iam (milites Invictiſſimi) ſatis decertatū eſt/ virtuti vim cedere oportet/ ancepſq martis alea nobiliſſimo auxilio dirimenda eſt/ Sic dij immortales inevitabili fato decrev-erunt/ Abſiſtite itaq. pugna, meq. ſequimini/ Sic audietis ea quæ minime crediturі eſtis, mecūq. eo fruemini quod veſtri permagni intererit/ Tu autem (virgo venuſtiſſima) ad hanc te ſocietatem adiūge/ vbi facile conſtabit vera eſſe ea omnia, quae fatidico ore cecinit futuri præſaga Sibylla, et tuis iam tandem adventare finem ærumnis/

Alloquitur equites duos qui tunc tēporis ibidē pugna iniebat.

Alloquitur Heroinam quandam ibi preſentem.

Illuſtriſſima Princeps, divinitus dimiſſa vt eſſes, quae et preſentia nos oblectares; et virtute (opinione magis) prodeſſes tua, quantū dijs debeas imortalibus/ mortales autē tibi/ huius noſtri acerbiſſimi caſus recordatio demonſtrabit/ Sed priuſquā tantae virtutis tam admirabilem (excellentiſſima princeps) & dignitatem deſpicias, placeat, quæſo, Maieſtati tuae varios caſus, et crebras fortunae noſtrae cōmutationes, intueri/ Non ita multis abhinc diebus in terra Cambaiæquae ſita eſt ad oſtiū Indi fluminis prediuitis, Occanon Dux quidē magni nominis et fama percelebri, rerū potiebatur/ vnicā qui duntaxat habebat filiā Gandinam (ſic enim appellabatur) principatus ſui relicturus heredem/ Hæc a forma (magis quam fortuna) fœlix, vt chara patri, ſic omnia grata populo et periucunda fuit/ Ceterū non ſemper formae decus poſſeſſores beat ſuos, nec ſublimis ſemper fortuna faelix. Exemplo erit Gandina/ ad quam cū (eximia oris incenſi pulchritudine) permulti

Alloquitur Reginam.

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nobiles proci, nec pauciores haud mediocri dignitate ſerui confluxiſſent, longe plures formae riuales habuit, quā aut ipſa ꝓcuperet, aut rationibus ſuis magnopere expediret/ Siquidē Amor (qui nullius ad vota conſilio directis veſtigyis inſiſtit, ſed ceco ſemper præceps impetu ruit), ſeſe huic dulciſſime Virgini in venas atq. medullas ſenſim infudit/ mentemq. illius Contareni cuiuſdam deſyderio qui eam quoq. miſere deperibat (haud magni ſane loci militis, ſed maxime virtutis), incendit/ Vnde adeo factū eſt ut ille tantus nobiliū amatorū concurſus plus ad formae famā, quā ad mentis tranquilitatem delectationis attulerunt; etenim non ita multis interiectis diebus, igneus ille ardor qui ſecreto intus exeſtuabat incendio, ſe prodit, et longe anteq̄ illi volebant, ex fumo flam̃as, incenſis ſubeſſe pectoribus perſenſit pater. Verūtamen Dux quae vidiſſet diſſimulanda ratus, atq. id quod tantopere diſplicebat novo atq. inaudito cōmento avertere cogitans, neq. equitē neq. filiam ullius unquā inſimulandū amoris exiſtimabat. Ceterū quo infelices q̄ primū diſiūgeret amantes, firmiſſimū ad id ipſe (opinionis errore) conſiliū ſuſcepit; ſed, ut exitus docuit, infauſtū nimis et perlugubre/ Veneficæ cuidam artificio (quae in ſuo genere ſcientia longe ceteris omnibus antecellebat) Contarenū in aerē magno miraculo ſublimem rapi fecit/ atq. Cambaia in vltimas Oceani oras transferri/ quod ut fieret, viginti aureorū millia veneficæ dederat/ magna hercle penitentiae merces; verū illud principibus in viris neq. novū neque invſitatū videri debet/ quorū plerūq. deſideria imanibus ſolent condiri ſumptibus/ magnoq. maxima interdū emuntūr incom̃oda/ Contarenus interea, tam admirabili modo ab amore diuulſus ſuo conſternatus, atq. animo ſupra q^{m} dici poteſt anxius, a venefica admonebatur uti eam qūa fatalis inflixerat eandēq̄ brevi depulſura foret neceſſitas calamitatē equo et recto animo ꝓferret/ futurū namq. (idq. perſancte recepit) ut, nondū peracto ſeptennio, patientiæ premiū obtineret ſuae, votiq. compos fieret/ ſante tamen cū perſtrenuo ſibi milite depugnandū, & heroinā etiā videndā unā, omniū quas ſuſtinet terrarū orbis præcellentiſſimā/

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quotidie (incredibili cū voluptate) ſuis irradiantem ocellulis intueri conſueuerat, ægra animi, ijs morbis conflictari cepit quæ inſeparabiles taliū plerūq. cupiditatū comites exiſtunt/ ſuſpicionibus nimirum et crebris curioſarū querelarum procellis, tum auxiferis undiq. cogitationibus, et acerbiſſimis cruciamentis diuexari/ Tandem (neq. enim magnorum principū negotia ita clam tractantur vt non multos habeant conſiliorū participes, regūq. heredibus nunquā deſunt ſpei ſatellites, qui futurae felicitatis expectatione illecti quoduis facinus ſuſcipere recuſant) ad aures infelicis filiae paternae crudelitatis fama peruenit. Quae a luctu in rabiem verſa (tantas perbibit medullas amor) Itane vero? (inquit) Nullane regibus Juſticiæ cura? Nec igitur regnandi Juſticiæ neq. enim Occanonis aulam neq. Cambaie regnū tanti eſtimo, ſi ſine meo mihi Contareno contabeſcendū fuerit/ Infælix o patria tuq. o crudeliſſime pater, valete/ qui me hanc huius nefandæ tempeſtatis calamitatem ſubire cogitis, te ut ſequar (alma fides) quā, vtiq. ut violem, neq. celſa fortunæ meæ dignitas efficerit, neq. periculi magnitudo/ Etenim ſi non ſquallore prius et lachrimis confecta, hanc miſerabilem et erūnoſiſſimā animulā dimiſero, nūq. deſiſtam donec te, te (mi Contarene) vbicūq. terrarū es invenero/

Hæc fata inſtituti itineris conſiliū proſequitur/ vnaq. duntaxat pediſequa adhibita, vilibus induta veſtibus, rebuſq. om̃bus ad vitā pertenuē et lugubrem ſuſtētandā poſitis atq. inſtructis, clam Cambaya proficiſcitur/ In itinere vero quas quantaſq. moleſtias pertulerit quibuſq. fuerit jactata caſibus com̃emorare et longū foret et auditu certe incredibile/ Nihilominus tandē poſt anxios ancipiteſq. labores, ad Sibyllæ antrū deuenit/ Ibi Loricum quendam equitē perilluſtrem, qui eo quoq. ſæuo compulſus amore, fati eruendi cauſa conceſſerat offendit. Heroinam amabat Loricus iſte, qua naturæ, qua fortunæ dotiḃ plane incomparabilem, ſed amore mirabili inuſitatoq. Nam cū omnem operā oēſq. ingenij ac induſtriæ machinas adhibuiſſet, eam uti ſe apud illam in gratiam poneret nullo vt quamuis alio propoſito praemio permitteret, tamen ſemet ipſum ab illo duntaxat amari. Illa autem immitem ſe ſemper atq. inexorabilem preberet nihilo prorſus illius inflecti vel ſedulitate vel obſervantia com̃overi videretur: ſtatuit miro quodam artificio arcana mentis conſilia quæ illa tã caute contexerat expiſcari (Eam itaq. cujus amore omnī⁹ inflam̃arentur animi

(tanta erat vultus venuſtas) vili ſe pendere præ ſe tulit/ quoq. melius cordis (quod reſtinguere nequierat) diſſimularet incendiū, novam ſibi Heroinam eligit, quæ quotidie repudiate occulis obſervaretur/ pulchram illam quidem & peramabilē, ſed nihil ad hanc quā animo medullitus adamarat/ Huic ſe Dive totū dederat/ Huic ſacra quotidie faciebat, oīq. obſequio, cultu et obſervantia, ſeſe ad illius fixit arbitriū. Nihil omiſit eorū quæ a percurioſis amantibus fieri cōſueſcūt, adeo ut humeris colores ipſius geſtavit (obſequij et amoris inſignia) in ſinu autam expreſſam imaginis formam (a perito artifice eleganter depicta) circūtulerit/ Accedit preterea quod, ceteris oībus preteritis, in illius ſe penitus conſuetudinem iñerſerit/ ſeſeq. totum ad ipſius nutū voluntatēq. converterit. Hæc cū animaduertiſſet præſtans illaque parem oībq. corporis atq. animi quæ conferri a natura poſſent muneriþ nullam unquā invenit, quamvis de delectu magnopere non laboraret immutati tamen amoris contumeliam indignius ferre viſa eſt/ vnde factū eſt ut quod Amor nequierat, Zelotipia detexerit/ Siquidē Loricus plane ꝑſpexit indignitatem illius (non autem vllā Heroinæ implacabilem natura importunitatem), facere ne grata viderentur ea quae ab illo proficiſcerentur officia) facilem quippe ipſam, perq. benignā videri: talemq. prorſus quae tanto dignos honore protinus ſuſceptura foret, meritoſq. meritis affectura præmī/ Itaq. relicta patria, labori atq. armis totū ſe deuouit, oīq. conatu in hanc duntaxat cogitationem incubuit, eam vt demū (meritorū fama) conſequeretur gratiam, vti ab hac nobiliſſima oīq. laudis ſplendore circūfluēte Heroina dignus conferetur qui ipſius eſſet, quāvis ipſa illius nunqā futura foret/ Proiñ deſerta patriâ, nullos non experiūdos ſubeundoſq. labores, nullū non audendū quamvis perardū facinus exiſtimans, miſeris actus errorib⁹ omnē pene terrarū orbem, itineribus aſperīmis difficillimiſq. peragrauit, donec tandem ad Sibillæ antrū, ubi Gandiniæ, obviā dederat pervenit/ Ibi vero duo amantes iſti oem̃ fortune ſuae acerbitatem oēſq. quas perpeſſi fuerant æerūnas exponūt/ Gandina etenim prelongi laboris finem prænoſcere avebat/ Loricus autem curarū et ſpei ſolamen exoptabat/ Vtriq. tandem Sibilla hanc in ſententiā reſpondit: Quod quemadmodū jā ſocietate coniuncti erant, ita a conſortio non ſe abſtraherent donec eo tandem pervenisēt vbi homines ſtrenuiſſimi, terra fertiliſſima, foemine pulcherimæ, populus ditiſſimus, regimen iuſtiſſimū Princepſq. digniſſima invenirentur.

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Sic autem Heroina quod magis optaret videret, mileſq. ſolamen animi ſui exaudiret/ Jam preſtantiſſima Princeps, oīq. vertutis decore circūfuſa, tū huius inſtituti ſermonis ratio, tū laudū tuarū præcellens ſplendor et dignitas admirabilis, poſtulare videntur vt de meipſo nonnihil dicam/ Senem quamvis me (Regina) videas, effetū viribus, ſquallidū, rugis deformem et velut mortaliū omniū excluſiſſimū, hanc in ſolitudinem et tenebras detruſū, tamen fui (Regina) fui quondā inclyti nominis eques, ſūmoq. in honore habebar ab his qui fortitudinis tū fama perinſignes, totā pene terrarū orbem (rerū geſtarū gloria) compleuerant/ verſanti autem mihi quotidie in aula celebri atq. pernobili, fortiſſimis vndiq. equitibus ac heroinis excellenti venuſtate ac virtute praeditis affluentibus (vbi pulchritudo formaq. palmam temere, meritis autē prœmia ceſſere,) evenit vt cuiuſdam Heroine amore, miſer implicarer/ cuius in ore tantus fluxit honos tantaq. maieſtas, Veneris et ipſe filius ſi eam conſpexiſſet, eodem proculdubio proflagraſſet incendio/ Verum enimvero quemadmodū illius in ore Venus omnes ſuauitates atq. delitias illigarat ſuas, ita Natura fluctuoſo illam ingenio finxit, et plane mirabili; ſiquidem amantes illa quidem non eſt aſpernata ſuos, ſed inexpiabilem ſe ſemper praebuit ac difficilē oīnique. qū unquā vixerunt maxime intractabilem/ Etenim ſi quando tetigiſſem, in centū ſe protinus verteret formas, nullam autem ſpeciem vnquā ſuſcipere viſa eſt quae non occulos meos incredibili voluptate perfunderit/ Sic nimirū (Regina) eo contactu afficiebar, ut quoties is mihi contigit, in caelo cū dijs immortalibus verſari viderer/ facile autem id quiuis intelligere potuiſſet quandoquidē ſemel ſi apprehendiſſem denuo demittere mortis erat inſtar/ donec ſe tandem in Tigridem convertit/ Tū vero monſtro conterritus amplius contueri non audebā,/ itaq. mihi e manibus elapſa, nunq^{m} ſe poſtea conſpiciendā præbuit/ Ex hoc fonte (Regina) initio dolores redundarūt mei. Nondū tamen audis que pena hanc tantā acerbitatem exceperit. Nam cū hunc in modū ejus rei priuarer aſpectu quam ſupra terrena ōīa concuperiverem/ adeo ut aſſidue in eam intuens in eaq. occulis ſemper et cogitatione defixus nullam prorſus ceteris in rebus contemplandis voluptatem ꝑceperim, ſtatim Ciprū verſus ad inſulam Paphos peregrinari cepi/ meq. hac ſpe miſer conſolabar, fore ut illic aliquid certi de mea cognoſcerem/ quandoquidem Venus ibidē religioſiſſime coleretur

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Eo cū veniſſem atq. templi iam limen inſtitiſſem, illico me occulis captū ſenſi/ Tam horrendo obſtupefactus caſu (neq. ullius mihi conſcius ſceleris), in genua prouolutus, hæc lamentabili voce profudi/ Alma Venus, dearū omniū pulcherrima queq. ab oī prorſus crudelitate abhorres, quod in te tantū facinus admiſi, quo numen mihi tuū tā infeſtū reddiderim? Stultitia et temeritas tua, reſpondit (vti reor) Veneris Antiſtes/ At, inquā, a teneris ungùiquulis virtutis amator fui, doctrinæ cliens/ captivus amoris/ Imo vero (inquit ille) ſimplex, non diſpartitus eſſe debet is qui Veneri defertur honos/ invigilare ſtudijs non adeo Veneri convenit/ totū nempe dea hom̃em, aut omnino nullū requirit. His dictis continuo per humeros violenter arreptum, templo me præcipitem eiecit/ Tū vero acri percitus dolore ægriſq. imo ductis pectore ſuſpiriis, in porticu vbi mœſtus conſederā, Apollinem peculiarē meū quem præ ceteris ſemper colui Deū obſecrabā, vt ſvpplicis ſui ſortem indignā com̃iſereſceret/ Enimvero quæ fide concipiūtur vota, ijs vix dū finitis, protinus occurrūt cœlites/ aſtitit namq. mihi precanti Mercurius. Et bono ſis (inquit) animo/ quāvis enim mulieres ira et indignatione acrius interdū efferueſcant. Dij tamen equi ſemper atq. placabiles eſſe conſueverūt; hoc morbo laborant pleræq. omnes Deæ/ ſic Diana, Acteoni Arachne Pallas, Tyreſiæ Juno, præter modū oēs adverſæ infeſtæq. fuerunt veluti iam tibi quoq. Venus/ Tantarū autem irarū cauſæ una cū remedio Delphis tibi poſtmodū aperientur/ quo transferri te confeſtim oportebit. Hæc fatus in templo Apollinis protinus me conſtituit, vbi primū cū ab Apolline ſuſcitarer qua in re deliquiſſē, editū eſt oraculū huiuſcemodi/ Formido, non tua fides/ Et quod igitur (inquā) remediū? Præter (inquit) pulcherrimā, præſtantiſſima/ Exinde vero Apollinis ſacerdos manu me prehendit, omneſq. anteactæ vitæ meæ miſerias atq. ærūnas enumerauit/ cuius amori me dederā, ac quibus eam modis perdideram/ atq. hic cum ego

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certe neq. placere multū poterit, neq. expetitis diu perfruetur voluptatibus. Quanq^{m} quid eſt quod eo noiē mulieres in crimen voces? Ipſa natura ſiquidē quā non inſidioſæ varietatis amans? De iñocentia vero quod attinet dicere? Iñocentem eſſe non hoc quidem ad id quod queritur ſatis eſt/ Veneris enim clientes non fide ſolū præditos eſſe oportet, ſed oīs formidinis expertes/ Nam quod deſideriū amiſeris tum̃, timoris erat id quidem tui/, quod occulos audaciæ/ quippe qui Veneris Templū alieniſſimo etiā tempore inviſus intrare non dubitares/ verūtamen hæc vti renuntiarem mandauit Appollo; conſueſſe Deos immortales eos fidem ſuſcipere quos a ſe mulieres ablegarint: & clauſis ad libidem occulis p̄clara tamen ſcientiæ Lumine ſæpenumero colluſtrari/

Et quidem hæc penæ calamitas plus tibi ad vitam recte inſtituendam momenti attulerit, quam occulorū tuorū cæcitas damni aut dedecoris inflixerit/ occulis enim te duntaxat & amoris felicitate priuauit Venus/ Apollo vero (tanti eſt apud ipſū is quo eū proſequeris honos) hoc tibi conceſſit/ futuri ut preſcius quo quiſquis fato amet p̄noſceres pluſq. conſilio multo quā qui ſit ex Veneris delitijs valeres/ Pollicetur deinceps fore ut poſt aliquot annos amiſſū lumen recuperes/ ſed hoc non ante tibi contigerit, quā uno eodem et loco et tempore in regione pacis atq. otij gloria florentiſſima, dū inter ſe equites ſtrenuiſſimi duo conflixerint/ totidē q̄ coñſtantiſſimi amantes obvij ibidem erūt, intereritq. huic, ſpectaculo preſtabili inſigniq. virtute Heroina, vna om̃ quas orbis terrarū ſuſtinet ampliſſima/ cum itaq. occulis tuis contra tueri licebit, ad quod tibi maximè cordi futurū ſcio, (præcellenti virtute Principem, et eruditione incomparabili rendundantem natura vero ipſius habitu tam diuino, nullo et unquā mortali in corpore par decus ac pulchritudo exſtiterit) tū demū (nam id tibi ſigni inſtar erit) occuli confeſtim aperientur/ Nihil Apollinis oraculo certius/ tibi autem interea iſta dū eveniant, ſolitaria quadā in cellula manendū eſt, ubi oñia ad vs̄ naturæ neceſſaria ſuppeditabuntur/ His dictis, hoc in colle quem iuxta vides protinus coñſtitutus ſū/ quo in loco multos iā annos incultam quidem et ſordidam, ſed tranquillam vitam extraxi, ærūnarū earū oiū atq. iniuriarum expers, quibus impurus atq. lachrimabilis mundus undiq. ſcatet/ Nunc igitur, Princeps auguſtiſſima, mortaliū et optima omiū et pulcherima,

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ſic Apollinis oraculo dicta, ſic uniuerſi terrarū orbis conſenſu celebrata, quicquid Contareno venefica, Gandinæ et Lorico Sibylla, mihi autem Apollo prædixerant, ea oīa tuo feliciſſimo illuſtrantur adventu/

Contarenus et Loricus milites impigerrimi, depugnarunt,
Loricus et Gandina (Amatores fideliſſimi) convenerunt.
Ego autem pauper Hemetes, qui perdiu quēadmodum
Scit Miles iſte in hiſce ſiluoſis latebris cæcus delitui,

nunc tandem te (Regina) ſexus tui lumen et totius ſtellam intueor/ Hæc excellenti et admirabili tuæ virtutis magnitudine confecta ſunt/ quæ ut optimi cujuſq. mentē ſacra veneratione perfundit, ſic nos ſibi devotos æternū obſtrinxit/ Quapropter hos nobiliſſimos ac perilluſtri preditos virtute viros tuae Maieſtati (Regina) coīmendo, obſequio proculdubio et obſervantia magno tibi ſemper uſui ac voluptati futuros/ me autem ipſū qui ardentiſſimis apud Deū Opt: Max: votis per incolumitate tua ſuſceptis, amplitudini ut tuæ perpetuo deſerviam/ Prius tamen quā amatores nos expetitis deſiderijs reliquero, Loricus paucis admonendus mihi videtur. Macte itaq. virtute, miles; diſce ex me (ſiquidem apprime tibi utile fuerit) nihil timere a te autem ipſo dura pati/ Amat ardua virtus/ nihilq. praeclarū, non idem difficile/ Labor Herculi famam attulit, mortē autē amor/ Lorice, ne dubita hic exitus erit, virtutis tuæ premiū (ſaltem nominis gloriā) conſequere/ quā nobiliſſimæ fœminæ ceteris oīb⁹ rebus anteponunt. Sed vereor ne Celſitudinis tuae auribus nimis diu ſubmoleſta et injucūda fuerit oratio mea/

Quapropter hoc unū deprecor, ut humilem hanc meam et ſubagreſtē Caſulam quo te confeſtim deducturus ſum claris et præfulgentibus Maieſtatis tuae radijs illuſtrare digneris.

His dictis atq. peractis, Maieſtatem
Regiam in cellulam deduxit ſuam, ubi his
Veniam ab eodem petijt verbis.

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namq. maximis occaſionib obſtantib perimplenda ſunt) Maieſtatē tuam ibidem derelicturus veniam peto. Deum tamen ipſū obteſtor, me clementiā miſericordiamq. ſuam (nam ſecus quam pro anima mea) deprecaturū, vt qui optime Celſitudini tuae voluerint, id nuſquā nū quamve fruſtra deprecari valeant.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

Chi tropo abbracia niente ſpeſſo tiene,
Coſi ſe vede un huomo ingordo & vile
Contrario a me ma piu di volte ruiene
per far monſtrar un nuiovo & ſtrano ſtile
piāgendo Jo vo pe'l molto ben bramare
Che tiene' tutto, & niente puo abbraciare./

Fauola di Hemete heremita racontata in preſenza di ſua Maeſtà a Woodſtock.

1575.

NON piu, valoroſiſſimi Cavaglieri, biſogna che la violenza ceda alla virtù, e che il voſtro dubbioſo pericolo con un nobiliſſimo ſoccorſo ſi finiſca. Coſi gli Dei immortali con loro deſtino impermutabile hanno decretato; pero ceſſate di combattere, e ſeguitatemi; coſi facendo udirete coſe dificili à credere, et haurete meco cio, che piu vi conuiene. E voi (cella Donna) ſiate ancor di noſtra compagnia, coſi vi ſara manifeſto, che la Sibilla hauea profetizato il vero, e che le voſtre ſciagure haueraño

Parlando a duoj Cavaglieri combattenti.

Parlando a una donna preſente.

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d'udire i varij caſi de la noſtre fortuna. Ei non è gran tempo, che nel paeſe di Cambaia preſſo a la bocca del ricchiſſimo fiume chiamato Jndo, regnaua un Duca potentiſſimo Occanon addomandato: il qual haueua una figliuolla unica & herede del ſuo ſtato, Gandina nominata. Era queſta giouane al ſuo padre, et al ſuo popolo tutto cariſſima, e molto piu bella che fortunata. Percioche non eſſendo la bellezza, ne gli alti ſtati ſempre felici, auuenne che preſto eſſendo ella da molti grandi, e degni huomini amata et ſervita, et hauendo per la ſua rara bellezza, gran numero di riuali men convenienti al ſuo ſtato, da ſe ſteſſa (come cõmunmente amore mai ſi laſcia dal conſiglio condurre, ne far ſua ſcielta per volere d' altrui) hauea volto tutto l'animo ſuo adamare un Cavagliero Contereno chiamato, d'aſſai baſſa conditione, ben che di molto alto valore. Ella amaua adunque ſopra modo queſto Cavagliere, tanto che quel che faceuan tanti altri (del che ella non di meno ſi gloriaua) tutto era nulla. Ma non paſſaron molti di che eſſendo la troppo gran fiamma di Gandina e di Contereno ſcoperte, fu' ancor da lontano il fumo dal Ducca veduto. Del che ei ſentì grandiſſimo dolore: nondimeno diſſimulando cio che vedea, e proponendo di rompere con bel modo i lor deſegni, non volle coſſi preſto accuſare il Cavagliere, o riprendere la ſua figliuola, per la qual coſa trouò una aſtutia: la quale, ſi come al' hora gli parue ſicura, coſſi la trouò poi (come ſpeſſo aviena) doloroſa e la aſtutia fu queſta, di far diuidere gli duoi amanti. Impero che con l'aiuto d'una maga ne la ſua arte accortiſſima fe pigliare il Cavagliere, e alzandolo nel' aria il fe traſportare da i confini di Cambaia fin al ultimo litto del mare Occeano. Queſta deuiſa gli coſtò venti mila ducati, prezo aſſai caro per la ſeguita penitenza, ma non e coſa nuoua, che a i principi coſti aſſai il lor volere, & che tal volta comprino—tropo caro il lor diſpiacere. Contareno eſſendo in queſta ſtrana maniera da la ſua cariſſima inamorata ſeparato, e ſopra modo penſoſo, la medeſima maga il conforto, che pacientemente quella angoſcia ſopportaſſe eſſendo de la neceſſitã coſtretto, che il medeſimo deſtino poi glielne libererebbe poi gli promiſe, che innanzi che paſſaſſero ſetti anni acquieſterebbe il ſuo alto deſio in premio de ſuoi travagli: ma prima combatterebbe col piu valoroſo Cavagliere, e vederebbe la piu degna donna di tutto 'l mondo. In queſto mentre ella gli diſſe che gli biſognava eſſer guidato da un

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Heremita cieco, il quale riceuerebbe la ſua uiſta, & egli in un medeſimo tempo il ſuo contento; coſi laſciatolo in terra, ei ſen' andò via per l'aria. Hora Gandina priuata tanto tempo di cio, che piu bramava, cio de la compagnia & ſervia del ſuo Cavagliere, fè preſto aggravata da quelle malatie che ſi fatti deſij accompagnano; cio e di diffidenza, di curioſità, & di grandiſſimo affanno, & inquietudine d'animo. Ultimamente (ſi come i principi fanno pochiſſime coſe ſenza cõmunicarle ad altri et a quegli che hanno ad eſſer heredi de la Corona non mancano mai ſeruitori per la ſperanza del futuro premio, per il che ſi sforzano di far loro ogni piaccere) la deviſa et modo d'Occanon furon à Gandina pienamente detti e racconti; & la coſa inteſa, diſſe la povera giovane, È ſta la coſa coſi? "non hanno i principi debita cura del dritto?" bene, & il dritto ancor non ſi cura de regni. Ne la Corte d'Occanon, n'ancor la terra di Cambaia mi ſaran di neſſuna ſtima havendo perſo il mio dolciſſimo Contareno. A Dio patria infelice, à Dio crudeliſſimo padre, che misforzi à tante miſerie per mantener la mia fede, la quale io non uoglio rompere ne per altezza di corona, n'ancor per pericolo, quantunque duro e terribile ſia. Ma mentre a Dio piacera ch' yo uiua, io uo a cercar il mio Contareno ouunque ſia nel mondo. E coſſi detto meſſo in eſſecutione le ſue fieriſſime riſolutioni & accompagnata duna ſola damigella, veſtita vilamente, con proviſione de coſe neceſſarie pel loro vivere ſecretamente vſci da i confini di Cambaia, & con grandiſſimo travaglio, paſſando per incredibili pericoli, finalmente peruenne a la ſpelonca d'una Sibilla, doue per caſo incontroſſi in vn Cavagliero valoroſiſſimo chiamato Lorico d'amore la condotto ſimilmente per ſaper dalla maga del fine che i ſuoi deſi haurebbono.

Queſto Cavagliero amaua ſopra modo una donna che non haueua pari nel mondo: per il che dopo molti deviſi, & diligenza grandiſſima per ottenere il ſuo favore, accioche ſolamente le piaceſſe eſſer da lui amata ſenza altro premio de ſuoi ſervitii, & vedendo neſſuno inditio ne ſembianza, che ella gli uoleſſe in alcuno modo quello concedere, egli per poter penetrare ancora nel ſecreto de le fantaſie di quella, fece una ſtrana pruoua, impero che in tutto quel che faceua, faceua ſembianza di non curarſi piu di lei, la quale d' ogni altro Cavagliero era tanto amata. Et per dar piu uiuo colore a la ſua

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intolerabile paſſione, fè ſembiante de hauer poſto il ſuo cuore in una nuoua Signiora, la quale vedeua, e parlava ogni di: era queſta donna veramente rara, ma non d'accomparare a l'altra, che tanto hauea gia ſcrita nel cuore; nondimeno come a un idolo continouamente l'adoraua, non mancandole di quelle debite riverenze, che gli amanti far ſogliono, come d'eſſer veſtito de ſuoi colori, & di portare ſecretamente il ſuo ritratto, accompagnandola ſempre innanzi ad ogni altra donna, et offerendoſi continouamente al ſuo cõmando. Il che vedendo la donna (la quale in fatti era incomparabile) ben che non ſi curaua di quella novità non gli aggradiua ancor tropo quel cambio, per la qual coſa per la porta de la geloſia ſcoopri cioche l'amore ſempre celato teneua el che avedendoſi Lorico frà ſe ſteſſo imaginò, che'l mancamento de ſuo valore gli rendeua ogni ſuo ſervitio vano, & che non era impoſſibile che la ſua ſignora accettaſſe in bona parte il ſervitio di tanti, che pur fauor meritauano, però abbandonata la patria ſi diede in tutto a peregrinar p'el mondo, et ſeguitar l'arme, bramando con ogni induſtria d'acquiſtar ſolamente tanta reputatione nel mondo, che queſta ſua grandiſſima & illuſtriſſima ſignora lo riputaſſe degno d'eſſer ſuo ſervidore, ben che ella giamai al ſuo volere inchinaua E coſſi poco curandoſi d'alcun travaglio & meno temendo alcuno periculo pur che lo conduceſſe ad honore, pel mondo erraua, fin che alla ſpelonca de la Sibilla parimenti arriuò; & trouandoſi la Gandina (come ho gia detto) i duoi amanti cõminciarono apaleſare l'un a l'autro le lor fortune. Onde la donna cercando d'intendere il fine de ſuoi travagli, e'l avagliero non meno ſperando d'haver qual che conforto della ſua ſperanza, ad ambidua la Sibilla coſi riſpoſe: che ſi come per caſo s'erano inſieme quivi ritrouati, coſi non ſi diuiderebbono l'un dal'altro, fin che peruenisſero ad un luogo, dove trouerebbono gli huomini più forti, le donne più belle, il paeſe più fertile, il populo più ricco, la republica più giuſta, & la principeſſa più degna, il che facendo la donna vederebbe cio che piu le contentarebbe, & il Cavagliero udirebbe il ſuo conforto.

Hor, cariſſima e degniſſima Regina, mi conviene (ſenza tacere le voſtre lodi) di me ſteſſo ancora ragionare un poco. Voſtra Majeſtà mi vede male in arneſe, vecchio & de rinze pieno, in queſto cantone dal mondo ſolitario, nondimeno io ſono ſtato Cavagliero ben conſciuto

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& riputato frà i piu valenti del mondo; concio io ſono ſtato in una corte molto famoſa in compagnia di molti degni Cavaglieri, & di donne virtuoſe, la doue la beltà ſe fe innanzi & il deſiderio ſi sforzò di haverne al vittoria. Hora auuẽne che per ſorte amai là una donna veramente degna d'eſſer dall' amore ſteſſo (quando gli foſſe ſtato poſſibile di vederla) amata. Ma ſicome ella era ſopra ogni altra eccellente, coſi era di ſtrane maniere anzi ammirabili. Ella non ſdegnando d'eſſer amata, non era pero mai accoſteuole/ et eſſen do tal volta toccata in varie e nuoue forme ſubito trasformaua, ma in neſſuna tanto horribile (al parer mio) che non pigliaſſi piacer di vederla, e quando tal volta la tocai mi pareva d'eſſer nel paradiſo, e la teneua ſi volontieri che mai la laſciava da me partire, fin che (ahi laſſo mè) in una tigre ultimamente ſi trasfigurò, la quale mi pareua tanto terribile che più toccarla non ardiua, per la qual coſa partitaſi quella, non mi fù mai fortuna poi tanto favoreuole di reuiderla.

Eccoui, ſereniſſima Regina, le mie pene, ma non ſapete ancora i miei altri martirij. Impero che eſſendo ſeparato da quella, che ſopra ogni altra amaua, aſpetando ò mirando mal volontieri ogni altra, io andai in pelegrinagio a Pafos in Cipri, ſperando udir nouelle della mia ſignora, là doue Venere con più grande diuotione è riuerita & tadorata. Eſſend' io adunq. là gionto, & volendo entrare al ſuo tempio ſubito deueni ciecco; ma atonito & aſtupefatto per la ſciagura mia ſenza mia colpa (come io penſaua) auenuta, io mi meſſi in ginochioni dicendo, ô Venere, più bella di tutte le Dee, & da ogni crudeltà, alieniſſima, qual delitto mio tè ha moſſa a tanta indignatione? la ſciocchezza, & preſuntion tua riſpoſe (com'io credo) il ſuo ſacerdote. Io replecai dicendo; Io ho pur in fin dalla giouentù mia hauuto ſempre in prezzo la virtù, & ancor dilettandomi delle lettere ſon ſtato ſempre mai ſeruo d'amore. Riſpoſe il ſacerdote, Venere non vol eſſer ſeruita d'una affettione diviſa et imperfetta: come s'acconcordano le lettre con la bellezza? Biſogna che con tutto 'l ſuo cuore (ouer nulla) ſerua colui, che aqueſta Dea ſerue. E queſto detto mi preſe per gli homeri, e mi ſcacciò fuor del ſuo tempio. Al' hora io con lagrime & con ſoſpiri ſedendo al portico di detta Venere ſupplicai Apolline (che è'il Deo, al quale hauea ſpetial deuotione), di voler hauer compaſſione de lo ſtato mio tanto accerbo. Hor, ſi come le orationi fideli ſono eſau-

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dite in cielo prima che ſian finite in terra, Mercurio mi veñe a confortare dicendo, gli Dei ſono giuſti, benche le donne ſiano ſdegnoſe, e queſta malatia hanno ancor le Dee: come Diana contra Acteone, Pallade contra Arachne, Junone contra Tyreſia, tutte ſono ſtate ſopra modo adirate, coſi parimenti è Venere adeſſo contra de te. La cauſa inſieme col rimedio ti ſia manifeſta in Delfos, dove mi biſogna ſubito tranſportati. Non hebbe ancor finito il ſuo parlare, quando ſubito mi trouai nel Tempio d'Apolline, e là, domandogli qual foſſe il mio delitto, il tuo timore, & non la tua fede, riſpoſe l'oraculo. Che rimedio mi trouerai, diſſ' io Il remedio è la buoniſſima oltre che è beliſſima, diſs'egli. Et queſto detto il Sacerdote mi pigliò per la mano, e mi raccontò, tutta la mia vita paſſata, che donna amauatanto, & come l'hauea perſa: & ripetendomi la fedel mia ſeruitù, & la pura mia intentione, le Varietàde le ſue cõditioni inſieme con la ſua horribile forma, del pouero te, diſſe Mercurio: caro Hemete, le donne di lor natura non ſon crudeli, ecceto ſolamente in apparenza. E quanto a la lor varietà colui, che non vi ſi ſa accomodare; non può Longo tempo compiacerle, n'anche ritenerle. Non è coſa degna di reprehentione. La natura ſteſſa ſi diletta di varietà, quando ſi fa ſenza fraude. Quanto alla tua fedeltà, ella non era aſſai. Impero che i ſerui di Venere deono eſſer non ſolamente di fede pieni, ma ancor di paura voti. Il tuo timore t'hà tolta la tua Signora, & Venere per la tua preſuntione di voler ſenza licenza entrar al ſuo ſacro Tempio ti hà tolto la luce degli occhij.

Hora Apolline ha voluto, ch'io ti narri, che gli Dei per la lor bontà vogliono volontieri riceuere tal volta quelli, che dalle donne ſono ſtati abbandonati, e hanno ancor detto che gli occhij ritirati da piaceri mondani fanno la mente piu attenta ad intendere il bene. Queſta punitione (diſſe) ti ſarà vtile. Venere ſolamente ti potrà torre la felicita d'amore, ma in premio della diuotione, che tù hai ſempre hauuto ad Apolline, egli ti fa gratia di poter predire gli deſtini d'ogni amante, & ancor di acconſigliargli molto meglio che non ſaprà alcun altro a Venere cariſſimo, & oltre a cio ti promette che col tempo la viſta ti ſara reſa: ma cio non t'verrà fatto ſe non quando in

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Al'hora quando colli occhij tu potrai mirare quel che piu t'agrada, ciu è de una donna la piu compiuta d'ogni virtù, di lettere, & di beltà, al hora dico ti ſara reſa la viſta, & queſto ſarà infallibil ſegno, che Apolline non prediſſe mai il falſo. Fra tanto egli è ſtato ancor riſoluto che tu ti ritiri ad un hermitagio, la doue ogni coſa neceſſaria ti ſarà proueduta, & coſi io fui ſubito traſportato a queſto proſſimo monticello, doue molti anni inuernai lontano dalle miſerie, & iniurie del Mondo.

Hora Signora dal' oracolo chiamata la migliore a la piu bella del mondo, e coſi creduta da tutti i immortali, quel che la incantatrice diſſe a Contareno, e tutto quel che a Lorico & Gandina prediſſe la Sibilla, e tutto quel che a mè Apolline promiſe con la voſtra real e felice preſenza è verificato.

I valentiſſimi Cauaglieri Contareno & Lorico han qui combattuto: i fedeliſſimi amanti Lorico & Gandina ſi ſono qui incontrati: et io pouero Hemete (come ben ſa queſto Cauagliere) eſſendo ſtato molti anni cieco ho ricouerato la luce de gli occhij: & tutto queſto è auuenuto per la gran gratia de le voſtre infinite e ſingolari virtù, le quali i boni ammirano, e noi parimenti per obligo riueriamo.

E però io vi voglio preſentare queſte perſone nobili, & me ſteſſo con preghi devotiſſimi per ſeruirui. Ma laſciando gli amanti a lor piaceri, biſogna che prima io ammoniſchi un poco Lorico.

Cavagliere ſta fermo nel tuo propoſito: per che è veramente degno & nobile: imparando da me a non hauer paura et a durare da te ſteſſa ogni fatica: non ti dimenticare che le coſe grandi non ſ'aquiſtano ſenza gran difficultà. Hercule per ſua induſtria e grandiſſimi travagli acquiſtò gloria & per l'amore la morte. Lorico, il tuo fine havrà il ſuo premio al meno riputatione grande, la quale alle donne nobili più piace. Ma per non dar piu faſtidio a voſtra Maeſtà, humilmente vi ſupplico che con la voſtra reale & feliciſſima preſenza honoriate la mia pouera ſtanza, doue deſidero condurui.

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Illuſtriſſima Regina, la mia preſumtione v'ha condotta quà a queſta pouera ſtanza inculta, & manca d'ogni coſa, ſe non di quel che la natura produce, non ui eſſendo neſſuna ſpeſa ſe non ſolamente buona volontà. Ma eſſendo gia venuta l'hora debita delle mie diuotioni (per che i voti non ſi deono per niente rompere) humilmente baſcio le voſtre reali mani, ſemper fidelmente promettendo di porgere humili preghiere a Dio (come per la mia propria vita) che il deſiderio di quelli che vi deſiderano ogni bene e grandezza, non rieſchi loro vano.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

Les bons nouyers ſont (pour leur fruicts) battuz/
des homes ingratz, auxquelz ilz font profit/
mais plus grand bien, pourſuyue leur merit/
car plus fertilz ilz ſont & reveſtuz/
Moy malheureux: le monde ſe'ſbat dez miens
& ſuis ſteril (battú) mon fruict n'eſt riens/

La Fable d'Hemêtes l'Hermite, prononcée devant ſa Maieſté à Woodſtock, 1575.

HOLA, hola, (Chevaliers treſhardis) il faut que la violence ſe rende a vertu, & que voz perilz tant doubteux par un ſecoure treſnoble ſoient finis. Voila le decret imobil des dieux immortelz. Pourtrant ceſſez plus oultre combattre, & me ſuivez, car en ſe faiſant il vous fera entendre choſes bien difficiles a croire, et vous menerai a ce qui plus vous peut complaire.

Et vous (Madame treſbelle) nous accompaignez auſſi, & vous ſera manifeſte que la Sibile vous avoit veritablement prophetizé, et que voz malheurs auront leur fin.

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feſter. Mais devant que vous entendiez la valeur de voz vertus, ne vous deſplaiſe d'eſcouter la varieté de noz avantures.

Il n'y a pas encores long temps que au pays de Cambaye (lequel eſt ſitué bien prez a la bouche de ceſte tres riche riviere qu'on appelle Indus) y avoit un treſpuiſſant Duc qui y regnoit, nommé Occanon, ayant ſeulement une fille heritiere a ſon Roiaume, qui s'apelloit Gandine. Ceſte Dame alors, plus belle que bien fortunée, vivoit long temps bien aimée de ſon pere, et tres aimée de ſon peuple, Mais pour faire voir que la beauté n'eſt tousjours un benefice, & que les grands eſtats n'y ſont point en tout les plus heureux, ſurvient que la belle Gandine, tantoſt de pluſieurs grands & dignes perſonnages deſiré et ſervy avoit deſia gaigné plus grand nombre de competiteurs a ſa beauté qu'elle n'y vouloit, ou a ſon eſtat eſtoit commode. Pour ce que l'amour qui jamais ſe conduit en ordre, n'y fait ſon election ſelon le vouloir d'un autre, avoit desja imobilement conglutinés ſes affections d'aimer un Chevalier aſſez bas de parentage, mais de tres grand valeur, nommé Contarenus, lequel ſur toutes l'aimoit en telle maniere que les deſſeins de pluſieurs autres, bien glorieux, mais moins commodes, a elle eſtoient; et en peu de jours, les flames ſecretes de leurs fantaſies eſtans deſcouvertz, la fumée de leurs vouloirs trop toſt deſcouvroit l'entur au Duc meſme; mais luy diſſimulant ce qu'il vid a l'oeil, et deliberant rompre leurs deſſeins a luy deſpiteux, n'a point encores voulu ou accuſer le Chevalier, ou condamner la fille de leurs amours cachés. Mais il fit un devis (a ſon advis plus ſeur mais a l'iſſue douloureuſe aſſez) de faire partir les deux amants: car par l'aſſiſtance d'une Enchantereſſe treſrenommée pour ſon art il fit prendre le Chevalier, et le hauſant en l'air luy fiſt tranſporter des confins de Cambaye juſques aux rives plus loingtanes de la mer Oceane. Ce devis luy couſte vingt mil eſcus, aſſez grand prix pour la penitence, mais ce ne ſont point des nouvelles que les Princes payent aſſez pour leur vouloirs, et aucunesfois achetent trop cher leur malcontent. Contarenus en ceſte maniere eſtrangement ſeparé d'aveq' ſa treſchere amye, eſtant a ceſt heur extremement douloureux, avoit advis de la meſme Enchantereſſe de ſuporter en patience ceſte punition, quand la neceſſité luy l'avoit impoſé, & ſon deſtin luy l'oſteroit, prometant qu'en moyns de ſept ans il attendroit

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ſon haut deſir en guerdon de ſes travaux, mais que premierement il combattroit le Chevalier plus valeureux et voirroit la Dame de plus grand merite, en tout l'univers. "Cependant (dit-elle) il luy faudroit avoir pour guide un hermite aveugle, lequel a un meſme inſtant le voir avecque ſon contentement retourneroient." Par ainſy elle a la terre l'abandonnoit, & fit ſon recours a l'air. Ores Gandine privée de ce qui eſtoit le plus agreable (je veux dire la compaignie & ſervice de ſon Chevalier) eſtoit incontinent ſurpriſe des malladies qui accompaignent telz deſirs, aſſavoir diffidence, curioſité, & tres grand travail deſpenſiers. Mais a la fin, comme les Princes font bien peu de choſes ſans en faire participer leur conſeil aux autres, & aux heritirs d'une couronne ny faillent jamais ſerviteurs d'eſperance qui ſont tres curieux de leure complaire en toutes choſes, les devis & faitz d'Occanon furent a Gandine plainement advertis & declarez, et le tout entendu. La povre dame diſoit en ſoy meſme, & ſi vaut, il par ainſy? que les Princes n'ont point d'eſgard a la raiſon? bien, dit elle, & la raiſon ne s'en ſoucie pas des Royaumes. Car ny la court d'Occanon, n'encores le pays de Cambaye, me feront oncquez resjouir, quand j'auray perdu mon tres cher amy Contarenus. A Dieu je recommande la patrie malheureuſe enſemble avecque mon pere treſcruel, qui me contraint a ceſte fortune tant amère, et ſeulement pour avoir voulu inviolablement garder ma foy, laquelle ny hauteur d'eſtat, ny peril de mes eures, me feront onquez abandonner. Mais (vivant) je trouveray mon Contarenus quand il ſeroit encores ſur la terre.

Apres ces motz elle pourſuivit incontinent ſes reſolutions, et accompaignée tant ſeulement d'une damoiſelle bien pauvrement veſtue, et ayans proviſion neceſſaire elle ſe convoya ſecretement hors des confins de Cambaye, & apres tres long travaux, ayans paſsé perils incroiables, a la fin elle ſe trouva a la caverne de Sibilla, la ou par avanture elle trouva un Chevalier treſvaillant nommé Loricus,

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un autre preuve, aſſavoir, il fit tout ſemblant de l'eſtimer bien peu nonobſtant la pourſuite continuelle que tout le monde faiſoit, et pour mieux cacher ſa paſſion laquelle il ne ſcavoit aucunement dominer, il faiſoit mine d'avoir choiſy une autre maiſtreſſe; laquelle a la premiere eſtoit tousjours en compaigne; une dame certes aſſez belle, mais bien loing d'eſtre miſe en balance avecque celle la qui de tout ſon cœur il aimoit. A celle nouvelle idole (neantmoins) il fit ſemblant de vouloir entierement ſervir & faire la reverence, et ny falloit point des obſervations qu'a l'amour pertinent. Car il eſtoit (pour le plus) veſtu de ſes couleurs, et portoit ſecretement ſa contrefaict, l'accompaignant plus que nulle autre, comme celuy qui eſtoit tousjours a ſa commande. Mais toutes ces choſes eſtans de la dame nompareille apperceuz, combien qu'elle ne s'en ſouciaſt gueres de ſon chois, encores la chance luy tournoit, a mal-ſeant tellement que par jalouſie elle deſcouvroit ce que l'amour avoit tant caché. Ores Loricus tournant ſa diſpoſition conclud la ſoymeſmes que le peu de ſon vaillant (non pas l'impoſſibilité de fair gaigner ſa dame) l'avoit tousjours mis a rebours, et quel eſtoit courtoiſe aſſez de recevoir en ſervice ceux qui le meriteroient. Pourtant il abandonna ſon pays, et ſe mit entierement en faitz d'armes, deſirant ſur tout que tant ſeulement il pourroit meriter la reputation d'eſtre a ſon commandement, combien qu'elle ne vouloit jamais eſtre ſienne; et par ainſi n'eſpargnant nul travail, ny craignant peril quelconque, il s'en pourmena tout par tout, fin qu'apres grandes journées il arriva a la Caverne de Sibilla, la ou il rencontra la belle Gandine comme deſſus eſt dit, et la deux amants prindrent occaſion de manifeſter (l'un a l'autre) toutes leurs avantures. La dame cherchant ſavoir la fin de ces travaux, et le chevalier d'avoir quelque ſoulas pour mieux maintenir ſon eſpoir; et la Sibille fit telle reſponſe a tous deux, que ſi comme ils eſtoient desja accompaignes, ils ne partiront jamais fin qu'ilz euſſent trouvé un lieu de repos ou la ſeroient trouves les plus fortz, les dames plus belles, la terre plus fertile, le peuple plus riche, le regiment plus juſte, et la princeſſe de plus grand merite. Alors la dame voirroit ce qui plus luy ſeroit agreable, et le Chevalier y entendroit choſes de treſgrand confort. Ores (treſchere et plus digne dame) il me vient treſbien apropos (non impartinent a voz louanges) pour dire quelque choſe de moy meſme. Vous me

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voyez vieillard tout plein de fronces, abject icy, et retiré des autres; mais au temps paſsé j'ay eſté un Chevalier bien congnu et treſrenommé, amy le plus parfait, menant alors ma vie en une Court la ou il y avoit tout plein de Chevaliers et Dames de grand merite. La beauté tenoit la palme qui menoit la dance a leur deſirs, et la il m' avenoit d'aimer une Dame digne certes d'eſtre aymez du meſme Cupid quand il l'euſt ſceu voir. Mais ſi comme elle eſtoit en toute perfection treſexcelente, elle avoit auſſi facons de faire bien eſtrangés; elle ny deſdaignoit point d'eſtre aimée, mais elle eſtoit treſcoye de l'approche. Car n'eſtant que tant ſeulement touchée, ſe transformeroit en pluſieurs formes, nulle forme (pourtant) malſeante a la contentacion.

Ce di-je (a mon advis) que je m'eſtimois au ciel quand je ne l'avois que touchée, et m'eſtoit treſmoing ma reſolution de luy tenir quand je ne l'abandonnois jamais juſque a tant qu'elle ſe transformoit (helas) en une tigre tant terrible que je ne l'ay voulu plus oultre tenir. Et l'ayant par ceſte occaſion remiſe, je ne l'ay ſceu jamais onques revoir. Par ainſi (Madame commencoient mes peines; mais vous ne ſcavez encorez quelle eſtoit ma punition; car eſtant par ce moyen ſeparé d'elle (choſe que ſur toutes autres j'eſtimois) et moins me rejouiſſant de contempler quelque autre, j'entreprenois incontinent un voyage (en habit de pelerin) a l'iſle de Paphos en Cypre, eſperant y entendre quelques nouvelles de ma maiſtreſſe la ou la deeſſe Venus eſtoit en treſgrande reputation. Et y eſtant venu, et tout preſt d'entrer dans le Temple, je me trouvois ſubitement aveuglé. Eſbahy pourtant, a mon malheur, et ny ſachant nullement la cauſe, je me mis a geneus, diſant; "Tu qui es la plus belle entre les deeſſes, et celle qui plus eſt eſlongué de la cruauté, quelle offenſe ay-je commis de te faire tellement offenſé?" "Tes folies et preſumptions, reſpondit (a mon ſcavoir) le preſtre de la dicte deeſſe." "Helaz (di-je) des mon enfance j'ay eu en treſgrand eſtime toutes le vertus, auſſi j'ai prins treſgrand plaiſir en toute ſorte de doctrine, et ay tousjours eſté ſerviteur d'amour." "Mais (dit-il) la deeſſe ny veut point d'affections, ſeparées en parties, les livres ſont malſeants a les propos d'amour, auſſy fault-il qu'il ſoit un homme entier (ou nul) qui ſervira a ma maiſtreſſe." Ce dit, il me print par les eſpaules, & me pouſſa lourde-

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ment hors du Temple. Alors, tout plein de regrets, et ſurchargé de ſouſpirs, je m'aſſeois a la porte, treſhumblement ſuppliant Apollo, mon dieu particulier, d'avoir en commiſeration mon pauvre eſtat. Ores (ſi comme les devotions fideles ſont tousjours entendus & receus premier que parachevées) Mercure me vient a conſoler, diſant, que les dieux ſont tresjuſtes combien que les dames ſont coleriques. " Les deeſſes (dit-il) ſont toutes tres (pour le plus) ſubjectes a ceſte maladie: Dyane avecques Actæon, Palas avecques Arachne, & Juno avecques Tyreſias, ont eſte fort courroucees, pareillement Venus avecques toy maintenant. Mais la cauſe (dit-il) enſemble avecques le remede te ſeront manifeſtees a Delphos, et la il me fault te convoyer tout incontinent." Ces motz a grand peine parachevés, je me trouvois ſubitement dans le temple d'Apollo, et demandant quelle ſeroit mon offenſe, il me fit reſponſe par l'oracle, diſant, " Ton peur, et non pas la purité de ta foy." " Et qui me ſera la remede?" repliquay-je? " La plus bonne, nonobſtant que la plus belle," dit-il. Jointement ſon preſtre me print par la main, et me raconta toute la courſe de ma vie paſſée, quelle elle eſtoit que je tant aimois, et comment je l'avois perdu; et pendant que je luy recitois la fidelitiè de mes ſervices, enſemble avecques l'innocence de mes intentions, les varieties des condicions de ma maiſtreſſe, joinct avecques le terrible regard de ſon dernier metamorphoſe, " Helas, bon Hemêtes, (dit-il) les Dames ſont point crueles ſynon que ſeulement a la mine, et quant a la varieté de leurs conditions, celuy qui ne ſe pourra a elle appliquer et l'endurer il ne luy compaira gueres, n'encores les tiendra long temps, auſſi n'eſt elle pas a blaſmer. La nature meſme aime la varieté quand elle feroit ſans fraude. Ores touchant ton innocence, il n'eſtoit point ſuffiſant; car il fault que les ſerviteurs de Venus n'ayent point tant ſeulement leur foy immuable, mais auſſi qui'ilz ſoient privées de toute peur et crainte. Ta peur t'a fait perdre ta maiſtreſſe, et ta preſumption de vouloir entrer dans le Temple de Venus ſans congé ta fait perdre ton voir. Mais Apollo m'a voulu te faire cognoiſtre que les Dieux ſouventesfois recevrent ceux qui des

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guerdon des devotions que tu as tousjours faits a Apollo, il te fera deſormais ſcavant et deſcyphrer la deſtin des amants, et de pouvoir mieux le conſeiller, que quelq'un de ſes mignons combien gallant qu'il ſoit. Plus oultre il te promiſt qu'avecques le temps tu regaigneras ton voir, mais que cela ne t'adviendra pas juſques que a un meſme inſtant, et en un meſme lieu, dans un pays tresfloriſſant en paix, deux Chevaliers treſhardis combattront, deux amantz tresfideles ſe rencontreront, et la Dame plus vertueuſe de tout l'univers y ſera preſente a tel ſpectacle.

Alors quand tes yeux contempleront ce que ton cœur plus deſire, (aſſavoir) une Dame douée et enrichie des plus grandes vertus, doctrine, et beauté, plus que nulle autre des le commencement, alors (dit-il) tes yeux revoirront, et cela te le fera congnoiſtre tout ce que Apollo predit eſt veritable. Cependant (dit-il) eſt ordonné que tu auras ton habitation en une maiſon d'hermite, la ou tu auras bonne proviſion de toutes choſes neceſſaires." Et ſubitement je me trouvay tranſporté en une petite montaigne cy près, la ou j'ay eſté pluſieurs ans bien eſlongué des miſeres & injures deſquels le monde eſt tout remply. Ores tres bonne et tres belle dame ainſi renommée de par l'oracle, et confirme de par les opinions univerſelles de l'univers, ce que l'Enchantreſſe a Contarenus, Sibilla a Loricus et Gandine, et Apollo a moy avoient predit, de par voſtre preſence tres magnifique eſt verifié. Les Chevaliers tres hardis Contarenus & Loricus ont icy entrebattus, les tresfideles et conſtans amants Loricus et Gandine icy ſe ſont rencontrez. Et quant a moy (pauvre Hemetes) qui ay eſté longtemps aueugle (comme bien ſcait le Chevalier preſent) ſuis a ceſte heure reſtitué a mon voir, et toutes ces choſes ſont accomplies depar voſtre grace et vertu tant honoré des meilleurs, et laquelle nous ſommes tant obligez. Pourtant je vous preſumeray a ceſte heure preſenter ces perſonages treſnobles pour vous complaire en leur ſervice et ma pauvre perſonne pour vous ſervir en oraiſons, et remettant ces amantz & leur delices, il me faut donner conſeil a Loricus en telle maniere. Chevalier, pourſuy ton enterprinſe, car il eſt treſnoble. De par moy tu pourras apprendre de ne jamais craindre, et de par toy-meſme, a eſtre induſtrieux et travaux, ſachant bien que les choſes notables ne ſont jamais ſans grande difficulté parachevées. Hercules

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par ſes labeurs et travaux gaigna ſa renommée, et ſa ruyne par amour. Loricus, a la fin tu ſeras guerdonné, au moins tu gaigneras la reputation; qui aux dames treſnobles eſt plus agreable. Mais j'ay desja trop long temps detenu voſtre patience avecque ce diſcours tant tedieux; pourtant je ſeulement ſuppliray voſtre Majeſte de me faire l'honneur que d'entrer en ma pauvre maiſonnette. Et la je vous conduirai tantoſt. Ces paroles finies, il l'amena en ſon caverne, et y venu, il print ſon congé diſant comme ſ'enſuit:

"Icy (Madame tresnoble) je vous ay amenée en ma treſpauvre maiſon la ou il m'y a point d'art ſynon le naturel, ny de fournitures ſumptueuſes, tant ſeulement y a quelques enſeignes de bon vouloir, mais l'heure approchant de mes oraiſons (la quelle pour choſe quelconque il me fault tousjours obſerver) je vous laiſſeray. Icy promettant de prier Dieu (ſi comme pour mon ame) pour voſtre Majeſté, que ceux quy luy veulent plus grand bien ne le peuvent jamais ſoubhaiter en vain."

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

Epilogiſmus.

ASIGHE ſometymes maye eaſe a ſwellinge harte
As ſoden blaſtes do cleare the clowdye ſkyes
And teares lickwyſe maye ſomewhatt eaſe ſome ſmarte,
As Showers allaye the duſts frome earthe w^ch^ ryſe
For thinges (which byde extremytye) be glade,
To feele the leaſte relyef that may be hade/
Butt as the rayne which dothe enſew ſuch blaſte
From heaven on highe w^th^ greater force dothe fall,
And as the duſte, when little droppes be paſte
Dothe quickly drye, and much encreaſe w^th^ all,
So ſighes and teares, (yf ſoveraigne grace be greeved)
Conſume the harte, whoſe lightes they earſt relieved.

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Good Queene: I compt this Booke a ſighe to be
And everye leafe a teare of trew entennte,
Which (truthe to tell) do ſomewhatt comforte me,
In hope they maye be tane as they be ment.
But if my Queene ſhulde not accept them well,
They kyll his harte, w^ch^ (now) for joye doth ſwell.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

YF God wolde deigne to make a Petrarks heire of me,
The coomlyeſt Queene that ever was my Lawra nedes muſt be.



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The Steele Glas.

A Satyre cōpiled by George Gaſcoigne Eſquire.

Togither with

The Complainte of *Phylomene.*

An Elegie deuiſed by

the ſame Author.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



Printed for Richard Smith.

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To the right honorable his ſingular good Lord the Lord Gray of Wilton, Knight of the moſt honorable order of the Garter, George Gaſcoigne Eſquire wiſheth long life *with encreaſe of honour, according to* his great worthineſſe.

RIGHT honorable, noble, and my ſingular good Lorde, if mine abilitie were any way correſpondent too the iuſt deſires of my hart, I ſhould yet thinke al the ſame vnable to deſerue the leaſt parte of your goodneſſe, in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding curteſy to vſe me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with aſſured aſſiſtance to protect me. All which when I do remēber, yet it ſtirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deſerue it, and that zeale begetteth baſhefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet thoſe dolours reviued the very ſame affection whiche firſte moued in mee the deſire to honour and eſteme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthyneſſe, and therewithal do ſet before mine eyes the loſt time of my youth miſpent, I ſeeme to ſee afarre of, for my comfort, the high and triumphant vertue called *Magnanimitie*, accōpanied with induſtrious diligēce. The firſt doth encourage my faynting harte, and the ſeconde doth beginne already to employ my vnderſtanding, for ahlas, my good Lorde! were not the cordial

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of theſe two pretious Spiceries, the corroſyue of care woulde quickely confounde me.

I haue miſgouerned my youth, I confeſſe it: what ſhall I do then? ſhall I yelde to myſery as a iuſt plague apointed for my portion? Magnanimitie ſaith no, and Induſtrye ſeemeth to be of the very ſame opinion.

I am derided, ſuſpected, accuſed, and condemned: yea, more than that, I am rygorouſly reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore diſpayre? ſhall I yeelde vnto iellouſie? or drowne my dayes in idleneſſe, bycauſe their beginning was bathed in wantonneſſe? Surely, my Lord, the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not ſuffer me, and the delightfulneſſe of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the ſting of Emulation ſpared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with moſt vntrue ſurmyſes? Yea, *Themiſtocles*, when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge hoſt of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulſed from his owne, and conſtrained to ſeeke fauour in the ſight of his late profeſſed enemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was ſuch as neither could aduerſytie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their breſtes any leaſt ſparke of deſire to ſeeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytred, my lorde, I confeſſe, I haue lien ſtreaking me like a lubber when the ſunne did ſhine, and now I ſtriue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I ſtand prinking me in the glaſſe when the crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Ariſtotle ſpent his youth very ryotouſly, and *Plato*, by your leaue, in twenty of his youthful yeares was no leſſe addicted to delight in amorous verſe than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of moral Phyloſophy. What ſhoulde I ſpeake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greateſt Oratours of his time? Theſe examples are ſufficient to proue that by induſtrie and diligence any perfection may be

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attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerſities are eaſye to be endured. And to that ende, my verie good lorde, I do here preſume thus rudely to rehearſe them. For as I can be content to confeſſe the lightneſſe wherewith I haue bene in times paſt worthie to be burdened, ſo would I be gladde if nowe, when I am otherwiſe bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But, alas, my lorde! I am not onely enforced ſtil to carie on my ſhoulders the croſſe of my careleſneſſe, but therewithall I am alſo put to the plonge too prouide new weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe ſuſpects and dangerous detractions. And I finde my ſelfe ſo feeble, and ſo vnable to endure that combat as, were not the cordialles before rehearſed, I ſhould either caſt downe mine armoure and hide myſelfe like a recreãt, or elſe of a malicious ſtubborneſſe ſhould buſie my braines with ſome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerſaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie ſuffer me to become vnhoneſt nor yet can Induſtrie ſee me ſinke in idleneſſe.

For I haue learned in ſacred ſcriptures to heape coles vppon the heade of mine enemie by honeſt dealing; and our ſauiour himſelfe hath encoraged me, ſaying that I ſhal lacke neither workes nor ſeruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

Theſe things I ſay, my ſingular good lorde, do renewe in my troubled minde the ſame affectiõ which firſt moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchſafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be ſo curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof I haue preſumed to preſent your honour with this Satyre, written without rime, but I truſte not without reaſon. And what ſoeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beſeeching the ſame too accept it with as gratious regarde, as you haue in times paſt bene accuſtomed too beholde my trauailes. And, my good Lorde, though the ſkorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe to roſte for their

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conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge ſhal not be abaſhed to cancel the ſentence vniuſtly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongſt my bookes here at my poore houſe in Walkamſtowe, where I praye daylie for ſpeedy aduauncement and continuall proſperitie of your good Lordſhip. Written the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(·.·)

By your honours moſt bownden and wel aſſured
George Gaſcoigne.

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N. R. in commendation

of the Authour and his

workes.

IN rowſing verſe of *Mauors* bloudie raigne
The famous *Greke* and *Miro* did excel,
Graue *Senec* did ſurmounte for Tragike vaine,
Quicke *Epigrams Catullus* wrote as wel,
Archilochus did for *Iambickes* paſſe,
For commicke verſe ſtill *Plautus* peereleſſe was.

In *Elegies* and wanton loue writ laies
Sance peere were *Naſo* and *Tibullus* deemde,
In Satyres ſharpe (as men of mickle praiſe)
Lucilius and *Horace* were eſteemde.
Thus diuers men with diuers vaines did write,
But *Gaſcoigne* doth in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make
I liſt not vaunte, his workes for me ſhal ſay ;
In praiſing him *Timantes* trade I take,
Who when hee ſhould the woful cheare diſplaie
Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile
His daughters death with teares of ſmal auaile ;

Not ſkild to counterſhape his morneful grace,
That men might deeme what art coulde not ſupplie,
Deuiſde with painted vaile to ſhrowde his face.
Like ſorte my pen ſhal Gaſcoignes praiſe diſcrie,
Which wanting grace his graces to rehearſe,
Doth ſhrowde and cloude them thus in ſilent verſe.

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Walter Rawely of the middle
Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glaſſe.

SWETE were the ſauce would pleaſe ech kind of taſt,
The life likewiſe were pure that neuer ſwerued;
For ſpyteful tongs, in cankred ſtomackes plaſte,
Deeme worſt of things which beſt, percaſe, deſerued:
But what for that? this medcine may ſuffyſe
To ſcorne the reſt and ſeke to pleaſe the wiſe.

Though ſundry mindes in ſundry ſorte do deeme,
Yet worthieſt wights yelde prayſe for euery payne,
But enuious braynes do nought or light eſteme
Such ſtately ſteppes as they cannot attaine;
For who ſo reapes renowne aboue the reſt,
With heapes of hate ſhal ſurely be oppreſt.

Wherefore to write my cenſure of this booke,
This Glaſſe of Steele vnpartially doth ſhewe
Abuſes all to ſuch as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high eſtate to lowe,
As for the verſe, who liſt like trade to trye,
I feare me much, ſhal hardly reache ſo high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commẽ-
dation of this worke.

FROM layes of Loue to Satyres ſadde and ſage
Our Poet turnes the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleaſde, the vaine of youthful age
With pleaſant penne employde in louing ryme:
So now he ſeekes the graueſt to delight
With workes of worth much better than they ſhowe.

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This Glaſſe of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
Diſcries the faults as wel of high as lowe.
And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iuſt complaynte,
In ſugred ſounde, doth ſhrowde a ſolempne ſence
Gainſt thoſe whome luſt or murder doth attaynte.
Lo, this we ſee is *Gaſcoignes* good pretence,
To pleaſe al ſorts with his praiſeworthy ſkill:
Then yelde him thanks in ſigne of like good wil.

The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt were vaine, and flattrie were a faulte;
But, truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
The which I ſeeke by ſcience to aſſault,
And ſo to leaue remembrance of my name.
The walles wherof are wondrous hard to clyme,

And much to high for ladders made of ryme.
Then ſince I ſee that rimes can ſeldome reache
Vnto the toppe of ſuch a ſtately Towre
By reaſons force, I meane to make ſome breache
Which yet may helpe my feeble fainting powre,
That ſo at laſt my Muſe might enter in,
And reaſon rule that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre this pamphlet here bewraies
In rymeleſſe verſe which thundreth mighty threates,
And where it findes that vice the wall decayes,
Euen there amaine with ſharpe rebukes it beates.
The worke, thinke I, deſerues an honeſt name,
If not, I fayle to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

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THE STEELE GLAS.

THE Nightingale, whoſe happy noble hart
No dole can daunt nor feareful force affright,
Whoſe chereful voice doth comfort ſaddeſt wights
When ſhe hir ſelf hath little cauſe to ſing,
Whom louers loue bicauſe ſhe plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes alwayes eſteemed much,
And graueſt yeares haue not diſdainde hir notes:
Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife did carue hir pleaſant tong
To couer ſo his owne foule filthy fault.
This worthy bird hath taught my weary Muze
To ſing a ſong, in ſpight of their deſpight
Which worke my woe withouten cauſe or crime,
And make my backe a ladder for their feete
By ſlaundrous ſteppes and ſtayres of tickle talke
To clyme the throne wherin my ſelfe ſhould ſitte.
O *Phylomene*, then helpe me now to chaunt:
And if dead beaſtes or liuing byrdes haue ghoſts
Which can conceiue the cauſe of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes and right is ouertrodde,
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,

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In barrayne verſe to tell a frutefull tale,
A tale, I meane, which may content the mindes
Of learned men and graue Philoſophers.

And you, my Lord, whoſe happe hath heretofore
Bene louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
And yet haue deignde with fauor to forget
The faults of youth which paſt my haſty pen:
And therwithall haue graciouſly vouchſafte
To yeld the reſt much more than they deſervde;
Vouchſafe, lo, now to reade and to peruſe
This rimles verſe which flowes frõ troubled mind;
Synce that the line of that falſe caytife king,
Which rauiſhed fayre *Phylomene* for luſt,
And then cut out hir truſtie tong for hate,
Liues yet, my Lord, which words I weepe to write;
They liue, they liue, alas, the worſe my lucke!
Whoſe greedy luſt, vnbridled from their breſt,
Hath raunged long about the world ſo wyde
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
Whoſe harmeleſſe hart perceivde not their deceipt.

But that my Lord may playnely vnderſtand
The myſteries of all that I do meane,
I am not he whom ſlaunderous tongues haue tolde,
(Falſe tongues in dede, & craftie ſubtile braines!)
To be the man which ment a common ſpoyle
Of louing dames, whoſe eares wold heare my words
Or truſt the tales deuiſed by my pen.
I n'am a man, as ſome do thinke I am,
(Laugh not, good Lord), I am in dede a dame
Or, at the leaſt, a right *Hermaphrodite*

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A paire of twinnes at one ſelfe burden borne,
My ſiſtr' and I into this world were ſent,
My Syſters name was pleaſant *Poeſys*,
Satyrical Poetrye may rightly be called the daughter of ſuch ſymplicitie.
And I my ſelfe had *Satyra* to name,
Whoſe happe was ſuch that in the prime of youth,
A luſty ladde, a ſtately man to ſee,
Brought vp in place where pleaſures did abound,
(I dare not ſay in court for both myne eares,)
Where may be commonly found a meeter woer for pleſant poetry, than vaine Delight?
Beganne to woo my ſiſter, not for wealth
But for hir face was louely to beholde,
And therewithall hir ſpeeche was pleaſant ſtil.
This Nobles name was called *vayne Delight*,
And in his trayne he had a comely crewe
Of guylefull wights: *Falſe ſemblant* was the firſt,
The ſecond man was *Flearing flattery*,
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin,)
Such men do many tymes attend vpon vaine delight.
Then followed them *Detraction* and *Deceite*.
Sym Swaſh did beare a buckler for the firſt,
Falſe witneſſe was the ſeconde ſtemly page,
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
This Galant came vnto my fathers courte
And woed my ſiſter, for ſhe elder was
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt, at leaſt,
Hir pleaſant ſpeech ſurpaſſed mine ſomuch,
That *vayne Delight* to hir adreſt his ſute.
Short tale to make, ſhe gaue a free conſent,
Poetrie married to vaine Delight.
And forth ſhe goeth to be his wedded make,
Entyſt percaſe with gloſſe of gorgeous ſhewe,
Or elſe, perhappes, perſuaded by his peeres,
That conſtant loue had herbord in his breſt,
Such errors growe where ſuch falſe Prophets preach.

How ſo it were, my Syſter likte him wel,
And forth ſhe goeth in Court with him to dwel,
Where when ſhe had ſome yeeres yſoiorned,
And ſaw the world and marked eche mans minde,
A *deepe Deſire* hir louing hart enflamde

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To ſee me ſit by hir in ſeemely wiſe,
That companye might comfort hir ſometimes,
And ſound advice might eaſe hir wearie thoughtes:
And forth with ſpeede, euen at hir firſt requeſt,
Doth *vaine Delight* his haſty courſe direct,
To ſeeke me out his ſayles are fully bent,
And winde was good to bring me to the bowre
Whereas ſhe lay, that mourned dayes and nights
To ſee hir ſelfe ſo matchte and ſo deceivde,
And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet,)
Had me on ſeas ful farre from friendly help,
A ſparke of luſt did kindle in his breſt,
And bad him harke to ſongs of *Satyra*.
I, ſelly ſoule which thought no body harme,
Gan cleere my throte, and ſtraue to ſing my beſt,
Which pleaſde him ſo and ſo enflamde his hart,
That he forgot my ſiſter *Poeſys*,
And rauiſht me to pleaſe his wanton minde.
Not ſo content, when this foule fact was done,
(Yfraught with feare leaſt that I ſhould diſcloſe
His inceſt and his doting darke deſire,)
He cauſde ſtraight wayes the formoſt of his crew
With his compeare to trie me with their tongues:
And when their guiles could not preuaile to winne
My ſimple mynde from tracke of truſtie truth,
Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accuſing me, and ſayde
That I entiſt *Delyght* to loue and luſte.
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
They clapt me faſt in cage of *Myſerie*

Satyrical Poetry is ſomtimes rauiſhed by vayne Delight.

Falſe ſemblant and flatterie can ſeldome beguile ſatirical Poetrie.

The reward of

Not as I ſeemd, a man ſometimes of might,
But womanlike, whoſe teares muſt venge hir harms.
And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
Yet ſhould ſhe ſing a pleaſant note ſometimes:
So haue they deignd by their deuine decrees,
That with the ſtumps of my reproued tong
I may ſometimes *Reprouers* deedes reproue,
And ſing a verſe to make them ſee themſelues.

Note now & compare this allegory to the ſtory of Progne & Philomele.

Then thus I ſing this ſelly ſong by night,
Like *Phylomene*, ſince that the ſhining Sunne
Is now eclypſt which wont to lend me light.

And thus I ſing in corner cloſely cowcht
Like *Philomene*, ſince that the ſtately cowrts
Are now no place for ſuch poore byrds as I.

And thus I ſing with pricke againſt my breſt,
Like *Philomene* ſince that the priuy worme,
Which makes me ſee my reckles youth miſpent,
May well ſuffiſe to keepe me waking ſtill.

And thus I ſing, when pleaſant ſpring begins,
Like *Philomene*, ſince euery ianglyng byrd
Which ſqueaketh loude, ſhall neuer triumph ſo,
As though my muze were mute and durſt not ſing.

And thus I ſing with harmeleſſe true intent,
Like *Philomene*, when as percaſe, meane while,
The Cuckowe ſuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the ſweet which might haue fed me firſt.

And thus I meane in mournfull wiſe to ſing
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde,)
A truſtie tune from auncient clyffes conueyed,
A playne ſong note, which cannot warble well.

Here the ſubſtance of the theame beginneth.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world,
Wherin I ſee howe euery kind of man
Can flatter ſtill, and yet deceiues himſelfe,

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I ſeeme to muſe from whence ſuch errour ſprings,
Such groſſe cõceits, ſuch miſtes of darke miſtake,
Such *Surcuydry*, ſuch weening ouer well,
And yet in dede ſuch dealings too too badde.
And as I ſtretch my weary wittes to weighe
The cauſe therof, and whence it ſhould proceede,
My battred braynes, which now be ſhrewdly bruſde
With cañon ſhot of much miſgouernmẽt,
Can ſpye no cauſe but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke the world goeth ſtil awry.

I ſee and ſigh, bycauſe it makes me ſadde,
That peuiſhe pryde doth al the world poſſeſſe,
And euery wight will haue a looking glaſſe
To ſee himſelfe, yet ſo he ſeeth him not:
Yea, ſhal I ſay? a glaſſe of common glaſſe,
Which gliſtreth bright and ſhewes a ſeemely ſhew,
Is not enough; the days are paſt and gon
That Berral glaſſe, with foyles of louely brown,
Might ſerue to ſhew a ſeemely fauord face.
That age is deade, and vaniſht long ago,
Which thought that ſteele both truſty was and true,
And needed not a foyle of contraries,
But ſhewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In ſteade whereof our curious yeares can finde
The chriſtal glas, which glimſeth braue & bright,
And ſhewes the thing much better than it is,
Beguylde with foyles of ſundry ſubtil ſights,
So that they ſeeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cauſe beleue me now, my Lorde,
That Realmes do rewe from high proſperity,
That kings decline from princely gouernment,
That Lords do lacke their aunceſtors good wil,
That knights conſume their patrimonie ſtill,
That gentlemen do make the merchant riſe,
That plowmen begge and crafteſmen cãnot thriue,

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That clergie quayles and hath ſmal reuerence,
That laymen liue by mouing miſchiefe ſtil,
That courtiers thriue at latter Lammas day,
That officers can ſcarce enrich their heyres,
That Souldiours ſterue or prech at Tiborne croſſe,
That lawyers buye and purchaſe deadly hate,
That merchants clyme and fal againe as faſt,
That royſters brag aboue their betters rome,
That ſicophants are counted iolly gueſts,
That *Lais* leades a Ladies life alofte,
And *Lucrece* lurkes with ſobre baſhful grace.

This is the cauſe, or elſe my Muze miſtakes,
That things are thought which neuer yet were wrought,
And caſtels buylt aboue in lofty ſkies,
Which neuer yet had good foundation.
And that the ſame may ſeme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue preſumde my Lord for to preſent
With this poore glaſſe, which is of truſtie Steele,
And came to me by wil and teſtament
Of one that was a Glaſſemaker in deede.

A famous old ſatyrical Poete.

Lucylius this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death bequeathd the chriſtal glaſſe
To ſuch as loue to ſeme but not to be,
And vnto thoſe that loue to ſee themſelues,
How foule or fayre ſoeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath a glaſſe of truſtie Steele,
Wherin they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycauſe it ſhewes all things in their degree.
And ſince myſelfe, now pride of youth is paſt,
Do loue to be, and let al ſeeming paſſe:
Since I deſire to ſee my ſelfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or ſhould,
Therfore I like this truſtie glaſſe of Steele.

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Wherin I ſee a frolike fauor frounſt
With foule abuſe of lawleſſe luſt in youth:
Wherin I ſee a *Sampſons* grim regarde
Diſgraced yet with *Alexanders* bearde:
Wherein I ſee a corps of comely ſhape,
And ſuch as might beſeeme the courte full wel,
Is caſt at heele by courting al to ſoone:
Wherein I ſee a quicke capacitye
Berayde with blots of light Inconſtancie:
An age ſuſpect bycauſe of youthes miſdeedes.
A poets brayne poſſeſt with layes of loue:
A *Cæſars* minde and yet a *Codrus* might,
A Souldiours hart ſuppreſt with feareful doomes:
A Philoſopher fooliſhly fordone.
And to be playne, I ſee my ſelfe ſo playne,
And yet ſo much vnlike that moſt I ſeemde,
As were it not that Reaſon ruleth me,
I ſhould in rage this face of mine deface,
And caſt this corps downe headlong in diſpaire,
Bycauſe it is ſo farre vnlike it ſelfe.

The auc-thor him-ſelfe.

Alexãder magnus had but a ſmal beard.

He which will rebuke other mens faults, ſhal do wel not to forget hys owne im-perfectiõs.

And therwithal to comfort me againe,
I ſee a world of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with policy ſo rulde
As neither lawes are ſold nor iuſtice bought,
Nor riches ſought, vnleſſe it be by right.
No crueltie nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge doth rayſe rebellion,
No ſpoyles are tane, although the ſword preuaile,
No ryot ſpends the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard the countries treaſure vp,
No man growes riche by ſubtilty nor ſleight:
All people dreade the magiſtrates decree,
And al men feare the ſcourge of mighty Ioue.
Lo this, my lord, may wel deſerue the name
Of ſuch a lande as milke and hony flowes.

Common welth.

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And this I ſee within my glaſſe of Steel
Set forth euen ſo by *Solon*, worthy wight,
Who taught king *Cræſus* what it is to ſeme
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
Did ſet to ſhew by viewe of this my glaſſe,
And left the ſame a mirour to behold
To euery prince of his poſterity.

Common woe.

But now, aye me! the glaſing chriſtal glaſſe
Doth make vs thinke that realmes and townes are rych
Where fauor ſways the ſentence of the law,
Where al is fiſhe that cometh to the net,
Where mighty power doth ouer rule the right,
Where iniuries do foſter ſecret grudge,
Where bloudy ſword maks euery booty prize,
Where banquetting is compted comly coſt,
Where officers grow rich by princes pens,
Where purchaſe cõmes by couyn and deceit,
And no man dreads but he that cannot ſhift,
Nor none ſerue God but only tongtide men.

Againe I ſee within my glaſſe of Steele
But foure eſtates to ſerue eche country Soyle,
The King, the Knight, the Peſant, & the Prieſt.
The King ſhould care for al the ſubiectes ſtill,
The Knight ſhould fight for to defende the ſame,
The Peaſant he ſhould labor for their eaſe,
And Prieſts ſhuld pray for thẽ & for thẽſelues.

But out alas, ſuch miſts do bleare our eyes,
And chriſtal gloſſe doth gliſter ſo therwith,
Kings. That Kings cõceiue their care is wonderous great,
When as they beat their buſie reſtles braynes
To maintaine pompe and high triumphant fights, 1
To fede their fil of daintie delicates, 2
To glad their harts with ſight of pleaſant ſports, 3

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To fil their eares with ſound of inſtruments, 4
To breake with bit the hot coragious horſe, 5
To deck their haules with ſumpteous cloth of gold, 6
To cloth themſelues with ſilkes of ſtraunge deuiſe, 7
To ſearch the rocks for pearles & pretious ſtones, 8
To delue the ground for mines of gliſtering gold: 9
And neuer care to maynteine peace and reſt,
To yeld reliefe where needy lacke appears,
To ſtop one eare vntil the poore man ſpeake,
To ſeme to ſleepe when Iuſtice ſtill doth wake,
To gard their lands from ſodaine ſword and fier,
To feare the cries of giltles ſuckling babes,
Whoſe ghoſts may cal for vẽgeance on their bloud,
And ſtirre the wrath of mightie thundring Ioue.

I ſpeake not this by any engliſh king,
Nor by our Queene, whoſe high forſight prouids
That dyre debate is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turne my tale from whence it came,
In olden dayes good kings and worthy dukes,
Who ſawe themſelues in glaſſe of truſty Steele,
Contented were with pompes of little pryce,
And ſet their thoughtes on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did floriſh moſt, Valerii max. lib. 2. cap. 3.
That no man might triumph in ſtately wiſe
But ſuch as had, with blowes of bloudy blade,
Fiue thouſand foes in foughten field foredone.
Now he that likes to loke in Chriſtal glaſſe
May ſee proud pomps in high triumphant wiſe,
Where neuer blowe was delt with enemie.

When *Sergius* deuiſed firſt the meane
To pen vp fiſhe within the ſwelling floud,

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And euery diſh was chargde with new conceits
To pleaſe the taſte of vncontented mindes.
But had he ſeene the ſtreine of ſtraunge deuiſe
Which *Epicures* do now adayes inuent
To yeld good ſmacke vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue how princes paunch is fillde
With ſecret cauſe of ſickeneſſe oft vnſeene,
Whiles luſt deſires much more than nature craues,
Then would he ſay that al the Romane coſt
Was common traſh compard to ſundrie Sauce
Which princes vſe to pamper Appetite.

O Chriſtal Glaſſe, thou ſetteſt things to ſhew,
Which are, God knoweth, of little worth in dede.
All eyes behold, with eagre deepe deſire, 3
The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his courſe,
The bayted Bul and Beare at ſtately ſtake,
Theſe Enterluds, theſe newe Italian ſportes,
And euery gawde that glads the minde of man:
But fewe regard their needy neighbours lacke,
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen ne yet the paines of hel:
Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on luſt.

A ſwete conſent of Muſicks ſacred ſound 4
Doth rayſe our mindes, as rapt, al vp on high,
But ſweeter ſoundes of concorde, peace and loue
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery ſtoppe.

To toſſe and turne the ſturdie trampling ſtede, 5
To bridle him, and make him meete to ſerue,

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The ſumpteous houſe declares the princes ſtate, 6
But vaine exceſſe bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbaſt hoſe, our treble double ruffes, 7
Our ſutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit ſilke ſtockes and ſpaniſh lether ſhoes,
(Yea, veluet ſerues ofttimes to trample in,)
Our plumes, our ſpangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking ſpurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And ſnares (vnſeen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which ſpurne at gliſtring perle, 8
And ſcorne the coſts which we do holde ſo deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerleſſe truth amongſt them publiſhed,
Which we enioy and neuer wey the worth.
They would not then the ſame, like vs, deſpiſe,
Which though they lacke, they liue in better wiſe
Than we, which holde the worthles pearle ſo deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde
Til gredy mindes gan ſearch the very guts
Of earth and clay to finde out ſundrie moulds,
As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and ſiluer, mettals of miſchiefe,
Hath now enflamde the nobleſt Princes harts
With fouleſt fire of filthy Auarice,
And ſeldome ſeene that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds which their forefathers left:
What cauſeth this but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is the very cauſe of warres,
The neaſt of ſtrife and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen and open way to hel.

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The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content with that which is his own.
Yet none of theſe can ſee in Chriſtal glaſſe,
Which gliſtereth bright & bleares their gaſing eyes,
How euery life beares with him his diſeaſe.
But in my glaſſe, which is of truſtie ſteele,
I can perceiue how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordſhip liues with lots of leſſe delight,
(Though cappe and knee do ſeeme a reuerence,
And courtlike life is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coaſt.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherleſſe
With pig and gooſe, with mutton, beefe and veale,
Yea now and then a capon and a chicke,
Wil breake vp houſe and dwel in market townes
A loytring life, and like an *Epicure*.

But who meane while defends the cōmon welth?
Who rules the flocke, when ſheperds ſo are fled?
Who ſtayes the ſtaff, which ſhuld vphold the ſtate?
Forſoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay, rather leapes both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the roſt: but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights! O Squires! O Gentle blouds yborne!
You were not borne al onely for your ſelues:
Your countrie claymes ſome part of al your paines:
There ſhould you liue, and therin ſhould you toyle
To hold vp right and baniſh cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To puniſh vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
To ſee God ſervde, and *Belzebub* ſuppreſt.
You ſhould not truſt lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them ſway the ſcepter of your charge,

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Whiles you, meane while, know ſcarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld accōpt if you were callde.

The ſtately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey
To pilling, polling, brybing and deceit:
(Al which his preſence might haue pacified,
Or elſe haue made offenders ſmel the ſmoke.)
And now the youth which might haue ſerued him
In comely wiſe, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to ſeke aduance,
Is faine to ſell his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or elſe ſits ſtill and liueth like a loute,
(Yet of theſe two the laſt fault is the leſſe.)
And ſo thoſe imps which might in time haue ſprong
Alofte, good lord, and ſervde to ſhielde the ſtate,
Are either nipt with ſuch vntimely froſts,
Or elſe growe crookt, bycauſe they be not proynd.

Theſe be the Knights which ſhold defend the lād,
And theſe be they which leaue the land at large.
Yet here, percaſe, it wilbe thought I roue
And runne aſtray beſides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell,
And ſuch as ſhew moſt perfect in my glaſſe,
Is ment no more but worthy Souldiours
Whoſe ſkil in armes and long experience
Should ſtill vphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes, out of doubt, this noble name of Knight
May cōprehend both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight, Squire,
Yea, gentlemen and euery gentle borne.

But if you wil conſtraine me for to ſpeake
What ſouldiours are, or what they ought to be,
And I my ſelfe of that profeſſion,

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Soldiours.

I ſee a crew which gliſter in my glaſſe,
The braueſt bande that euer yet was ſene:
Behold, behold, where *Pompey* cõmes before,
Where *Manlius* and *Marius* inſue,
Æmilius and *Curius* I ſee,
Palamedes and *Fabius maximus*,
And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Proteſilaus and *Phocyon* are not farre,
Pericles ſtands in rancke amongſt the reſt,
Ariſtomenes may not be forgot
Vnleſſe the liſt of good men be diſgraſt.

Behold, my lord, theſe ſouldiours can I ſpie
Within my glaſſe, within my true Steele glaſſe.

Couetous Soldiours.

I ſee not one therin which ſeekes to heape
A world of pence by pinching of dead paye
And ſo beguiles the prince in time of nede,
When muſter day and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey *did enrich the common heaps,*
And Paulus *he* (Æmilius *ſurnamed*)
Returnde to Rome *no richer than he went,*
Although he had ſo many lands ſubdued,
And brought ſuch treaſure to the cõmõ cheſts.
That fourſcore yeres the ſtate was (*after*) *free*
From greuous taſke and impoſition.
Yea, ſince again good Marcus Curius
Thought ſacriledge himſelfe for to aduaunce
And ſee his ſouldiours pore or liue in lacke.

Soldiours more braue thẽ valiaunt.

I ſee not one within this glaſſe of mine
Whoſe fethers flaunt and flicker in the winde,
As though he were all onely to be markt,
When ſimple ſnakes, which go not halfe ſo gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride of all his peacockes plumes
Is daunted downe with daſtard dreadfulneſſe.

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And yet in towne he ietted euery ſtreete,
As though the god of warres, euen *Mars* himſelf,
Might wel, by him, be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like the coward *Conſtãtine.*
I ſee none ſuch (my Lorde) I ſee none ſuch,
Since Phocion, *which was in deede a* Mars
And one which did much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, *whoſe conſtant hart could bide*
The very vaines of his forwearied legges
To be both cut and carued from his corps,
Could neuer yet contented be to ſpend
One idle groate in clothing nor in cates.

I ſee not one, my Lord, I ſee not one
Which ſtands ſomuch vpon his paynted ſheath,
Bycauſe he hath, perchaunce, at *Bolleyn* bene
And loytered ſince then in idleneſſe,
That he accompts no Soldiour but himſelfe,
Nor one that can deſpiſe the learned brayne
Which ioyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes *and* Vliſſes *both*
Were much eſteemed for their pollicies,
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas *eke was much eſteemde*
Whoſe Eloquence was ſuch in all reſpects
As gaue no place vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, *ſurnamed* Maximus,
Could ioyne ſuch learning with experience
As made his name more famous than the reſt.

Soldiours who, for their own long continuance in ſeruice, do ſeeme to deſpiſe all other of latter time, and eſpecially ſuch as are learned.

Theſe bloudy beaſts apeare not in my glaſſe,
Which cannot rule their ſword in furious rage,
Nor haue reſpecte to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al where they get vpper hand.
Whoſe greedy harts ſo hungrie are to ſpoyle,
That few regard the very wrath of God,

Soldiours ouer cruel without any regard.

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Which greeued is at cries of giltleſſe bloud.
Pericles *was a famous man of warre*
And victor eke in nine great foughten fields,
Whereof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce
In clemencie than bloudy victorie.
Be ſtill (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
Who whiſpered and tolde his valiant facts,
You haue forgot, my greateſt glorie got.
For yet by me nor mine occaſion
Was neuer ſene a mourning garmēt worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ!
Beleue me (Lord) a ſouldiour cannot haue
Too great regarde wheron his knife ſhould cut.

Braggers and ſuch as boaſt of their wounds.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
And ſhewe their ſcarres to euery commer by,
Dare once be ſeene within my glaſſe of Steele,
For ſo the faults of *Thraſo* and his trayne,
Whom *Terence* told to be but bragging brutes,
Might ſone appeare to euery ſkilful eye.
Bolde Manlius *could cloſe and wel conuey*
Ful thirtie wounds and three upon his head,
Yet neuer made nor bones nor bragges therof.

Drunken and lecherous ſoldiours.

What ſhould I ſpeake of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde which fight for filthy luſt?
Of whom that one can ſit and bybbe his fil,
Conſume his coyne, which might good corage yeld
To ſuch as march and moue at his commaunde.

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And ſo becoms example of much euil,
Which ſhould haue ſervde as lanterne of good life:
And is controlde wheras he ſhould commaund.
Auguſtus Cæſar, he which might haue made
Both feaſts and banquets brauely as the beſt,
Was yet content in campe with homely cates,
And ſeldome dranke his wine vnwatered.
Ariſtomenes dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather choſe to die in their defence
Then filthy men ſhould foyle their chaſtitie:
This was a wight wel worthy fame and prayſe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
Behold my glaſſe, and you ſhall ſee therin
Proud *Craſſus* bagges conſumde by couetiſe,
Great *Alexander* drounde in drunkenneſſe,
Cæſar and *Pompey* ſplit with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild with lightneſſe of beliefe,
Cleômenes by ryot not regarded,
Veſpaſian diſdayned for deceit,
Demetrius light ſet by for his luſt,
Whereby at laſt he dyed in priſon pent.

Hereto, percaſe, ſome one man will alledge
That Princes pence are purſed vp ſo cloſe,
And faires do fall ſo ſeldome in a yeare,
That when they come, prouiſion muſt be made
To fende the froſt in hardeſt winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaſſe of mine,
Iuſtinian, that proude vngrateful prince
Which made to begge bold *Beliſarius*
His truſtie man, which had ſo ſtoutly fought
In his defence with evry enimy.
And *Scypio* condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which ſuffred him (that had ſo truely ſerued)

Vngrateful Princes.

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To leade pore life at his *Lynternum* ferme,
Which did deſerue ſuch worthy recompence.
Yea, herewithal moſt Souldiours of our time:
Beleeue for truth that proude *Iuſtinian*
Did neuer die without good ſtore of heyres,
And *Romanes* race cannot be rooted out,
Such yſſewe ſprings of ſuch vnpleſant budds.

What euery ſoldiour ſhould be in time of peace.

But ſhal I ſay? this leſſon learne of me:
When drums are dumb, and ſoũd not dub a dub,
Then be thou eke as mewet as a mayde
(I preach this ſermon but to ſouldiours),
And learne to liue within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer pul thee by the ſleeue
For ſutes of ſilke when cloth may ſerue thy turne,
Let not thy ſcores come robbe thy needy purſe,
Make not the catchpol rich by thine arreſt.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
Which wil be glad thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may with manners well agree.

Art thou a ſeruing man? then ſerue againe,
And ſtint to ſteale as common ſouldiours do.

Art thou a craftſman? take thee to thine arte,
And caſt off ſlouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman preſſed for a ſhift?
Then learne to clout thine old caſt cobled ſhoes,
And rather bide at home with barly bread,
Than learne to ſpoyle as thou haſt ſeene ſome do.

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Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long,
Bycauſe he bare ſuch compaſſe in my glaſſe.
High time were then to turne my wery pen
Vnto the Peaſant comming next in place.
And here, to write the ſumme of my conceit,
I do not meane alonely huſbandmen
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and ſowe,
Which ſwinke and ſweate, whiles we do ſleepe and ſnort
And ſerch the guts of earth for greedy gain,
But he that labors any kind of way — Peaſants.
To gather gaines, and to enrich himſelfe
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Prieſts,
And al the reſt that liue in common welth,
So that his gaines by greedy guyles be got,
Him can I compt a Peaſant in his place. — Strange Peaſants.
Al officers, all aduocates at lawe,
Al men of arte which get goodes greedily,
Muſt be content to take a Peaſants rome.

A ſtrange deuiſe, and ſure my Lord wil laugh
To ſee it ſo deſgeſted in degrees;
But he which can in office drudge and droy,
And craue of al, although euen now a dayes
Moſt officers commaund that ſhuld be cravde: — Officers.
He that can ſhare from euery pention payde
A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke ſir *Bennet* by the ſleeue,
And finde a fee in his pluralitie,
He that can winke at any foule abuſe,
As long as gaines come trouling in therwith,
Shal ſuch come ſee themſelues in this my glaſſe?
Or ſhal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea, let them come: but ſhal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes be gathred in the backe
With organe pipes of old king *Henries* clampe,
How ere their cappes be folded with a flappe,

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How ere their beards be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worſe thā harmeles homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede to ſerue our common vſe.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet their one eye ſharpe as *Linceus* ſight,
That one eye winks as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peekes in euery place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amiſſe?
He ſhal be ſure to drinke vpon the whippe.
But priuie gaine, that bribing buſie wretch,
Can finde the meanes to creepe and cowch ſo low,
As officers can neuer ſee him ſlyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his ſtealing ſteppes:
He comes, I thinke, vpon the blinde ſide ſtil.

Theſe things, my Lord, my glaſſe now ſets to ſhew,
Whereas long ſince all officers were ſeene
To be men made out of another moulde.
Epamynond, of whome I ſpake before,
Which was long time an officer in *Thebes*,
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
Would neuer take or bribe or rich reward.
And thus he ſpake to ſuch as ſought his helpe:
If it be good, quoth he, that you deſire,
Then wil I do it for the vertues ſake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
If ſo it be, for this my common weale
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
To ſee it done withouten furder words.
But if it be vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Vnto the ſtate which I pretende to ſtay,
Then al the gold, quoth he, that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt my free conſent thereto.

There are to few ſuch officers.

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How many now wil treade *Zeleucus* ſteps?
Or who can byde *Cambyſes* cruel dome?
Cruel? nay, juſt, (yea, ſofte and peace, good ſir,)
For Iuſtice ſleepes and Troth is ieſted out.

O that al kings would, *Alexander* like, False Iudges.
Hold euermore one finger ſtreight ſtretcht out
To thruſt in eyes of all their maſter theeues.

But *Brutus* died without poſteritie,
And *Marcus Craſſus* had none iſſue male;
Cicero ſlipt vnſene out of this world,
With many mo which pleaded romaine pleas, Aduocats.
And were content to vſe their eloquence
In maintenance of matters that were good.
Demoſthenes in *Athens* vſde his arte,
Not for to heape himſelfe great hourds of gold,
But ſtil to ſtay the towne from deepe deceite
Of *Philips* wyles, which had beſieged it.
Where ſhal we reade that any of theſe foure
Did euer pleade, as careleſſe of the trial?
Or who can ſay they builded ſumpteouſly?
Or wroong the weake out of his own by wyles?
They were, I trowe, of noble houſes borne,
And yet content to vſe their beſt deuoire
In furdering eche honeſt harmeleſſe cauſe.
They did not rowte, like rude vnringed ſwine,
To roote nobilitie from heritage.
They ſtoode content with gaine of glorious fame,
Bycauſe they had reſpect to equitie,
To leade a life like true Philoſophers.
Of all the briſtle bearded Aduocates
That euer lovde their fees aboue the cauſe,
I cannot ſee ſcarce one that is ſo bolde
To ſhewe his face and fayned Phiſnomie
In this my glaſſe: but if he do, my Lorde,
He ſhewes himſelfe to be by very kinde

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A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
To do ſmal right, but ſure to take no wrong.

Merchãts. And maſter Merchant, he whoſe trauaile ought
Commodiouſly to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle the ſame for to enriche,
Can finde the meane to make *Monopolyes*
Of euery ware that is accompted ſtrange.
And feeds the vaine of courtiers vaine deſires
Vntil the court haue courtiers caſt at heele,
Quia non habent veſtes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whoſe harebrainde heads muſt haue
More clothes attones than might become a king,
For whom the rocks in forain Realmes muſt ſpin,
For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes,
For whom no wool appeareth fine enough,
(I ſpeake not this by engliſh courtiers,
Since engliſh wool was euer thought moſt worth,)
For whom al ſeas are toſſed to and fro,
For whom theſe purples come from *Perſia*,
The crimoſine and liuely red from *Inde:*
For whom ſoft ſilks do ſayle from *Sericane*,
And all queint coſts do come from fardeſt coaſts:
Auguſt. 9. Whiles in meane while that worthy Emperour
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and his niepces euerychone,
To ſpin and worke the clothes that he ſhuld weare,
And neuer carde for ſilks or ſumpteous coſt,
For cloth of gold or tinſel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
He ſet the ſhippes of merchantmen on worke
With bringing home oyle, graine, and ſavrie ſalt
And ſuch like wares as ſerued common vſe.

Yea, for my life, thoſe merchants were not woont
To lend their wares at reaſonable rate,

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To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,
To teach yong men the trade to ſel browne paper,
Yea, Morrice bells, and byllets too ſometimes,
To make their coyne a net to catch yong frye.
To binde ſuch babes in father Derbies bands,
To ſtay their ſteps by ſtatute Staples ſtaffe,
To rule yong royſters with *Recogniſance*,
To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day
In Woodſtreat, Bredſtreat, and in Pultery,
Where ſuch ſchoolmaiſters keepe their counting houſe,
To fede on bones, whē fleſh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds ful cloſe in caytiues cage,
Who being brought to libertie at large,
Might ſing perchaunce abroade, when ſunne doth ſhine,
Of their miſhaps, & how their fethers fel,
Vntill the canker may their corpſe conſume.

Theſe knackes, my lord, I cannot cal to minde,
Bycauſe they ſhewe not in my glaſſe of ſteele.
But holla: here, I ſee a wondrous ſight,
I ſee a ſwarme of Saints within my glaſſe:
Beholde, behold, I ſee a ſwarme in deede
Of holy Saints which walke in comely wiſe,
Not deckt in robes nor garniſhed with gold,
But ſome vnſhod, yea ſome ful thinly clothde,
And yet they ſeme ſo heauenly for to ſee,
As if their eyes were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
Their comly beards and heare of ſiluer wiers.
And to be ſhort, they ſeeme Angelycall.
What ſhould they be, my Lord, what ſhould they be?

O gratious God, I ſee now what they be.
Theſe be my prieſts, which pray for evry ſtate,
Theſe be my prieſts, deuorced from the world, Prieſt.
And wedded yet to heauen and holyneſſe,
Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche,

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Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
Which enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all luſt, diſdayning drunkēneſſe,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocriſie,
Which neuer ſawe Sir *Simonies* deceits,
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
Which thũder threts of gods moſt greuous wrath,
And yet do teach that mercie is in ſtore.

Lo, theſe, my Lord, be my good praying prieſts,
Deſcended from *Melchyſedec* by line,
Coſens to Paule, to Peter, James, and Iohn,
Theſe be my prieſts, the ſeaſning of the earth,
Which wil not leeſe their Savrineſſe, I trowe.

Not one of theſe, for twentie hundreth groats,
Wil teach the text that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine;

Not one of theſe wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid all greedy vſurie,
And yet receiue a ſhilling for a pounde;

Not one of theſe wil preach of patience,
And yet be found as angry as a waſpe;

Not one of theſe can be content to ſit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouſes all day,
But ſpends his time deuoutly at his booke;

Not one of theſe wil rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted with extortion;

Not one of theſe wil paint out worldly pride,
And he himſelfe as gallaunt as he dare;

Not one of theſe rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth proude pluralities;

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Not one of theſe reproueth vanitie,
Whiles he him ſelfe, with hauke vpon his fiſt
And houndes at heele, doth quite forget his text;

Not one of theſe corrects contentions
For trifling things, and yet will ſue for tythes;

Not one of theſe, not one of theſe, my Lord,
Wil be aſhamde to do euen as he teacheth.

My prieſts haue learnt to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they truſt not in their lyplabour.

My prieſts can faſt and vſe al abſtinence
From vice and ſinne, and yet refuſe no meats.

My prieſts can giue in charitable wiſe,
And loue alſo to do good almes dedes,
Although they truſt not in their owne deſerts.

My prieſtes can place all penaunce in the hart,
Without regard of outward ceremonies.

My prieſts can keepe their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie all Superſtition.

Lo now, my Lorde, what thinke you by my prieſts?
Although they were the laſt that ſhewed thẽſelues,
I ſaide at firſt their office was to pray,
And ſince the time is ſuch euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth, my prieſts, and I wil bydde your beades:
I wil preſume, although I be no prieſt,
To bidde you pray as Paule and Peter prayde.

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And that he deigne to ende this wicked world,
Which walloweth ſtil in Sinks of filthy ſinne.

For Princes.

Eke pray, my prieſts, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all eſtates,
Which ſway the ſworde of royal gouernment,
Of whõ our Queene, which liues without compare,
Muſt be the chiefe in bydding of my beades,
Elſe I deſerue to leſe both beades and bones:
That God giue light vnto their noble mindes
To maintaine truth, and therwith ſtil to wey
That here they reigne not onely for themſelues,
And that they be but ſlaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles and all their broken ſleeps
Shal ſcant ſuffize to hold it ſtil vpright.

Tell ſome in *Spaine* how cloſe they kepe their cloſets,
How ſelde the winde doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as, mene while, their sũburnt ſutours ſterue
And pine before their proceſſe be preferrde.
Thẽ pray, my prieſts, that god wil giue his grace
To ſuch a prince his fault in time to mende.

Tel ſome in *Frãce* how much they loue to dance,
While ſutours daunce attendaunce at the dore;
Yet pray, my prieſts; for prayers princes mende.

Tel ſome in *Portugale* how colde they be
In ſetting forth of right religion:
Which more eſteme the preſent pleaſures here
Then ſtabliſhing of God his holy worde;
And pray, my Prieſts, leaſt god ſuch princes ſpit,
And vomit them out of his angrie mouth.

Tel ſome *Italian* princes how they winke
At ſtinking ſtewes, and ſay they are, forſooth,
A remedy to quench foule filthy luſte,
When as, in dede, they be the ſinkes of ſinne.

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And pray, my prieſts, that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts vnto ſuch princes charge,
When he himſelfe commaundeth euery man
To do none ill that good may growe therby.

For al nobilitie and counſelors.

And pray likewiſe for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magiſtrates, al councellours, and all
That ſit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, my prieſts, that neither loue nor mede
Do ſway their minds from furdering of right,
That they be not too ſaintiſh nor too ſowre,
But beare the bridle euenly betwene both,
That ſtil they ſtoppe one eare to heare him ſpeake,
Which is accuſed, abſent as he is:
That euermore they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes the information,
That faults forpaſte ſo that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed the bonds of loyaltie,
Do neuer quench their charitable minde,
When as they ſee repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne aſtray.
That malice make no manſion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete to ſee how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory ſure,
If deeds mainteine their aunceſtors degree.

For the Clergie.

Eke pray, my Prieſts, for thē and for yourſelues,
For Biſhops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Prieſts,
And al that preach or otherwiſe profeſſe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of ſoules.
Pray, pray that you and euery one of you
May walke vpright in your vocation;

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For why my glaſſe wil ſhew them as they be,
Do neither care for God nor yet for deuill,
So libertie may launch about at large.

And ſome again (I ſee them wel enough,
And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke,)
Vnder pretence of holy humble harts,
Would plucke adowne al princely *Dyademe.*
Pray, pray, my prieſts, for theſe, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to ſay that ſome do, Romainelike,
Eſteme their pall and habyte ouermuche.
And therfore pray, my prieſts, leſt pride preuaile.

Pray that the ſoules of ſundrie damned goſts
Do not come in and bring good euidence
Before the God which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of ſome whoſe welth made thẽ neglect their charge,
Til ſecret ſinnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a ſcab, which brought the ſhep to bane.

Some other ranne before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde vnfended from the fox,
Which durſt not barke nor bawle for both theyr eares.
Then pray, my prieſts, that ſuch no more do ſo.

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Vniuerſities,
(And *Cantabridge* ſhal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wiſe:
For all learned. That *Philoſophy* ſmel no ſecret ſmoke,
Which *Magike* makes in wicked myſteries:
That *Logike* leape not ouer euery ſtile

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And ſuch as be *Hiſtoriographers*
Truſt not to much in euery tatlyng tong,
Nor blynded be by partialitie.
That *Phiſicke* thriue not ouer faſt by murder;
That *Numbring* men, in al their euens and odds
Do not forget that only *Vnitie*
Vnmeaſurable, infinite, and one.
That *Geometrie* meaſure not ſo long
Til all their meaſures out of meaſure be;
That *Muſike* with his heauenly harmonie
Do not allure a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor ſet mens thoughts in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot;
That *Rhetorick* learne not to ouerreache;
That *Poetrie* preſume not for to preache
And bite mens faults with *Satyres* coroſiues,
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteſſes;
Or that ſhe dote not vppon *Erato*,
Which ſhould inuoke the good *Caliope;*
That *Aſtrologie* looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit;
That *Grammer* grudge not at our engliſh tong,
Bycauſe it ſtands by *Monoſyllaba*,
And cannot be declind as others are.
Pray thus, my prieſts, for vniuerſities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte
Which hath bene taught or exerciſed there,
Pray you to god the good be not abuſde
With glorious ſhewe of ouerloding ſkill.

Now theſe be paſt, my prieſts, yet ſhal you pray
For common people, eche in his degree,
That God vouchſafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where ſhould I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who ſhal firſt be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,

For the Cõinaltie.

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I cannot ſee who beſt deſerues the roome.
Stãd forth, good *Peerce*, thou plowmã by thy name,
Yet ſo the Sayler ſaith I do him wrong:
That one contends his paines are without peare,
That other ſaith that none be like to his;
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But ſince I ſee no ſhipman that can liue
Without the plough, and yet I many ſee
Which liue by lande, that neuer ſawe the ſeas:
Therfore I ſay, ſtand forth *Peerce* plowman firſt,
Thou winſt the roome by verie worthineſſe.

The plowman.

Behold him, prieſts, & though he ſtink of ſweat
Diſdaine him not: for ſhal I tel you what?
Such clime to heauen before the ſhauen crownes.
But how? forſooth, with true humilytie.
Not that they hoord their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they ſet debate betwene their lords,
By earing vp the balks that part their bounds;
Nor for becauſe they can both crowche & creep,
The guilefulſt men that euer God yet made,
When as they meane moſt miſchiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can crie out on landelordes lowde,
And ſay they racke their rents an ace to high,
When they themſelues do ſel their landlords lãbe
For greater price then ewe was wont be worth.
I ſee you, *Peerce*, my glaſſe was lately ſcowrde.
But for they feed with frutes of their gret paines

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And if you haue a *Paternoſter* ſpare,
Then ſhal you pray for Saylers (God them ſend
More mind of him when as they come to lande,
For towarde ſhipwracke many men can pray,)
That they once learne to ſpeake without a lye,
And meane good faith without blaſpheming othes;
That they forget to ſteale from euery fraight,
And for to forge falſe cockets, free to paſſe;
That māners make them giue their betters place,
And vſe good words though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks my prieſts begin to frowne,
And ſay, that thus they ſhal be ouerchargde
To pray for al which ſeme to do amiſſe:
And one I heare more ſaucie than the reſt,
Which aſketh me, when ſhal our prayers end?
I tel thee, prieſt, when ſhoomakers make ſhoes
That are wel ſowed, with neuer a ſtitch amiſſe,
And vſe no crafte in vttring of the ſame;
When Taylours ſteale no ſtuffe from gentlemen,
When Tanners are with Corriers wel agreede,
And both ſo dreſſe their hydes that we go dry;
when Cutlers leaue to ſel olde ruſtie blades,
And hide no crackes with ſoder nor deceit:
when tinkers make no more holes thā they founde,
when thatchers thinke their wages worth their worke,
when colliers put no duſt into their ſacks,
when maltemen make vs drinke no firmentie,
when Dauie Diker diggs and dallies not,
when ſmithes ſhoo horſes as they would be ſhod,
when millers toll not with a golden thumbe,
whē bakers make not barme beare price of wheat,
when brewers put no bagage in their beere,
when butchers blowe not ouer al their fleſhe,
when horſecorſers beguile no friends with Iades,
when weauers weight is found in huſwiues web.

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(But why dwel I ſo long among theſe lowts?)
When mercers make more bones to ſwere and lye,
When vintners mix no water with their wine,
When printers paſſe none errours in their bookes,
When hatters vſe to bye none olde caſt robes,
Whē goldſmithes get no gains by ſodred crownes,
When vpholſters ſel fethers without duſt,
When pewterers infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale al wounds without delay:
(Tuſh! theſe are toys, but yet my glas ſheweth al.)

When purveyours prouide not for themſelues,
When Takers take no brybes nor vſe no brags,
When cuſtomers conceale no covine vſde,
When Sea[r]chers ſee al corners in a ſhippe,
(And ſpie no pens by any ſight they ſee)
When ſhriues do ſerue al proceſſe as they ought,
When baylifes ſtrain none other thing but ſtrays,
When auditours their counters cannot change,
When proude ſurueyours take no parting pens,
When Siluer ſticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers pay as they receiue,
When al theſe folke haue quite forgotten fraude.

Againe, my prieſts, a little by your leaue:
When Sicophants can finde no place in courte,
But are eſpied for *Ecchoes* as they are,
When royſters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte by ſwearing precious coles;
When Fencers fees are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe;
When *Lays* liues not like a ladies peare,

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Euen then, my prieſts, may you make holyday,
And pray no more but ordinarie prayers.

And yet therin I pray you, my good prieſts,
Pray ſtil for me and for my Glaſſe of ſteele,
That it nor I do any minde offend,
Bycauſe we ſhew all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that ſince my hap is ſuch
To ſee men ſo, I may perceiue myſelfe.
O worthy words to ende my worthleſſe verſe,
Pray for me, Prieſts, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



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EPILOGVS.

ALAS (my lord) my haſt was al to hote,
I ſhut my glaſſe before you gaſde your fill,
And at a glimſe my ſeely ſelfe haue ſpied
A ſtranger trowpe than any yet were ſene:
Beholde, my lorde, what monſters muſter here,
With Angels face and harmefull heliſh harts,
With ſmyling lookes and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender ſkinnes and ſtony cruel mindes,
With ſtealing ſteppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer ſtande content
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks with bodkins & with braids,
But dye their heare with ſundry ſubtill ſleights,
But paint and ſlicke til fayreſt face be foule,
But bumbaſt, bolſter, friſle, and perfume.
They marre with muſke the balme which nature made,
And dig for death in dellicateſt diſhes.
The yonger ſorte come pyping on apace
In whiſtles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught the birds for whom they bryded:
The elder ſorte go ſtately ſtalking on,
And on their backs they beare both land and fee,
Caſtles and Towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordſhips and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What ſhould theſe be? ſpeake you, my louely lord?
They be not men: for why they haue no beards;
They be no boyes which weare ſuch ſide lõg gowns;
They be no Gods for al their gallant gloſſe;
They be no diuels, I trow, which ſeme ſo faintiſh;

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What be they? women maſking in mens weedes?
With dutchkin dublets and with Ierkins iaggde?
With Spaniſh ſpangs and ruffes fet out of France,
With high copt hattes and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be ſo ſure euen *Wo* to *Men* in dede.
Nay then, my lorde, let ſhut the glaſſe apace:
High time it were for my pore Muſe to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
Which euer yet this wretched world poſſeſt,
Cannot deſcribe this Sex in colours dewe,
No no (my Lorde) we gaſed haue inough,
And I too much, God pardon me therfore;
Better loke of than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glaſſe do like my louely lorde,
We wil eſpie ſome ſunny Sommers day
To loke againe, and ſee ſome ſemely ſights.
Mean while my Muſe right hũbly doth beſech
That my good lorde accept this ventrous verſe,
Vntil my braines may better ſtuffe deuiſe.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

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The complaynt of Phylomene.

An Elegye compyled by *George Gaſcoigne* Eſquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

IMPRINTED AT *London by Henrie Binne-*man, for Richarde Smith.

Anno Domini 1576.

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To the right honorable, my ſinguler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of Wilton, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter.

RYGHT noble, when I had determined with myſelf to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glaſſe*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my caſe to that of fayre *Phylomene* abuſed by the bloudy king hir brother by lawe, I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares paſt I had begonne an *Elegye* or ſorrowefull ſong called the Complainte of *Phylomene*, the which I began too deuiſe riding by the high way betwene Chelmisford and London, and being ouertaken with a ſodaine daſh of Raine, I changed my copy, and ſtroke ouer into the *Deprofundis*, which is placed amongſt my other *Poeſies*, leuing the cõplaint of *Phylomene* vnfiniſhed; and ſo it hath continued euer ſince vntil this preſent moneth of April, 1575, whē I begonne my *Steele Glaſſe*. And bycauſe I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glaſſe* begonne with the Nightingales notes, therfore I haue not thought amiſſe now to finiſh & pece vp the ſaide *Cõplaint* of *Philomene*, obſeruing neuertheleſſe the ſame determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is ſaide) twelue yeeres nowe paſt. The which I preſume with the reſt to preſent vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the ſame wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder beſeche that your lordſhip wil voutſafe in reading therof to geſſe (by change of ſtyle) where the renewing of the verſe may bee moſt apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with theſe rude lines, but beſech of the almightie long to

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PHILOMENE.

IN ſweet April, the meſſēger to May,
When hoonie drops do melt in golden ſhowres,
When euery byrde records hir louers lay,
And weſterne windes do foſter forth our floures,
Late in an euen I walked out alone
To heare the deſcant of the Nightingale,
And as I ſtoode I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus ſhe tolde hir tale.

Theſe thriftles birds (quoth ſhe) which ſpend the day
In nedleſſe notes, and chaunt withouten ſkil,
Are coſtly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, wherof they feede their fil.
But I which ſpend the darke and dreadful night
In watch & ward whē thoſe birds take their reſt,
Forpine my ſelfe that Louers might delight
To heare the notes which breake out of my breſte.
I leade a life to pleaſe the Louers minde,
And though god wot my foode be light of charge,
Yet, ſeely ſoule that can no fauour finde,
I begge my breade, and ſeke for ſeedes at large.
The Throſtle, ſhe which makes the wood to ring
With ſhryching lowde, that lothſome is to heare,
Is coſtly kept in cage: O wondrous thing!

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The Mauis eke, whoſe notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good ſooth, quoth ſhe, ſometimes I wepe
To ſee Tom Tyttimouſe ſo much ſet by.
The Finche, which ſingeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aſwel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke they ſing alofte,
And coumpted are as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet ſaith, for ſinging ſweete and ſofte,
In hir conceit there is none ſuch as ſhe.
Canara byrds come in to beare the bell,
And Goldfinches do hope to get the gole:
The tatling Awbe doth pleaſe ſome fancie wel,
And ſome like beſt the byrde as Blacke as cole.
And yet could I, if ſo it were my minde,
For harmony ſet al theſe babes to ſchole,
And ſing ſuch notes as might in euery kinde
Diſgrace them quight, & make their corage coole.
But ſhould I ſo? no, no, ſo wil I not.
Let brutiſh beaſts heare ſuch brute birds as thoſe;
For like to like the prouerbe ſaith, I wot.
And ſhould I then my cunning ſkil diſcloſe?
For ſuch vnkinde as let the cukowe flye
To ſucke mine eggs, whiles I ſit in the thicke?
And rather praiſe the chattring of a pye
Than hir that ſings with breſt againſt a pricke?
Nay let them go to marke the cuckowes talke,
The iangling Iay, for that becomes them wel.
And in the ſilent night then let them walke
To heare the Owle, how ſhe doth ſhryche and yel.
And from henceforth I wil no more conſtraine
My pleaſant voice to ſounde at their requeſt.
But ſhrowd my ſelfe in darkeſome night & raine,
And learne to cowche ful cloſe vpon my neaſt.
Yet if I chaunce at any time, percaſe,
To ſing a note or twaine for my diſporte,
It ſhalbe done in ſome ſuch ſecret place

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That fewe or none may thervnto reſorte.
Theſe flatterers in loue which falſhood meane,
Not once aproch to heare my pleaſant ſong.
But ſuch as true and ſtedfaſt louers bene,
Let them come neare, for elſe they do me wrong.
And as I geſſe, not many miles from hence
There ſtands a ſquire with pangs of ſorrow preſt,
For whom I dare auowe in his defence
He is as true in Loue as is the beſt.

Him wil I cheare with chaunting al this night:
And with that word ſhe gan to cleare hir throate.
But ſuch a liuely ſong, now by this light
Yet neuer hearde I ſuch another note.
It was (thought me) ſo pleaſant and ſo plaine,
Orphæus harpe was neuer halfe ſo ſweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus ſhe gan to plaine
Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue.

Hir ſecond note was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,*
And that ſhe did in pleaſant wiſe repeate,
With ſweete reports of heauenly harmonie;
But yet it ſeemd hir gripes of griefe were greate;
For when ſhe had ſo ſoong and taken breath,
Then ſhould you heare hir heauy hart ſo throbbe,
As though it had bene ouercome with death,
And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and ſobbe,

She ſhewed great ſkil for tunes of vniſone,
Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug,* in griefe had ſuch a grace.
Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
And ere that paſt not ful a furlong ſpace
She gan againe in melodie to melt,
And many a note ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
Yet can I not, although my hart ſhould ſwelt,
Remember al which hir ſweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note I noted with the reſt,

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And that ſaide thus: *Nêmeſis, Nêmeſis,*
The which me thought came boldly from hir breſt,
As though ſhe blamde therby ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir ſinging ſounded ſo,
And pleaſde mine eares with ſuch varietie
That, quite forgetting all the wearie wo
Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie,
I ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
Wiſhing in hart that, ſince I might aduante
Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt,
I might therwith one furder fauor craue,
To vnderſtand what hir ſwete notes might meane.
And in that thought (my whole deſire to haue)
I fell on ſleepe as I on ſtaffe did leane.
And in my ſlomber had I ſuch a ſight,
As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
Me thought I ſawe a derling of delight,
A ſtately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde,
Whoſe glittring gite ſo glimſed in mine eyes,
As yet I not what proper hew it bare,
Ne therewithal my wits can wel deuiſe
To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
But trueth to tel, for al hir ſmyling cheere
She caſt ſometimes a grieuous frowning glance,
As who would ſay: by this it may appeare
That *Iuſt reuenge* is *Preſt for euery chance,*
In hir right hand, which to and fro did ſhake,
She bare a ſkourge, with many a knottie ſtring,
And in hir left a ſnaffle Bit or brake,
Beboſt with gold, and many a gingling ring:
She came apace, and ſtately did ſhe ſtay,
And whiles I ſeemd amazed very much,
The courteous dame theſe words to me did ſay:
Sir Squire, quoth ſhe, ſince thy deſire is ſuch,

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To vnderſtande the notes of *Phylomene*,
(For ſo ſhe hight whom thou calſt Nightingale,)
And what the ſounde of euery note might meane,
Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers
Of ſuch as craue without a craftie wil,
With fauor eke they furder ſuch affaires
As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
And ſince thy words were grounded on deſire,
Wherby much good and little harme can growe,
They graunted haue the thing thou didſt require,
And louingly haue ſent me here bylowe
To paraphraſe the piteous pleaſant notes
Which *Phylomene* doth darkely ſpend in ſpring,
For he that wel *Dan Naſoes* verſes notes,
Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
Giue eare, ſir Squire, quoth ſhe, and I wil tel
Both what ſhe was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.

IN *Athens* reignde ſomtimes
A king of worthy fame,
Who kept in courte a ſtately traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane ſuch fruts as make mẽ thinke
They lye in fortunes lappe),

Then had his golden giftes

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But ſmyling lucke bewitcht
This peereleſſe Prince to thinke
That poyſon cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleaſant drinke.

And kinde became ſo kind
That he two daughters had
Of bewtie ſuch & ſo well giuen,
As made their father gladde.

See, ſee, how higheſt harmes
Do lurke in ripeſt Ioyes,
How couertly doth ſorow ſhrowde
In trymmeſt worldely toyes.

Theſe iewels of his ioy
Became his cauſe of care,
And bewtie was the guileful bayte
Which caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
Bycauſe he came of kings,
(So weddings made for worldly welth
Do ſeme triumphant things,)

Was thought a worthy matche
Pandyons heire to wedde,
Whoſe eldeſt daughter choſen was
To ſerue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
And ſhe by whom I meane
To tell this woful *Tragedie*
Was called *Phylomene.*

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
The feaſting done and paſt,
To *Thrace* with his new wedded ſpouſe
He turneth at the laſt.

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Where many dayes in mirth
And iolytie they ſpent,
Both ſatisfied with deepe delight
And cloyde with al content.

¶ At laſt the dame deſirde
Hir ſiſter for to ſee,
Such coles of kindely loue did ſeme
Within hir breſt to be.

She praies hir Lorde of grace,
He graunts to hir requeſt,
And hoiſt vp ſaile, to ſeke the coaſte
Where *Phylomene* doth reſt.

He paſt the foming ſeas,
And findes the pleaſant porte
Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
To King *Pandyons* court.

There louingly receivde,
And welcomde by the king,
He ſhewde the cauſe which thither then
Did his ambaſſade bring.

His father him embraſt,
His ſiſter kiſt his cheeke,
In al the court his comming was
Reioyſt of euerie Greeke.

O ſee the ſweete deceit
Which blindeth worldly wits,
How common peoples loue by lumpes,
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wiſe

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¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of ſiſters helth
Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil, perhappes,
Enflamde hir haughtie harte
To get more grace by crūmes of coſt,
And princke it out hir parte.

Whom he no ſooner ſawe
(I meane this *Thracian* prince)
But ſtreight therwith his fancies fume
All reaſon did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde
Might kindle rotten reeds,
Euen ſo hir looke a ſecret flame
Within his boſome breedes.

He thinks al leyſure long
Til he with hir were gone,
And hir he makes to moue the mirth
Which after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
And if he cravde too much,
He then excuſde him ſelfe, and ſaide
That *Prognes* words were ſuch.

His teares confirmed all:
Teares like to ſiſters teares,
As who ſhuld ſay, by theſe fewe drops
Thy ſiſters griefe appeares.

So finely could he faine,

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Yea *Phylomene* ſet forth
The force of his requeſt,
And cravde with ſighes hir fathers leaue
To be hir ſiſters gueſt.

And hoong about his necke
And collingly him kiſt,
And for hir welth did ſeke the woe
Wherof ſhe little wiſt.

Meane while ſtoode *Tereus*
Beholding their affectes
And made thoſe pricks for his deſire
A ſpurre in al reſpects.

And wiſht himſelfe hir ſire
When ſhe hir ſire embraſt,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chaſt.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
The powre for to denay
His own deare child & ſonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles
To thanke him on hir knee,
Suppoſing that for good ſucceſſe
Which hardeſt happe muſt be.

But, leaſt my tale ſeeme long,
Their ſhipping is preparde;
And to the ſhore this aged Greeke
Ful princely did them guard.

There, melting into mone,

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Your ſiſter ſeemes likewiſe
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, & *Tereus* here
The ſelfe ſame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withſtande
So many deepe deſires,
But this, quoth he, remember al
Your father you requires;

And thee, my ſonne of *Thrace*,
I conſtantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
And al that ſeemeth ſure,

That father-like thou fende
My daughter deare from ſcathe,
And ſince I counte al leaſure long,
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou, my *Phylomene*,
Quoth he, come ſoone againe,
Thy ſiſters abſence puts thy ſyre
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kiſt hir cheeke,
And ſent a ſecond kiſſe
For *Prognes* part, and bathde with teares
His daughter doth he bliſſe.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand
For token of his truth,
Who rather laught his teares to ſcorn,
Than wept with him for ruth.

The ſayles are fully ſpredde,
And winds did ſerue at will,
And forth this traitour king conueies
His praie in priſon ſtill.

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Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud
Conceale his filthy fyre:
Hey, Victorie, quoth he, my ſhippe
Is fraught with my deſire.

Wherewith he fixt his eyes
Vppon hir fearefull face,
And ſtil behelde hir geſtures all,
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a ſide,
But like the cruel catte
Which, gloating, caſteth many a glãce
Vpon the ſelly ratte.

¶ Why hold I long diſcourſe?
They now are come on lande,
And forth of ſhip the feareful wenche
He leadeth by the hande

Vnto a ſelly ſhrowde,
A ſheepecote cloſely builte
Amid the woodds, where many a lãb
Their guiltleſſe bloud had ſpilte:

There (like a lambe) ſhe ſtoode,
And aſkte with trimbling voice,
Where *Progne* was, whoſe only ſight
Might make hir to reioyce.

Wherewith this caytife king
His luſt in lewdneſſe lapt,
And with his filthy fraude ful faſt
This ſimple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
Vnbridling blinde deſire,
And ment of hir chaſt minde to make
A fewel for his fire.

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And al alone, alone,
With force he hir ſuppreſt,
And made hir yelde the wicked weede
Whoſe flowre he liked beſt.

What could the virgine doe?
She could not runne away,
Whoſe forward feete his harmfull hands
With furious force did ſtay.

Ahlas, what ſhould ſhe fight?
Fewe women win by fight:
Hir weapõs were but weake, god knows,
And he was much of might.

It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And ſtil before hir feareful face
Hir cruel foe did ſtande.

And yet ſhe, weeping, cride
Vppon hir ſiſters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers, oh!
Whoſe facte did foyle hir fame.

And on the Gods ſhe calde
For helpe in hir diſtreſſe,
But al in vaine: he wrought his wil,
Whoſe luſt was not the leſſe.

¶ The filthie fact once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greete,
And there ſhe ſat much like a birde
New ſcapte from falcons feete.

Whoſe blood embrues hir ſelfe,

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At laſt when hart came home,
Diſcheveld as ſhe ſate,
With hands vphelde ſhe tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful ſtate.

O *Barbrous* blood, quoth ſhe,
By *Barbarous* deeds diſgraſt,
Coulde no kinde coale nor pitties ſparke
Within thy breſt be plaſte?

Could not my fathers heſts,
Nor my moſt ruthful teares,
My maydenhoode, nor thine owne yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares?

Could not my ſiſters loue
Once quench thy filthy luſt?
Thou foilſt vs al and eke thy ſelfe,
We griev'd and thou vniuſt.

By thee I haue defilde
My deareſt ſiſters bedde,
By thee I compt the life but loſt
Which too too long I ledde.

By thee (thou *Bigamus!*)
Our fathers griefe muſt growe,
Who daughters twain (& two too much)
Vppon thee did beſtowe.

But ſince my faulte, thy facte,
My fathers iuſt offence,
My ſiſters wrong, with my reproche
I cannot ſo diſpence,

If any Gods be good,
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou ſhalt be paide againe.

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And, wicked, doe thy wurſt,
Thou canſt no more but kil:
And oh that death, before this gilte,
Had ouercome my will!

Then might my ſoule beneath
Haue triumpht yet and ſaide,
That though I died diſcontent,
I livde and dide a mayde.

¶ Herewith hir ſwelling ſobbes
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thraciã* tyrant there
To heare theſe words did walke.

And ſkornefully he caſt
At hir a frowning glaunce,
Which made the mayde to ſtriue for ſpech,
And ſtertling from hir traunce,

¶ I wil reuenge, quoth ſhe,
For here I ſhake off ſhame,
And wil my ſelfe bewray this facte
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickeſt throngs,
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor ſo.

If I in deſerts dwel,
The woods my words ſhal heare,
The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witneſſe with me beare.

I will ſo fil the ayre
With noyſe of this thine acte,

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¶ Theſe words amazde the king,
Conſcience with choller ſtraue,
But rage ſo rackte his reſtles thought,
That now he gan to raue.

And from his ſheath a knife
Ful deſpratly he drawes,
Wherwith he cut the guiltleſſe tong
Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
The tong that tolde but truthe,
The tong that movde him to be mad,
And ſhould haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with ſpight
This truſtie tongue he caſt,
Whoſe roote, and it (to wreake this wrõg)
Did wagge yet wondrous faſt.

So ſtirres the ſerpents taile
When it is cut in twaine,
And ſo it ſeemes that weakeſt willes
By words would eaſe their paine.

I bluſh to tell this tale,
But ſure beſt books ſay this:
That yet the butcher did not bluſh
Hir bloudy mouth to kiſſe.

And ofte hir bulke embraſt,
And ofter quencht the fire

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Burſt out in bitter teares,
And ſayde the dame was dead,
And falſly tolde what wery life
Hir father for hir ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene caſt off
Hir gold and gorgeous weede,
And dreſt in dole, bewailde hir death,
Whom ſhe thought dead in deede.

A ſepulchre ſhe builds
(But for a liuing corſe),
And praide the gods on ſiſters ſoule
To take a iuſt remorſe:

And offred ſacrifice
To all the powers aboue.
Ah, traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
This was true force of loue!

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
Twelue yeeres in order due
And twelue times euery flowre and plant
Their liueries did renew,

Whiles *Philomene* full cloſe
In ſhepcote ſtil was clapt,
Enforſt to bide by ſtonie walles
Which faſt in hold hir hapt.

And as thoſe walles forbadde
Hir feete by flight to ſcape,
So was hir tong by knife reſtrainde
For to reueale this rape.

No remedie remaynde

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And *Miſerie*, amongſt
Tenne thouſand miſchieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practiſes,
As proofe makes men to knowe.

With curious needle worke
A garment gan ſhe make,
Wherin ſhe wrote what bale ſhe bode,
And al for bewties ſake.

This garment gan ſhe giue
To truſtie Seruants hande,
Who ſtreight cõueid it to the queen
Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

When *Progne* red the writ,
(A wondrous tale to tell)
She kept it cloſe: though malice made
Hir venging hart to ſwell.

And did deferre the deede,
Til time and place might ſerue,
But in hir minde a ſharpe reuenge
She fully did reſerue.

O ſilence ſeldome ſeene,
That women counſell keepe,
The cauſe was this, ſhe wakt hir wits
And lullde hir tong on ſleepe.

I ſpeake againſt my ſex,
So haue I done before,
But truth is truth, and muſte be tolde

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
With ſworde hir ſelfe doth arme,
With wreathes of vines about hir browes
And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
Hir handmaides following faſt,
Vntil with haſtie ſteppes ſhe founde
The ſhepecote at the laſt.

There howling out aloude,
As *Bacchus* prieſts do crie,
She brake the dores, and found the place
Where *Philomene* did lye.

And toke hir out by force
And dreſt hir *Bacchus* like,
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
(For being knowen by like).

And brought hir to hir houſe,
But when the wretch it knewe
That now againe ſhe was ſo neere
To *Tereus* vntrue,

She trembled eft for dreade,
And lookt like aſhes pale;
But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
Set ſilence al to ſale,

And tooke the garments off,
Diſcouering firſt hir face,
And ſiſter-like did louingly
Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There ſhe, by ſhame abaſht,
Held downe hir weeping eyes,
As who ſhould ſay: Thy right by me
Is refte in wrongful wife.

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And down on ground ſhe falles,
Which ground ſhe kiſt hir fill,
As witneſſe that the filthie facte
Was done againſt hir wil.

And caſt hir hands to heauen,
In ſteede of tong to tell,
What violence the lecher vſde,
And howe hee did hir quell.

Wherewith the Queene brake off
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
And ſware with ſworde (no teares) to venge
The crafte of this conſtrainte.

Or if, quoth ſhe, there bee
Some other meane more ſure,
More ſtearne, more ſtoute than naked ſword,
Some miſchiefe to procure,

I ſweare by al the Gods
I ſhall the ſame embrace,
To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
Vppon the king of *Thrace.*

Ne will I ſpare to ſpende
My life in ſiſters cauſe,
In ſiſters? ah what ſaide I wretch?
My wrong ſhall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
With al the princes pelfe,
And in the midſt of flaming fire
Wil caſte the king him ſelfe.

I wil ſcrat out thoſe eyes
That taught him firſt to luſt,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte:
Oh, that reuenge were iuſt.

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Or let me carue with knife
The wicked Inſtrument
Wherewith he thee and me abuſde
(I am to miſchiefe bent.)

Or ſleeping let me ſeeke
To ſende the ſoule to hel,
Whoſe barbarous bones for filthy force
Did ſeeme to beare the bel.

¶ Theſe words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little ſonne came leaping in,
Which *Ytis* had to name.

Whoſe preſence could not pleaſe
For, vewing well his face,
Ah, wretch, quoth ſhe, how like he groweth
Vnto his fathers grace.

And therwithal reſolvde
A rare reuenge in deede
Wheron to thinke withoutē words
My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
And cheerefully did ſmile,
And hung about his mothers necke
With eaſie weight therewhile,

And kiſt (as children vſe)
His angrie mothers cheeke,
Hir minde was movde to much remorce,
And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could ſhe teares refrayne,
But wept againſt hir will,
Such tender rewth of innocence
Hir cruell moode did kill.

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At laſt (ſo furie wrought)
Within hir breſt ſhe felt
That too much pitie made hir minde
Too womanlike to melt,

And ſaw hir ſiſter ſit
With heauy harte and cheere,
And now on hir, and then on him,
Full lowringly did leare,

Into theſe words ſhe bruſt,
(Quoth ſhe) why flatters he?
And why againe, with tong cut out,
So ſadly ſitteth ſhee?

He, mother, mother, calles,
She ſiſter cannot ſay,
That one in earneſt doth lament,
That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line, quoth ſhe,
Remember ſtil your race,
And neuer marke the ſubtil ſhewes
Of any Soule in *Thrace.*

You ſhould degenerate,
If right reuenge you ſlake,
More right reuenge can neuer bee
Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
Al miſchiefe vnder ſkies,
Were pietie compard to that
Which *Tereus* did deuiſe.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
But (*Tygrelike*) ſhe toke
The little boy ful boiſtrouſly,
Who now for terror quooke,

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And (crauing mothers helpe,)
She (mother) toke a blade,
And in hir ſonnes ſmal tender hart
An open wound ſhe made.

The cruel dede diſpatcht,
Betwene the ſiſters twaine
They tore in peces quarterly
The corps which they had ſlaine.

Some part they hoong on hooks,
The reſt they laide to fire,
And on the table cauſed it
Be ſet before the fire.

And counterfaite a cauſe
(As *Grecians* order then)
That at ſuch feaſts (but onely one)
They might abide no men.

He, knowing not their crafte,
Sat downe alone to eate,
And hungerly his owne warme bloud
Deuoured there for meate.

His ouerſight was ſuch,
That he for *Itis* ſent,
Whoſe murdered members in his mawe
He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then
Hir ioy of griefe could hide,
The thing thou ſeekſt, ò wretch, quoth ſhe,
Within thee doth abide.

Wherwith he waxing wroth

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And clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
Wherwith ſhe then was cladde,
In fathers boſom caſt the head
Of *Itis*, ſelly ladde:

Nor euer in hir life
Had more deſire to ſpeake
Thā now: wherby hir madding mood
Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince ſtert vp,
Whoſe hart did boyle in breſt,
To feele the foode, and ſee the ſawce
Which he could not digeſt.

And, armed as he was,
He followed both the *Greekes*
On whom, by ſmarte of ſword and flame,
A ſharpe reuenge he ſekes.

But when the heauenly benche
Theſe bloudie deedes did ſee,
And found that bloud ſtil couits bloud
And ſo none ende could be,

They then by their forſight
Thought meete to ſtinte the ſtrife,
And ſo reſtraind the murdring king
From ſiſter and from wife.

So that by their decree
The yongeſt daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly
A cloiſter life ſhe ledde.

And yet to eaſe hir woe,
She worthily can ſing,
And as thou hearſt, cā pleaſe the eares
Of many men in ſpring.

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The eldeſt dame and wife
A Swallowe was aſſignde,
And builds in ſmoky chimney toppes
And flies againſt the winde.

The king him ſelfe condemnde
A *Lapwing* for to be,
Who for his yong ones cries alwais,
Yet neuer can them ſee.

The lad a Pheaſaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
Whoſe blouddie plumes declare the bloud
Wherwith his face was ſtaind.

¶ But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
The yongeſt dame to forreſts fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

An expoſition of al ſuch notes as the nightingale doth commonly vſe to ſing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
Which *Philomela* hight,
Delights for feare of force againe
To ſing alwayes by night.

But when the ſunne to weſt
Doth bende his weerie courſe,
Then *Phylomene* records the rewth
Which craueth iuſt remorſe.

1 And for hir foremoſt note,
Tereu Tereu, doth ſing,
Complaining ſtil vppon the name
Of that falſe *Thracian* king.

Much like the childe at ſchole
With byrchen rodds ſore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night,
His maiſter chaunce to threaten,

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In euery dreame he ſtarts,
And, ô good maiſter, cries:
Euen ſo this byrde vppon that name
Hir foremoſt note replies.

Or as the red breaſt byrds,
Whome prettie Merlynes hold
Ful faſt in foote, by winters night
To fende themſelues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke
For pitie let them ſcape,
Yet al that day they fede in feare
And doubte a ſecond rape.

And in the nexter night
Ful many times do crie,
Remembring yet the ruthful plight
Wherein they late did lye.

Euen ſo this ſelly byrde,
Though now transformde in kinde,
Yet euermore hir pangs forepaſt
She beareth ſtil in minde.

And in hir foremoſt note
She notes that cruel name,
By whom ſhe loſt hir pleaſant ſpeech
And foiled was in fame.

2 ¶ Hir ſecond note is *fye*,
In Greeke and latine *phy*,
In engliſh *fy*, and euery tong
That euer yet read I.

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In taſt phy ſheweth ſome ſowre,
In hearing ſome diſcorde,
In touch ſome foule or filthy toye,
In ſmel ſome ſent abhorde.

In ſight ſome lothſome loke,
And euery kind of waie,
This byword phy betokneth bad,
And things to caſt away.

So that it ſemes hir well
Phy, phy, phy, phy to ſing,
Since *phy* befytteth him ſo well
In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
Phy falſe vnto thy wife,
Phy coward phy, on womankinde
To vſe thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde
Fye fierce and foule forſworne,
Phy mõſter made of murdring mould,
Whoſe like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
Phy mirrour of miſcheuouſneſſe,
Phy tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
Phy forging fyne excuſe,
Phy periury, fy blaſphemy,
Phy bed of al abuſe.

Theſe phyes, and many moe,
Pore *Philomene* may meane,
And in hir ſelfe ſhe findes percaſe
Some *phy* that was vncleane.

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For though his fowle offence
May not defended bee,
Hir ſiſter yet and ſhe trangreſt,
Though not ſo deepe as he.

His doome came by deſerte,
Their dedes grewe by diſdaine,
But men muſt leaue reuenge to Gods,
What wrong ſoeuer raigne.

Then, *Progne*, phy for thee,
Which kildſt thine only child,
Phy on the cruel crabbed hart
Which was not movde with milde.

Phy, phy, thou cloſe conveydſt
A ſecret il vnſene,
Where (good to kepe in councel cloſe)
Had putrifide thy ſplene.

Phy on thy ſiſters facte,
And phy hir ſelfe doth ſing,
Whoſe lack of tong nere toucht hir ſo
As when it could not ſting.

Phy on vs both, ſaith ſhe,
The father onely faulted,
And we, the father free therewhile,
The ſelly ſonne aſſalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
Is *Iug*, *Iug*, *Iug*, I geſſe,
That might I leaue to latyniſts,
By learning to expreſſe.

Some commentaries make
About it much adoe;
If it ſhould onely *Iugum* meane
Or *Jugulator* too.

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Some thinke that *Iugum* is
The *Iug* ſhe iugleth ſo,
But *Iugulator* is the word
That doubleth al hir woe.

For when ſhe thinkes thereon
She beares them both in minde,
Him breaker of his bonde in bed,
Hir killer of hir kinde.

As faſt as furies force
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
So faſt hir conſcience choks hir vp,
And wo to wrong doth linke.

At laſt, by griefe conſtrainde,
It boldely breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
With *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next moſt note, to note,
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my ſelfe the partie am
On whom ſhe then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmeſis*
And *Nèmeſis* am I,
The Goddeſſe of al iuſt reuenge,
Who let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in raſheſt rage,
Vntil the cauſe be ſcand.

And ſuch as like that bitte

But if they hold on head,
And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
It ſmelleth of the ſmoke.

This is the cauſe, ſir Squire,
Quoth ſhe, that *Phylomene*
Doth cal ſo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane:

She feeles a iuſt reuenge
Of that which ſhe hath done,
Conſtrainde to vſe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir ſunne.

Ne can ſhe now complaine,
Although ſhe loſt hir tong,
For ſince that time, ne yet before,
No byrde ſo ſwetely ſoong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaile hir woe;
I ſat on bench in heauen my ſelfe
When it was graunted ſo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knowes not ſhe,
And like hir ſelfe transformed eke
A ſelly byrde to bee:

Of him this ſharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats
Nor is belovde of make.

As ſoone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The ſelly ſhift of dewties dole
Which him belongeth to:

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His hen ſtraight way him hates,
And flieth farre him fro,
And cloſe conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As ſone as ſhe hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame ſhould ſerue thē efte,
As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies
To ſeke his ſonne, and filles the ayre
With loude lamenting cries.

This lothſome life he leads
By our almightie dome,
And thus ſings ſhe, where company
But very ſeldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
For fable ſhould be taken,
And therevpon my curteſie
By thee might be forſaken:

Remember al my words,
And beare them wel in minde,
And make thereof a metaphore,
So ſhalt thou quickly finde

Both profite and paſtime
In al that I thee tel:
I knowe thy ſkil wil ſerue therto,
And ſo, quoth ſhe, farewell.

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Againſt my wil did I, God knowes, awake,
For willingly I could my ſelfe content
Seuen dayes to ſleepe for *Philomelâs* ſake,
So that my ſleepe in ſuch ſwete thoughts were ſpent.
But you, my Lord, which reade this ragged verſe
Forgiue the faults of my ſo ſleepy muſe;
Let me the heaſt of *Némeſis* rehearſe,
For ſure I ſee much ſenſe therof enſues.
I ſeeme to ſee, my Lord, that lechers luſt
Procures the plague and vengaunce of the higheſt,
I may not ſay but God is good and iuſt,
Although he ſcourge the furdeſt for the nigheſt:
The fathers fault lights ſometime on the ſonne,
Yea foure diſcents it beares the burden ſtil,
Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
That dole ſteppes in and wields the world at wil.
O whoredom! whoredome! hope for no good happe,
The beſt is bad that lights on leechery
And, al wel weyed, he ſits in Fortunes lappe,
Which feeles no ſharper ſcourge than beggery.
You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
Which vſe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
Which bewtie force, to looſe what bountie bindes:
Thinke on the ſcourge that *Némeſis* doth beare,
Remember this, that God, although he winke,
Doth ſee al ſinnes that euer ſecret were.
Væ vobis then which ſtill in ſinne do ſinke.
Gods mercy lends you brydles for deſire,
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
The fleſh may ſpurre to euerlaſting fire,
But ſure that horſe which tyreth like a roile,
And lothes the griefe of his forgalded ſides,
Is better much than is the harbrainde colte
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
But huntes for ſinne in euery hil and holte.

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He which is ſingle, let him ſpare to ſpil
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:
Leſt when he comes to matrimonies will,
His fyneſt graine be burnt and ful of branne.
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
Be wel content with that which may ſuffyſe,
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly ſtrife
Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies:
For though *Pandyons* daughter, *Progne* ſhee,
Were ſo transformde into a fethered foule,
Yet ſeemes ſhe not withouten heires to be,
Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can ſcoule,
And beare in breſt a right reuenging mode,
Til time and place may ſerue to worke their will.
Yea ſurely ſome, the beſt of al the broode,
If they had might, with furious force would kil.
But force them not, whoſe force is not to force.
And way their words as blaſts of bluſtring winde,
Which comes ful calme, when ſtormes are paſt by courſe:
Yet God aboue that câ both loſe & bynde,
Will not ſo ſoone appeaſed be therefore.
He makes the male of female to be hated,
He makes the ſire go ſighing wondrous ſore,
Becauſe the ſonne of ſuch is ſeldom rated.
I meane the ſonnes of ſuch raſh ſinning ſires
Are ſeldome ſene to runne a ruly race;
But plagude be like by fathers foul deſires,
Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace.
Then, Lapwinglike, the father flies about,
And howles and cries to ſee his children ſtray,
Where he him ſelfe, and no man better, mought
Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
Thus men, my Lord, be *Metamorphoſed*
From ſeemely ſhape to byrds and ougly beaſtes:
Yea, braueſt dames (if they amiſſe once tredde)
Finde bitter ſauce for al their pleaſant feaſts.

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They muſt at laſt condemned be to dwell
In thickes vnſeene, in mewes for minyons made,
Vntil at laſt, if they can *bryde it wel*,
They may chop chalk, and take ſome better trade.
Beare with me, Lord, my luſting dayes are done,
Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
To like ſuch loue, as is with luſt begonne.
The lawful loue is beſt, and I like that.
Then if you ſee that, Lapwinglike, I chaunce
To leape againe beyond my lawful reache,
(I take hard taſke) or but to giue a glaunce
At bewties blaſe; for ſuch a wilful breache
Of promiſe made, my Lord, ſhal do no wrong
To ſay, *George*, thinke on *Phylomelâes* ſong.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may ſe how coblerlike I haue clouted a new patch to an olde ſole, beginning this cōplainte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562, continuing it a little furder in Aprill, 1575, and now thus finiſhed this thirde day of Aprill, 1576.

Al which mine April ſhowers are humbly ſent vnto your good Lordſhip, for that I hope very ſhortly to ſee the May flowers of your fauour, which I deſire more than I can deſerue. And yet reſt

Your Lordſhips humbl

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The Grief of Joye.

Certeyne Elegies: wherein the doubtfull delightes of mañes lyfe are diſplaied.

Written to the Queenes moſte excellent Ma^tie.



Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

1576.

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To The highe and mightie prynceſs,

ELIZABETH by y^e^ grace of god queene of England,

France, and Ireland, defendor of the faithe, &c: George Gaſcoigne eſquier one of her Ma^ties^ moſt humble and faithfull Servants, wiſhethe longe lyfe, w^th^ trew felicitie nowe and ever.

THE lyfe of Mann (my moſt gracious and Soveraigne lady) is beſett withe ſundrie enemyes, and ſubjected to manye perilles. Neither have wee in this worlde any joye that maie be accoūpted ſure and ſtable. nor yet any ſuche ſtabilitie, as maie yelde us ſufficient cauſe of perfect joye and contentation. But amongſt all other occurrents I have noted, that even in greateſt proſperities Man is oftentymes burdened with greate cares, and bearethe continually on his ſhoulders an untollerable weight of wooes./ Soe that owre age ſeemethe (unto mee) a flyeng chaſe continuallie hunted withe Callamities./ And even as the harte, hare, or Foxe, do oftentymes light in the nett or ſnare (unſeene) whyles they flye to eſchew the open mowthed hownde, in like manner do we moſt comonly fall into the botomles pitt of abuſe, whiles wee ſeeke things that ſeeme moſt neceſſarie for ſuſtentation of owre bodies. Yea as hunters doe ſoneſt kyll their chaſe, whiche (ſtanding on a cleare wynde) can finde the ſame at feede, even ſo thoſe daungers doe ſooneſt entrapp us, whiche lurke in the faire pretence of oure fading pleaſures, and lye cloſely wrapped upp in the mantle of owre poſting fellicities/ To conclude, as the ſtowteſt Chieftaines have often founde muche travaile to keepe the victorie whiche they had (withe payne and danger) ones obteined, even ſo the wiſeſt and moſt polletyke braynes ſhall hardly holld their heapes from deminiſhing. and withe muche adoo ſhall they ſo bridle theire affections,

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as that extreeme delights do not ſometymes carrie them into depth of ſecret dollors and greves :/ For well wrott hee whiche ſaid :

"Omnis commoditas ſua fert incomoda ſecum."

Upon thes conſiderations (peereles Queene) I have preſumed to employ my penn in this ſmall worke which I call *the griefe of Joye.* And with greater preſumption have I adventured to preſent the ſame unto youre royall and moſt perfect judgement/ Not that I thinke my Poemes any waie worthie to bee ones redd or beheld of youre heavenly eyes, but that I might make youre Majeſtie witneſſe, how the interims and vacant houres of thoſe daies which I ſpent this ſomer in your ſervice have byn beſtowed/ Surely, Madame, the leaves of this pamphlett have paſſed with mee in all my perilles/ neither coulde any daies travaile ſo tyre mee but that the night had ſome conference withe my reſtles (and yet worthles) Muze. Suche care I had to prepare ſome preſent for youre Imperiall perſon/ and ſuche was myne arrogance that I aſſured my ſelfe youre infinite vertues would eaſely be accompanied withe a gracious benignity in receiving and accepting ſo ſymple a gifte./ For thoughe the height of youre honour might juſtly diſdaine ſo worthles a trifle, yet I hoope that the depthe of youre diſcretion will conſider, The ſum of his good will is not ſmall, which preſenteth hym ſelfe and all that he hathe.

Toching the Methode and Invention, even as Petrark, in his woorke *De remedijs vtriuſque fortunæ,* dothe recoūpt the uncerteine Joyes of men in ſeverall dialogues, ſo have I in thes Elegies diſtributed the ſame into ſundrie ſonges/ And [I] have hitherto perfected but fowre of the firſt/ the which I humbly commend unto your noble cenſure and gracious correction/ And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Ma^tie ſhall lyke the woorke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then ſhrynke for no paynes, untill I have (in ſuche ſonges) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleaſures. But withowt the confirmation of your favorable acceptauns (your Ma^tie well knoweth) I will never preſume to publiſhe any thing hereafter/ and that being well conſidered (compared alſo withe the unſpeakeable comfort whiche I have conceived in your Ma^ties undeſerved favor) maie ſufficientlie witnes withowt further triall that doubtfull greeves and

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grevous doubtes do often accompany oure greateſt joyes./ Howſoever it be, I right humbly beſeeche youre heighnes to accept this Trifle for a new yeres gyfte/ and therewithall to pardon the boldnes of your ſervaunt who eftſones preſumethe (by contemplation) to kyſſe your delicate and moſt honorable handes/ and vowethe willingly to purchaſe the continewance of youre confort by any deathe or perill, whiche occaſion maie preſent for accompliſhment of any leaſt ſervice acceptable to ſo worthie a Queene/ whome God preſerve this firſt of January, 1577. and ever. Amen.

Youre Ma^ties joyfull greeved Servānt,

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

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The Preface.

MOWNT, mynde & muze, you come before a Queene/
before a Queene, whoſe Bewtye ſkornes compare/
for yett on earth hath ſelde (or nott) bene ſeene
A Queene ſo fraught with gyfts & graces rare,
then (that your words her worthy wyll may pearce)
mount, mynde & muze, the Queene ſhall reade yo^{r} verſe.

And in your verſe be bolld to tell her playne,
that in my lyfe (one onely Joye except)
I never fownd delighte that could remayne
ſtyll permanent/ nor free from dole be kept/
A thowſand Joyes my Jollye yowth hath tryed
yett none but one could ſtyll with me abyde.

One Sweete there ys, which never yett ſeemd ſowre:
one Joye of Joyes, whom never gryef diſgraſte,
one worlde of myrth withowt one mowrnfull howre,
one happy thoughte, which (yett) no dowbt defaſt.
what is ytt? ſpeake! (my mynde and muze) be bolld:
ytt is butt this: my Queene for to behold.

L'ENVOIE.

Queene, by your leave, hath bene (yn olden dayes)
A pretye playe/ wheryn the prynce gave chardge/
(So that the pale were ſtyll kept hole allwayes)
to take the beſt, and leave the reſt ytt large/

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The greeves or diſcommodities of luſtie yowth.

THE griefe of Joye in worthie wiſe to write,
That by the vice the vertue might be founde,
Requireth ſkyll, and cunning to endight./
Firſt: ſkill to judge of everie griefe the grounde,
Then arte to tell, wherein menns joyes abownde./
My muſe, therefore (not cauſeleſſe) dreadeth blame,
Whoſe arte and ſkill (God knowes) long ſince were lame.

The wandring waies of reckles ranging youth
Made will forgett the little ſkill I had/
And wanton rimes, whereof no frewte enſewth,
Have made my ſtyle (whiche never good was) badde/
Well maie I then accompted be but madd,
To take in hande a worke ſo greate and grave
Withe thoſe fewe tooles, which yet untoucht I have./

But as the man whiche ſerves his prentiſhoode
With Artiſanes whoſe cunning doth excell,

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And partely graunt that he deſerveth fame,
Becauſe his maſters were of worthie name.

Even ſo my ſelfe (who ſometyme bare the bookes
Of ſuche as weere greate Clerkes and men of ſkill)
Preſume to thinke that everie bodie lookes
I ſhulde be lyke unto my teachers ſtill/
And thereupon I venter my good will
Yn barreyne verſe to doe the beſt I can,
Lyke Chaucers boye and Petrarks jorneyman.

Non cuiuis [homini] contīgit adire Corinthum.

You then who reade and rifle in my rimes,
To ſeeke the roſe, where nothing growes but thornes,
Of curteſie yet pardone hym which clymes
To purchaſe praiſe, although he fynd but ſkornes/
Full well wott you, that Corynth ſhoyng hornes
Maie not be made like everie noddies noſe:
No Buckler ſerues to beare all kynde of blowes./

But if ſome Engliſhe woorde herein ſeme ſweet,
Let Chaucers name exalted be therefore:
Yf any verſe doe paſſe on pleſant feet,
The praiſe thereof redownd to Petrarks lore/
Few words to uſe, yf either leſſe or more
Be fownde herein, which ſeeme to merite fame,
The lawde thereof be to my Sovereigns name./

Reproofe myne owne, for all that is amyſſe:
And faults muſt ſwarme, where little ſkill doth reigne./
Yet for my ſelfe I can alledge but this:
The mazed man, whome bewties blaze hath ſlaine,
Dothe goe in greife, and yet perceyves no payne/
And they whome love hathe daunted withe delight,
Fynd ſeldome fault, but thinke that all goeth right./

My ſeaſicke braynes are giddie with the gaze,
Whiche fancie caſt at lovely lookes long ſince,
And forward ſtill I wander in the maze,

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Where ſweete deceipt my reaſon dothe convince/
Yet as I maie, you ſee, my muze muſt mynce
Suche nyce conceiptes, as toomble in my hedd
To pleaſe her minde, who knowes what life I ledde.

Such pottherbes growe, where fancie diggs y^e^ ſoyle,
And hott deſire beſtowes the willing ſeede./
But what for that? more frewtles were his toyle,
Whome any griefe could make repent the deede,
Which once (withe joye) his jolly thoughts did feede./
One ſight of heaven might make my mynde to dwell
Seven yeares, content, yn depth of darkeſome hell.

There is a griefe in everie kind of joye;
That is my theame, and that I meane to prove./
And who were he, w^ch^ woulde not drinck anoye,
To taſt thereby the lighteſt drãme of love?
But whiles I dreame, yt better ſhall behove
To wake a brayde and take my woorke in hande,
Leaſt Will be ſhent, when toyes by trewth are ſkande.

Then let me ſaie that lyfe to man is lent
To dwell on earthe in jollitie and joye/
But therewithall yt ſeemes that god was bent
To viſite man, in myrthe, withe much anoye./
Thes contraries are trewthe/ and like no toye.
For looke who liſt, and doubtles he ſhall finde
Some grudge of griefe in everie joyfull mynde./

To paſſe with penn the terror of the Twygg,
Which maie torment the blytheſt babe that lyves;
Conſider we, when youthe is waxen bigg,

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Of luſtie youthe then luſtily to treate,
Yt is the very Maye moone of delight/
When boldeſt bloodes are full of wilfull heate,
And joye to thinke how longe they have to fight
In fancies feelde before their lyfe take flight./
Synce he which lateſt did the game begynne,
Dothe longeſt hope to lynger ſtyll therein./

O greevous joy/ O neaſt of needeles myrthe/
Full little knowes the yongeſt yet that was,
How neare his death approcheth to his byrth/
Suche wyngs hath tyme, w^ch^ all things brings to paſſe./
Her ſureſt grounde is ſlipperie as glaſſe./
Nothing moore vayne nor movable then youth,
Moore wylie none then age, w^ch^ ſtill enſeweth./

For youthe cannot ſtande ſtill in one eſtate,
But flieth us from when moſt thereof is made/
And age ſteales on unto our privy gate,
And in y^e^ darke doth ſilently invade
Youthes fortte unwares, w^ch^ never knewe y^t^ trade./
So, when we thincke age furtheſt from our lyfe,
Youthes doore breakes up, and yt ſteppes in by ſtrife.

This is one Griefe, yet (God he knowes) not greate,
Compared to thoſe which follow youthfull joyes,/
The reckles rage/ the raſhe unbridled heate/
The thirſt of luſte to taſte unlawfull toyes/
The ſubtile ſnares to catche content by coyes/
The love, the hate, and all w^ch^ lyfe dothe uſe,
Breeds griefe in joy: there is no choyſe to chuſe./

I ſee not, I, whereof yong men ſhoulde boſt,
Synce hee that is nor fonde nor madd owtright,
Dothe knowe y^t^ age will come at laſt like froſt,
And nipp the flowere of all his vaine delight:/
Where findes he then the pleaſure of his plight?

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Alas, alas, even whyles I write thes lynes,
Soṁe parte of youthe to crooked age enclynes/

Unleſſe, percaſe, of two condempnd to death,
The ladd w^ch^ laſt dothe clyme the gallow tree,
(Becauſe a while he hath prolonged breath)
Maie ſeeme to ſo̅me the happier to be/
And yet who lyſt to harken unto me,
I ſaie hee ſeemes moore paine for to endure,
Which lyngers lyfe, and is to dye moſt ſure./

Yet this is not an even compariſone./
For (here) that one maie chance ſome waie to ſcape/
Where nought but death, when all delaies ar done,
Can keepe olde age from reaching youth by rape/
His hungrie Jawes continually doe gape
To ſwallow youth: and yf death parte them not,
Yt needes at laſt muſt light unto his lott.

But ſo̅me triumphe, as though y^e^ bounds were ſett,
How longe mans lyfe might heere on earthe endure/
Put caſe it were allowed w^th^owt lett
Full ſeventie yeares to ſojorne here full ſure/
And then conclude that he, whiche hathe the cure
Of his owne Cource, might joye in youth full faſt,
And care in age, when luſty youthe were paſt./

But therew^th^all yt woulde be markt likewiſe,
That as the Colt which never knewe the bytt,
Dothe ſoner catche a knocke in wilfull wiſe
Then dothe the horſe w^ch^ flyngeth never a fytt,
But is content to let his rider ſitt;
Even ſo that age, w^ch^ laviſhe is of breath,
Shall ſoneſt light upon the darte of deathe.

For deathe is he, w^ch^ rides and breakes us all/
Some yong, ſome olde, ſome full of witt, ſome fonde/
And ſuch as ſtrive, and thinck to make hy̅ fall

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He ſwylles them firſt in depthe of ſurfeyts ponde,
And after tyes them faſt in agewes bonde./
Untyll at laſt he wȳne the wyldeſt wyll
To lye alonge, and let hym ſpurre his fill./

Weighe well my woordes: no nearer neighbours be
Then lyfe and deathe, whoſe walls alwaies do touche;
For yf that one for feare doe chaunce to flee,
That other ſtraight dothe never ſeme to gruch,
But followes faſt, and thinkes no paine to muche/
Yea when they ſeme in ſonder quite divorſt,
They meete unſeene, althoughe they be not forſt./

And what gaynes he that dothe prolonge his daies,
But ſorrowe, payne, care, Contecke, and unquiett?
As ſorowe firſt, the ſaulce of worldely waies/
And payne, the price of roonying after riott./
Care keepes the booke wherein man writes his diett./
Contecke comptrolles his howſhold everie howre,
And much unreſt doth holde his ſtrongeſt towre./

One man woulde lyve as fayne as another.

Thes greeves enſue the lymityng of lyfe,
Which (being weyed in equall ballance to)
Muſt needes be cauſe of muche debate and ſtrife,
Synce He loves lyfe/ as well as He can doe/
Saye one lyves longe: another aſketh Who?
And why not I? ſayth he, unequall kynde!
Who longe therefore, and yet in paynes am pyned.

So that (in deede) their vaunting is but vayne,
Who thinke in youth to carroll voyde of care/
No, no (God knowes) eche pleaſure hathe his payne/
And frolicke youthe muſt meete wth ſory fare/

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One thinks in yowthe to flooriſhe evermore,
Becauſe olde age is furdeſt from his heele/
And whyles therewith he comforteth y^e^ core,
The flower doth fade whiche he dothe never feele,
And drowpingly yt downe apace dothe reele./
Oh, brittle Joy, withe ſodaine griefe diſgraſt,
Which ſoner partes then yt can be embraſt.

Another thinkes his age to be unbroken,
Becauſe in youth his glaſſe beginnes to roone/
Who never marks, that whiles y^t^ worde was ſpoken,
Some parte therof is now bothe paſt and done/
The ſtrongeſt thryd y^t^ ever yet was ſponne,
(Although it never come in clothe nor liſt)
Is nockthrowen yet even with y^e^ ſpindles twyſt.

The heavens on highe perpetually doe moue/
By mynutes meale the howre dothe ſteale awaie/
By howres the daie, by daies the monethes remoue/
And then by monethes the yeares as faſt decaie/
Yea, Virgills verſe and Tully truth do ſaie,
That tyme flieth on and never claps her wings,
But rides on clowdes, & forward ſtill ſhe flinges.

Muche lyke to them who (ſitting in a ſhipp)
Are borne forthright, and feele no footing ſturr./
In ſilent ſleepes the tyme awaie dothe ſlipp/
Yt neither bawlethe (like a contrie curre)
Nor ſtandeth ſtyll to byde a haſty ſpurre/
But ſlily ſlydes, and never maketh noyſe,
And much bewrayes with verie little voyce./

Tyme dothe diſcover all things.

Some coūpt that lyfe aſcendethe ſtyll in youthe
Which dothe (in deede) unto the pytt deſcend/
And oh that men could ſee howe ſone enſeweth
The fatall clapp, which brings them to their ende/
For then this lyfe which God to them dothe lende,/

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Woulde ſkarcely ſeme ſo many wynters daies,
As earſt ſeemd yeares to ende theire wantō waies/

What ſaid I? daies? nay, not ſo manie howres/
Not howres? no no/ ſoe many mynuts nott/
The braveſt yowth, w^ch^ flooriſheth lyke flowres,
Woulde thinck his hew to be as ſone forgott,
As tender herbes cut up to ſerve the pott./
And then this lyfe, which he ſo thoug[h]t to clyme,
Woulde ſhew yt ſelfe but toomblyng under tyme/

Well: yett deceȳpt by luſty yowthe is ſpied,
When as it cannot well avoyded be./
For vaine it were with grave adviſe to guyde
The wilfull blynde, w^ch^ wyll no danger ſee/
And though I be not olde, yet truſt to me,
Youthe ſkornes the reade of them w^ch^ have beſt ſkill,
Though (by defect) yt needeth councell ſtill./

Harde of beleefe/ and unexpert with all/
Raſhe/ blynde/ yett bolde/ and ſetteth dang^r^ light/
Soe that mee ſeemes no teacher of them all
Maie better ſerve to handle youthe aright
Then crooked age w^ch^ ſettith on theire ſight
(Although they wynke, diſſembling not to ſee)
Bothe what they are, and what they ought to be./

To tell a trewth, yf any yong man woulde
Geve eare to age, and harken ſounde adviſe,
That youthe might ſhine, & gliſter bright as golde/
For then might he eſchew the toyes w^ch^ tyſe
To vaine delight and perills of little price/
Yea, then ſhoulde he eſkape y^e^ ſandes hymſelfe,
And helpe his pheares, who grounded ſit on ſhelfe/

But youth is it w^ch^ many hathe beguyld
By ſetting joye in vayne delightes to ſale/
Whereas in deede moſt comfort is compiled

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In things wᶜʰ ſeeme to be but bytter bale/
Marke well my woordes, and truſt unto my tale:
All is not golde wᶜʰ gliſtereth faire and bright,
Nor all things good wᶜʰ faireſt ſeeme in ſight./

Trew joye cannot in trifling toyes conſiſt/
Nor happines in joyes wᶜʰ ſoone decaie/
Then looke on yowthe, and marke yt, he yᵗ liſt/
Somtymes both borne and buried in a daye/
Yea, thoughe yt ſhould contynew greene alwaie,
I cannot finde what joy therein doth grow,
Which is not ſtaynd wᵗʰ undertwiggs of wo./

How many tymes have I beheld the race
Of reckles youth wᵗʰ ſondrie greeves diſgraſt?
How many ioyes have I ſeene fade apace,
When in theire roomes repentañce hathe byn plaſt?
Howe oft have I ben wytnes of yᵉ waſt,
Whiche wilfull yowth hath ſpent on worthles toyes,
To tyre the Jade wᶜʰ beares his poſting joyes?

Yf waſte of wealth be cauſe of privie care,
Then youthe maie boſt to care as muche as one./
Yf lacke of healthe be cauſe of ſorie fare,
Then crooked age ſhall never weepe aloone,
Synce youth oftymes doth gnawe the ſelfe ſame boone/
Yea, ſurfayting and many a ſodeyne ſore
Breede moſt in yowthe, wᶜʰ hunteth ſtill therefore./

Yf tyme miſpent deſerve a juſt reproofe,
What youthe is that wᶜʰ can it ſelfe excuſe?
Yf grave exploytes be moſt for mans behoofe,
What vouth can boſt that he the like doth uſe?

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I leave to laũche, or largely to reprove
The curious cares, the great (though graceles) giftes,
Which wanton youth beſtowes on luckles love/
I ſhame to ſhewe the deepe deceiptfull driftes
Whiche lovers uſe, and yet ſuch ſubtill ſhyftes
Doe dwell withe youth, or where he lyſt to lott them/
Age knowes them not: at leaſt he hath forgot them./

Well: ſom̃e will ſaie, I have not ſoonge of all
The galliant Joyes w^ch^ joyned are to youthe/
As Bewtye, Strength, Activity with all,/
And many a ſweete w^ch^ yowthfull yeares enſewth/
Who ſo doth ſaie, he telleth but a trewth.
But byde a whyle, my ſynging is not done,
Although with yowth I fyrſt y^e^ game begone./

Of Bewties blaze I have a ſong to ſing/
Of ſtrength lykewiſe, and Active quallities/
But ſynce my lute hath broke the treble ſtring,
Let pawſe a whyle, untyll I maie deviſe
Some new fownd notes to chãnt in cherefull wiſe./
My playne-ſong tunes, I feare, to long have bene,
And I wax hoarce to ſing before a Queene.

An ende of the firſt ſonge.

TAM MARTI QUAM MERCURIO.

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The vanities of Bewtie.

MUSE, plaie thy parte/ & fend thy head frō blowes/
I ſee a ſwarme wᶜʰ coome thee to aſſayle/
Ne canſt thow well defend ſo many foes,
Yf harte wax feynt, or courage ſeme to quayle/
Behold, beholde, they come as thyck as hayle,
And threat to pluck the tongue owt of thy jawes,
Which dareſt preſume to clapp on ſuch a clawſe./

Dareſt thow attempt to find a newfound griefe,
Where Joye of Joyes continually doth dwell?
Dareſt thow affirme that Cheare holds not in chiefe
Of Bewtyes baronye wᶜʰ beares the bell?
Or dareſt thou, Muſe, ones take in hand to tell
That Bewty breedes a griefe in greateſt joyes?
Alas, this trowpe will cōupt thy trewth but toyes./

My Queene her ſelf coōmes formoſt of them all/
And beſt deſerves that place in eche degree/
Whoſe preſence now muſt needs thy ſprytes apall,
She is ſo faire and Angell-lyke to ſee;
Beholde her well, my Muſe, for this is ſhe
Whoſe bewties beames do ſpredd themſelves full wyde,
Bothe in this Realme and all the worlde beſide./

This is the Queene whoſe onely looke ſubdewed
Her prowdeſt foes withowten ſpeare or ſheeld/
This is the Queene whome never eye yet viewed,

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And this is ſhe that bends her mightie mace
To breake and bruſe thy prowde preſumpteous mynde,
Which dares attempt with griefe for to diſgrace
The joye wherein moſt men theire pleaſure finde/
Me-thinkes She ſmyles, and ſaies thine eies are blynd,
Or dazled els with miſts of much miſtake,
Synce thow doſt ſeeme of faire ſo fowle to make./

But Princes mindes ſomtymes miſtake y^e^ right./
So meaneſt thou then thy theame for to defende/
Well, well, my muſe, yf thou reſolve to fight,
I the adviſe ſome better weapons bend,
Which right reliefe in thy diſtreſſe maie lende./
For why my Queene (not wont to woork by wyll)
Dothe crave conſent of right and reaſon ſtyll./

And whereas doubtes (engendred by debate)
Make queſtions riſe in any cauſe of weight,
My Queene then calles the pyllors of her ſtate,
And ſymply ſowndes the treuth from all deceipt/
So that her Juſtice (clymyng ſtyll on height,
As lothe by powre in perilles to decyde)
She grauntes free voyce that verditt maye be tryde./

For proofe beholld my Ladie peramount,
Whoſe frowne dothe ſeeme (o ſeemely Seynt) to ſmyle;
Beholde y^e^ ſtarre, whome cowrtiers do accompt
E. K. Theire joye in griefe (not griefe of joy) therewhile:
Behold, behold, how She accompts the vile,
Which haſt forgott the greene monks dyrge ſo ſone:
Ah, Slave! (ſayth ſhe) is dewty ſo ſoone doone?

Of ſelfe ſame lyne, a Coũteſſe doth appeare,
C. of Eſſ. Whoſe lovely lookes withe ſtately porte & grace
Can hardly byde to be compared here/
And for encreaſe of honor to this race,
By weſt one workes to wyñe the heigheſt place/

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Forgeve me, you w^{ch} thinke her no ſuche wight, A. W.
The wynde ſatt Weſt, whē I this verſe did write.

Next after thes, the Crowde ſo thycke doth throng,
As now I nott, whoſe name I firſt ſhoulde note,/
But well I wott, that all y^{e} reſt among
I ſee one Sowle, which weares a tawny cote,
And ſtowtly ſayes: thow lyeſt in thy throte,
Yf thow affirme that Bewtye breeds anoye,
Whiche is indeede one cheefeſt cauſe of Joye./

To tell her name yt were bothe fonde and vayne,
She knowes her ſelfe, that (next The hollow tree)
I alwaies thought greate right in her did reigne,
Yf ſhe ſhould clayme a Paragone to bee,/
Ones Bewtie flowed in ſuche extreeme degree, M. H.
That *Bridges* buylt for bownties eaſe were plaſt,
And ſhe, poore wenche *Hopton:* though not in haſt./

But why do I ſtreyne curteſey to tell
The proper names of ſuch as fame deſerve?
Three worthie dames next theſe I ſee full well,
Whiche threaten ſore thy carping tongue to carve/
Yf gentle words for warning maie not ſerve/
Howardes they be/ but w^{ch} dothe ſhine moſt bright, K. F & M. H.
Were needeles now in makebate verſe to wryte.

Burrowe ſaythe, byde, and let me have a blowe, M. B.
And ſo ſaith *Vere*, that bloome of noble bloode; L. M. V.
Sydney ſaieth, ſtaie/ and let me bende my bowe, M. S.
So wrathe they are, or rather raging woode.
And ſure they be bothe gallant all and good,
Three fragrant flowres of princely grace & porte,
For Marigoldes (of late) ſmelt ſwete in cowrte.

Of *Bowrchers* lyne A *Suſañe* eke I ſee,
Which cannot brooke to beare thy rymyng well/ L. S. B.
Then followe next fowre dames of heighe degree,

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Whoſe noble names I meane lykewyſe to tell/
C^e. of Hut. *Huntingdon*, *Warwick*, *Oxforde*, & the *Bell*
War. *Of Rutlande:* cõme (attones) w^th heavenly grace,
Ox. & Rut. And meane (poore muſe) thy doyngs to deface.

A bewtye rare I ſpye amonſt the reſt,
C. of Bed. Which graciouſly dothe ſhyne in worthy wyſe:
Bedforde: Whoſe hew compareth w^th the beſt,
Yf right reſpect (her age well weyed) ſuffyſe,
And who ſo ſaies I moore then trewthe deviſe,
Let her but lyve as many yeares as Shee,
And (for my lyfe, She ſhall no fairer bee.

W^th her there coome (for why they keepe their place
L. Gr. As Dames that love in dew degree to goe)
L. E. R. Fowre daughters deare: but yet of ſondry race/
L. M. R. Firſt of her owne two daughters and no moe,
E. M. Then of her lordes (whoſe ofspring long ago
Dyd prayſe deſerve) two other Impes ther be,
Who all yfere do ſeeme to menace the./

Ruſſell and *Audley*, *Sheffeld*, *Chandos*, *Sands*,
(All Barons wyves, of bewtie rare & bright)
Make wondrows haſt withe halberts in their hands
L. R. A. To ſtrike y^e (muſe) withe verie maine & might/
Sh. Ch. As eke y^e ſpouſe of many an hardie knight
et S. And comly Squyre prepare y^e force they have
Thy worthles verſe in ſkorne for to deprave/

Drewry deſires ſome ſharpe revenge to make,
E. D. And *Thynn* thynks longe to ſee thyne overthrow/
L. Th. What ſhould I ſpeake of all y^t weapons take,
To wrecke the wrathe w^ch made theire grudge to growe?
Alas (my Muſe) they are in nomber mo
Then my poore penn is able well to wryte,
Or tongue or breathe have leyſure to reſite,

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And thyncke not ſtrañge, although I recken thes
Diſorderly, conſidryng theire degrees/
My meaning is not flatteringly to pleaſe
All Dames in Courte, and crave a pyckthanks fees/
For ſynce I ſee them ſwarme as thycke as bees,
And ſtrive (for haſt) whoſe hand maie (firſt) y^e^ lame,
I thyncke no ſyñe to name them as they came.

And ſurely (Muſe), although my Queene be here,
Beſides her place no place can now prevayle/
Withowt reſpect they cluſter every where,
And (but to her) they doe no boñet vayle/
All roone attones/ and all attones aſſaile/
That makes my Seynt (for haſt) come next her Queene,
Whoſe bewties heate (pchañce) enflamed her ſpleene,/

The ſelfe ſame humor feedeth mo then her/
For all afarre I ſpy a troupe of Dames,
Who come in haſt, and meane to keepe a ſturre/
I ſee them well, yet knowe I not their names/
But ſure yt ſeemes ſome choller them enflames
What be they? ha? oh what a beaſt am I!
Thes Starres of Courte had bleard my better eye.

My Sweeteſt ſowre, my Ioy of all my griefe,
My Frendly foe, myne ofte Reviving death,
My firſt Regreate, my right and laſt Reliefe,
My frewtfull cropp, and yet my Barreyne heath/
My ſtore and ſtocke, w^ch^ ſpares & ſpends my breath/
My Hope forlorne, my Heyght of all my Happe,
My Love firſt lulled in golden fancies lappe!

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Myne A per Se, my All, myne onely Sum,
Before this heape in haſty heate dothe cõme/

O *Bartholmew*, (ſaithe Shee) where bee thy wytts,
And where the ſkyll w^ch^ wont to guyde thy penn?
Shall world conclude that fancy comes by fytts?
Wilt thow be founde as fonde as other menn,
Who dotingly do dally nowe and then?
Can light conceipt (in thy mynd) reaſone chaſe
From that which proofe hathe often put in place?

And w^th^ that woord (in ſtede of force) to fight
She turnes her face, and weepes w^th^ woofull cheare/
Whiche blowe (unſeene) amazeth more my ſpright
Then all the threates w^ch^ I rehearced here/
Forgeve me (dames) and with my paſſion beare/
Her teares (my Queene except) doe greeve me more,
Then yf all you ſhould weepe youre eies full ſore.

O ladie peramownt, you are to wyſe
To frett hereatt/ for this is ſhee in deede
By whome my muſe hath mownted (earſt) to ſkyes/
Whoſe onely fayre my fancie long did feede/
This is loves mynte, w^ch^ onely gave me meede/
I played w^th^ ſome theire pacience for to prove,
But Livia (in earneſt) had my love/

And worthy well, ſince kinde w^th^ all her crafte
Yet never framed her pheare in all reſpects.
Blynd Cupide nedethe not to ſpende a ſhafte,
Her only looke eche lyving mynde enfects/
She is eſteemd of all eſtates and Sects/
Menn make her roome, and women give her place,
Love bends her bowe, and mallice beares her mace.

Her playfellowes, and thoſe w^ch^ withe her marche,
J. T. Muſt not be named/ but one dwells at Townes-ende/
F. P. Another hight The Bridge with Stony Arche/

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Another Oxe Right Leane/ God her amend/ C. of L.
Thes three (not Shee) theire angry browes do bende,
Whiles Livia (meane while) amazeth more,
Then all they three, and all that went before./

And yet I ſee a Dame in ſtrange attire,
With doublet deƈt, as flemyſh faſhion is/
Who in the Ayre dothe fly lyke flamyng fyre,
As though the worlde and all things went amyſſe:
Shee ſeemeth ſure ſom̄e lampe of lovely blyſſe/
Who ſhoulde yt be? let me adviſe her well/
Now, for my lyfe, it is my Petronell./ Petronella de Alquemade.

Nay then (my muſe) make haſt and arme apace,
The coũtrie coomes/ naye Coũtries mo then one/
Yf Pernyll ones vouchesafe to byd the baſe,
Lyſken will ſweare Shee ſhall not roone alone,
And Tanyken woulde melt her ſelfe in mone,
Yf others wreckt their mallice to their mynde,
And She (for ſlowthe) ſhoulde ſeeme to ſitt behinde./

Yea, ſhall I ſaye? yf ones the droome ſhould ſownde,
And ſtrike allarme, when ladies liſt to fight,
Voiſgeānt from Fraunce woulde (all to ſoone) be founde,
From Skotland Flemyng woulde appeare in ſight,
From Holland, Egmont/ and one other light
Of Petronells from Utrecht ſhould wee ſee/ Petronella van Sconhouen.
Bothe Dames of pryce, though myne the better be.

Bella Symona ſhoulde be quickly ſeene,

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I herde the ſaie (erewhyle) that everie joye
Hathe galles of griefe in all y^e^ myrthe wee make/
Saie quickly then, what cannons of anoy
Dare be ſo bolde as ones to undertake
Dame Bewties bowre w^th^ ſorowes ſhott to ſhake?
Speak quicke (my muſe) before theſe worthies all/
A womans wytt is beſt at ſodeyne call./

The ſubtyle Slyme (ſayeſt thow) of falſe ſuſpect,
The lyme of luſt, the wormes of wanton wyll,
Doe Bewties bones withe ſicknes ſtyll enfect/
So that when fancie meanes to feede his fyll,
Soꝁe chipp of chaunce dothe all his pottage ſpyll;
And he maie riſe all hungrie as he came:
Bewtie fatts few She is a deyntie Dame/

Indeēde Suſpect keepes watche bothe daie & night,
So ſtrēight that Bewtie maie her blaze repent,
For what prevayles a candel burning bright,
Yf under Buſhell yt be allwaies pent?
The faireſt face moſt coꝁonly is ſhent,
When fowle and blacke maie laũghe and leape at large,/
Fyne Byrds be caged/ but who of crowes take charge?

The lyme of luſt ofte lights on Bewties wynges/
For harde to keepe what many mynds deſire/
And wanton will can ſeldome fett her flyngs,
Unleſſe ſelf-love do blowe Dame Bewties fyre:
This queſtion anſwerd, I no more require
Who luſteth more than doth y^e^ faireſt face.
Nones fancye ſkudds, when Bewtie bids the baſe/

And reaſone good/ but tell me yet a trothe;
What fault poore fancie dothe coꝁytt thereby?
All owgly thyngs (by very kynde) wee lothe/
All thinges (againe) which ſeme to pleaſe the eye,
Wee love and lyke as faſt as wee them ſpye/

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Yt ſeemes to me that God in heaven above
Did make them faire, becauſe men ſhuld thē love./

The perfecter that any thing appeare,
Alyve or deade, by nature or by arte,
The greater love unto the ſame wee beare,
Ne can owre mynds that fancy well aſtarte/
A man ſhuld make a verie thriftles marte,
Which moſt would geve for things w^ch^ worſt doe ſeeme:
His gaynes ſhould never quite his coſt, I deeme./

An objection.

And thoughe no tongue nor peñe can well deſcribe
The face of God, whome never man beheld,
Yet unto yt all Scriptures do aſcribe
The palme of praiſe/ his bewty wyñes the feelde,
It blaſeth brighter then owre wytts can weelde,
The nearer then that things unto hym drawe,
The more wee ought to love them by his lawe/

His Angells eke are bewtifull and bright/
The glorie of his heavens conſiſts therein/
And who were he (w^ch^ ſeing ſuche a ſight)
Could chuſe a lyttle love for to begynne?
For my parte oft in preſence have I ben/
When ſuch ſweete Seyntes did blaze before myne eyes,
As made the chamber heaven above the Skyes.

But by your leave, when I had ſlepte (alight)
And ſett a ſighe, and me bethought withall,
That by y^e^ ſame I had forgotten quyte
Myne owne affaires, my wytts, my ſelfe and all:
My heaven ſeemd hell/ my mell was turnd to gall.
For all to trewe it is that Gallant things/
Make fancie flye, and help to ympe his wings/

Aunſwere.

Not I allone, but noombers infinyte
Of toward yowthes have roone their race awrye,
By glañce and gaſing at things appoſite,
Which holde them faſt, and would not let thē flye,

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To perfect poyntes, wch placed are on heighe/
Thes whites and markes, wch gliſter here bylowe,
Are ſhootes (for ſhyft) but for a baſer bowe./

The gyfts of grace by God are never given
To be employd in vents of vaine delight/
And yet wee ſee ſome ſtudie, morne and even,
To prynke, to pranke, to deck, and eke to dight
Owre fleſh and ſkyñe wch ſeemeth faire and bright/
Whyles (in meane tyme) owre mynds are layd aſyde,
Skarce coomly tyred, and yet pufte up wth pryde.

Shew me but one that can be well content
To ſpende the forenoone, prayeng on his knees/
But I can ſhewe hole thowſands vainely bent,
Which all the day ſeeme ſtynged ſtyll wth bees,
For feare they ſhould the praieſe of Bewtie leeſe/
They ſet their ruffes, thei ruffle up their heare
They talke farre of, theire myndes are other where.

They courſe the glaſſe, and lett yt take no reſt/
They peepe and ſpye, who gazethe on theire face/
They darkely aſke, whoſe Bewtie ſeemethe beſt/
They harke and mark, who marketh (moſt) their grace/
They ſtay theire ſteppes, and ſtalk a ſtately pace/
They jellous are of every ſight they ſee/
They ſtrive to ſeeme, but never care to be/

Thes be the frewtes wch Bewtyes bloomes do bring,
Thes properties the faireſt folke reteyne/
Not Dames alone/of men (likewiſe) I ſing/
I never yet coulde woman ſee more vayne

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Then they (lykewyſe) their Bownties blaze have loſt,
And then good night! they maie byd Courte adiew,
Nay welcome (ſkarce) unto the Coūtrye Crewe/
For homely folke, who live by dayly deedes,
Would fayne keepe corne from ſuch vaine worthles weedes.

The cooleſt Soōne can parche theire pleasānt cheekes,
The weakeſt wynde can ſhake theire braveſt bloomes/
The myldeſt froſt theire ſecrete ſhadow ſeekes/
The foemānes fyſt, or lighteſt blowe that coomes/
Can make a cruſt of all theire tender crōmes/
The faynteſt fever and the leaſt diſeaſe
Can turne to pale the redd that (moſt) did pleaſe/

What grudge and griefe o^r^ Joyes may then ſuppreſs?
To ſee owre heares, w^ch^ yellow were as golld,
Now gray as glaſſe? to feele and finde them leſſe?
To ſkrape the bald ſkull, w^ch^ was woonte to holde
Oure lovely locks, w^th^ curlyng ſtycks controld?
To looke in glaſſe, and ſpye S^r^ wryncles chayre,
Set faſt on froonts, w^ch^ erſt were ſlycke & fayre?

What Joye to gaze with graceles hollowe eyes,
Which lately lookt lyke ſparks of flamyng fyre?
What comfort comes, when every body ſpyes
The tootheles mowth! what dynt of vayne deſire
Can cōtrevayle y^e^ coſt, which yeares require
To keepe oure teethe from roughe and rugged plight,
Which late (like pearles) did ſhew both faire & white?

Oure Ivery necks muſt needs to yellow change/

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Fewe wordes to make, wee ſhall not thinke yt owres,
Which (but erewhile) we did eſteeme ſomuch/
And all the blaze of Bewties braveſt bowres
Shall fall adowne, as thoughe there were none ſuch,
When Treweth (Tymes daughter) doth owr triall touch/
Then take the Glaſſe and wee ſhall hardly knowe
Owreſelves therein/ we ſhalbe changed ſo/

And yet all this (in tyme) will come to paſſe/
Whiche tyme flyes faſt, as I of late did ſinge/
Yf wee would then continew y^{t} w^{ch} was,
But yf wee cannot, tyme (paſt) backward bring,
Stay tyme (in tyme), before away ſhee flyng/
Then never hope that Bewtie can remayne:
Yt came wth tyme, and goeth withe tyme agayne/

Yea whyles yt bydes, yt is of ſmale avayle/
For though yt pleaſe owre appetytes awhyle,
Yt dothe (likewyſe) owre ſences all aſſaile,
And all owre wytts dothe wylily beguyle/
Yt breeds repentance, though yt ſeeme to ſmyle,
Yt muffleth up owr mynds w^{ch} (els) might ſee
Such works of worthe as profitable bee/

Yt hangethe faſt (like fetters) on owre feete
Whiche (els) might treade ſome tracke of better treade,
Lyke loompes of lyme owr wings therwth doe meete/
Whereby owr myndes ſo vyle and vayne are made,
That from the ſame we ſhrug unto the ſhade/
And drewping ſitt like hawkes ſurcharged wth bells,
Which proyne themſelves, and can do nothing ells./

Yt coomes by kynde, yet is it kepte withe care:
Wee bowght yt cheape, and ſell yt all to deare/
Yt turnes our Joy right ſoone to ſory fare/
Yt makes the bolde to bluſh/ the ſtowt to feare/
Yt is a choyce that quickly changeth cheare

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And ſeldome brings (at coomyng) ſuch content,
As it procures (at parting) deepe repent./

A frendly foe, whiche ſhewes a flattering face/
A ſtellthe of tyme, w^{ch} were more worth then gold/
A reſtles worme, tormenting myndes apace/
A proofe of payne and paſſions many fold/
A cauſe of ſtrife muche more then can be tolde/
A heate which heapes (for luſtie love) great hate/
Thes be the ſtaies of Bewties brave eſtate./

How muche were better (then) to decke the mynde,
And make that fayre whoſe light might alwaies laſt?
Eternall fame to wyſdome is aſſignd,
And modeſty dothe purchaſe praiſe as faſt/
It hathe bene ſeene in many yeares now paſt,
That greater glorye gatt ſome ſory grace
Then Abſolon for all his lovely face./

And yet my meaning is not to condempne
The gallant gloſſe, which nature lendeth us/
Ne dare my Muſe dame Bewties blaze condempne/
I cām not now ſuch queſtions to diſcuſſe,
But marke my wordes, and underſtande me this:
Dame Bewtie dreſt wth garments made of grace
Deſerves ſuch fame, as Tyme cannot deface.

If Dames demaund, howe they the ſame might deeme,
I anſwere thus: the fayre which is content
Withe natures gyftes/ and neither dothe eſteeme
Ytſelfe to muche, nor is to lightnes bent,
Nor woulde be loved but with a true content,
And ſtrives in goodnes likewiſe to excell,
I ſay thatt Bewtie beares awaie the bell./

And ſuche a Bewtie will ſo well become
Such modeſt myndes that bothe ſhall ſhew y^{e} better/
For vertue ſeemes the gallānter to ſoome,

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When Bewties beames full ſeemly have beſett her
Bewtie and Bõwtie begiñe w^th^ a letter/
The firſt is good, the ſecond lacks no grace,
Where bothe concurre, tha^t^ body is not baſe./

But take the firſt aloone and by it ſelfe,
And tell me then, how (beſt) I might it call?
A ſtately Toye/ a preciows peece of pellfe/
A gorgeous gong/ a worthles painted wall/
A flower full freſhe, yet redye ſtyll to fall,
A ſore unſeene/ a ſweete entyſing Sowre,
A pearle ſcarce worthe the pryce/ worſe worth y^e^ powre/

And now (deare dames) what ſaye yo^u^ to my muſe?
How like you Reaſon in her foremoſt ranke?
My gracious Queene (I truſt) will not refuſe
To weighe my wordes, and then to coone me thanke.
Yt ſeemes to mee the ſame in her ſo ſanke,
That Shee hathe layde her mighty mace aſide,
And ſtrookes my heade/ and byddeth God me guyde.

For Shee is wiſe, and can full well conſider
The everie Beſt maie quickly be abuſed/
Uſe and Abuſe are lynked ſo together,
That good for badd is many tymes accuſed.
Yea thoughe the good might graciouſly be uſed,
Yet everie lyfe beares w^th^ hym his dyſeſe,
And none ſo perfect every mynde to pleaſe./

Well/ ſince my Muſe hathe quite her ſelfe ſo well,
And ſatisfied (w^th^ Reaſon) everie Dame,
I will adreſſe my tongue lykewiſe to tell
An other griefe owt of another game:
I meane to write of mightie Strength by name,
And thoughe yt ſeeme but ſeldome reprehended,
Yet will I ſhewe, wherein it maie be mended./

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Of Strength (q[d] one): naye, Gaſcoigne, thē go trudge/
Thy muſe is madde ſuche theames to take in hande/
For thoughe her penns appeaſed theſe ladies grudge,
Yet Menn be Menn/ beware of ſuche a bande/
Well (Maſter Menn) when you my woords have ſkande,
You will confeſſe how griefe of joye is founde
In ſtrongeſt wightes, that go upon y[e] grounde.

And for youre thrēatts I ſett but light thereby,
Yf Dames ones deigne my Reaſons to allowe.
Say what you liſt/ and what (thereof) paſſe I?
I honor them, I tell you playnely nowe.
As for youre bragges my muſe ſhall never bowe/
I have ben ſtronge (my ſelfe) and yet my force
Hathe ben one cauſe w[ch] much conſumed my corps./

My lovely ladyes (you whoſe names I pas),
Forgive my guylt/ you come ſo thicke I feare,
I coulde not compte all faire/ you rāne ſo faſt,
A payre of *Pagetts* I remember there,
And many mo whoſe bewtie brute dothe heare.
Well, thoughe my ſylence ſeemde to do you wronge,
Forgive mee (good) and marke my nexter ſonge./

Finis.

TAM MARTI QUAM MERCURIO.

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The faults of force & ſtrength.

YTT hathe byn ſayd long ſynce (now) many a day,
And wilbe ſaid, when I am deade and rott:
Come one to one, and that makes prety playe/
But two to one can be no equall lott/
For why the latten proverbe ſaith, you wott:
Sit quiſqz ſimilis inter ſuos,
Ne Hercules enim contra duos./

Then how ſhall I my ſilly ſelfe defende,
Whiche take in hande this weary woorke to write?
You ſawe (erwhylle) how womankynd did bende
Yt ſelfe againſt my muze w^th^ mayne and might/
You ſawe hõw faſt they flocked for to fight,
Becauſe I ſaid y^t^ Bewty breedeth griefe,
Which is (thinke they) of all oure joyes the cheefe.

And now beholde, how men (yea men of might)
Prepare likewiſe to heare my muſe adowne,
Becauſe yt dares preſume for to endight
That might (whiche weares of manhood ſtyll y^e^ crowne)
Shoulde ſubject bee to fortunes greevous frowne,
Or for I dare avowe that force and ſtrengthe
Begynne w^th^ Joy, and ende w^th^ griefe at lengthe.

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Yea, Haſelwood: for Men are Men indeede/
But ſhall I ſaie? this one thinge learne of mee:
Soome doughty Dames (beleeve yt as youre creede)
Can be as ſtowte as many men can be/
Nay ſtowter oft, as men by proofe maye ſee/
By Jyſſe, I woulde the ſtowteſt man yt wyſt/
They mayſter all, let us ſaie what wee lyſt.

And why ſhould I (then) feare to tell a truthe,
Who have the mayſter of the fielde my frende?
I never ſhroonke to ſhake up luſty youthe,
And youthe is he whiche ſtrengthe to man muſt lend/
No, no, I vowe, though all y^e^ worlde ſhould bend
Their angry browes to blott my verſe w^th^ blame,
Playne trewthe is that whiche never yet had ſhame./

And that ſame treuth dothe bydd me to demaūnde,
Wherefore it is that men doe boaſt ſo much
Of ſtrengthe and force? although they might comāund
The woorlde thereby to geve them knee a cruch/
Alas, alas, who tryes them by the tuch,
Shall fynd that when their might p^r^vayleth moſte,
Yet rewle they not them ſelves for all their boaſt./

And howe ſhould he (then) governe other men,
Who cannot reigne his owne unrewly wyll?
So falles the horſe which never feares the fēe,
But neyes and brayes, and rooneth hedlong ſtyll,
Untyll at laſt hym ſelfe in myre hee ſwyll/
And ſo fall men whiche truſte unto their ſtrength
In dangers deepe: in deathe it ſelfe at lengthe/.

The mighty bones but heave the hearte to highe/
The harte ons up, the mynde can be but madde/
And madde mens myndes by force from reaſon fly,
Ne ſownde advice nor councell can be had,
But leave the good and leane unto the badd.

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This griefe (withe mo) the joyfull force muſt fynd,
To countercheck a prowde tryumphyng mynde./

Withe blades embrewed they woorke theire will ſometyme,
Whiche buye that bloode wth doompes of deepe repent/
For choller cannot cover wylfull crimes/
Yet roomes forthright where witles will is bent/
But when ſuch will by wiſer wytts is ſhent/
Att leyſure then yt maye confeſſe withe mee,
Were better weake then ſo (to) ſtronge to be.

For ſtrongeſt wightes attempt the greateſt thinges,
And greateſt things breede deepeſt danger ſtyll/
And deepeſt dangers be the very ſpringes,
Where deathe dothe lurke to woorke his crewell wyll,
So that owre ſtronge men hoppe againſt the hyll,/
Whiche hope (by force) from deathe away to gett,
When force (indeed) doth drive them to his nett./

I have bene ſtronge (I thanke my God therefore)
And did therein rejoyce as moſt men dyd/
I lept, I rañe, I toylde and travailde ſoore,
My might and mayne didd covett to be kidd/
But lo: beholde: my mery daies amydd
One heady deede my haughty harte did breake,
And ſince (full oft) I wiſht I had bene weake./

Abundaunce breedes the Sooreyn of exceſſe,
And of exceſſe youe knowe that vice enſewes/
Soe that Mens force were better to be leſſe,
Then by ſuche force theire bodies to abuſe,/
I am (my ſelfe) to gyllty to accuſe/
But ſure the force of marow and of might
Dothe cauſe oure fleſhe (oft) ſett oure ſowles but light/

The weakling hee ſitts buzzing at his booke,
Or keepes full cloſe, and loves to lyve in quyett,
For lacke of force hee warely dothe looke

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In every diſhe whiche may dyſturbe his dyett/
Hee neyther fights nor roonethe after riott./
But ſtaies his ſteppes by meane & meaſure to,
And longer lyves then many ſtronge men do./

Mylo was ſtronge, and few men ſtronger founde,
But many wyſer and muche more eſteemdd,
For every greate thing going on the grownde
Is nott therefore the better alwaies deemd./
Thes Oliphants (in tyme paſt) peereles ſeemd,
Becauſe theire ſturdy joyntes did ſeldome bowe,
But ſmaller beaſtes can overcome them nowe./

And what greate good gott Milo by his ſtrengthe,
Although in games he gayned ſomtymes a gawde?
A ſmalle clefte oke gan holde hym faſt at lengthe,
Untyll w^th^ beaſts hee were bothe champt & chawed/
Yea Hercules, whoſe might was never awed,
By womans wyles (yet) weakely loſt his lyfe/
Suche toyes (to tame the ſtrongeſt men) are ryfe.

For fortune fightes not, as thes fencers doe,
Withe equall blades or weapones of aſſiſe/
But markes her tyme, and takes her vantage to,
And in awaite full waryly Shee lyes/
Yea, when Shee lyſt, Shee can ſuche blowes deviſe,
As (unawares) doe give ſome ſodeyne patt,
And overthrowe a Gyant w^th^ a gnatt./

Greate laboure doth deminiſh greateſt force,
And darke dyſeaſe decreaſethe ſtrength as faſt/
When bothe thes fayle, the mightieſt maſſy corps
Is dau̅ted downe w^th^ Ages Axe at laſt,
So that when wighteſt wraſtlyng tricks be paſt,
Coomes crooked Eldd, and geues a ſelly trypp,
Tyll from deathes foote no ſtowrdy ſtrong can ſkypp./

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But I am ſtrong (ſaythe one of Mylos mates)
Yea ſtronge (ſo ſtrong) as never yet had peare
Yes yes forſothe/ who ſo the trewthe debates,
Shall finde that who dothe moſt ſurpaſſe his pheare,
And of mankynd is ſtrongeſt deemed here,
To many beaſts inferior yet ſhalbe/
What glory then by all his force getts hee?

Ytt were a boaſt muche meeter for thes bulls,
Thes Beares, thes bores, and ſuch like boyſtrows beaſts/
For vertue keepes her cloſett in owre ſkulles,
And coomes but ſeldome in great noddyes neſts/
Shee leves greate loompes of fleſhe for follyes feaſts/
And ſhrowdes her ſelfe full cloſe within y^e^ mynde,
Yn bloode and bones Shee lyttle place dothe fynde./

A pondrows packe of to muche fleſhe dothe clogge/
A nemble mynde, w^ch^ (els) might leape full light./
Or at the leaſt yt ſetts the harte on gogg,
And makes the body headlong rōne owtright,
Untill all vertue vaniſhe owt of ſight/
Trew tale is this: who truſts to clyme by bones
Shall ſeldome ſitt aloft by lofty ones./

Then take wee heede, that (truſting to this ſtay)
The ſtaffe breake nott, and ſo wee catche a fall/
For ſurcuydrie can drowne in deepe decaye
The higheſt harte that ever yet ſeemd tall.
Oftymes men take in hande to toſſe a ball,
Which withe a bownde dothe lende thē ſelves a blowe,
And makes the lofty crowche and lye full lowe./

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Awake, on ſleepe, att eaſe, or bating breathe,
Wee ſteale (by ſteppes) unto the gates of deathe?

Yf this be ſo, thē ſtrengthe maye well delaye
The daies of payment, but the debte remaynes,
And crookednes oure creditor will ſtay,
Tyll att the lengthe he have his owne withe gaynes/
Yea ſhall I ſaye? he will (for brokers paynes)
Make might and mayne paye feblenes & fayle,
Yea lyfe at laſt, when quycke & queaving quayle./

For as the tree that ſtraighte & talleſt growes
Is ſooneſt ſoũght, and felde to buylde the bowre,
So ſtrongeſt wyghtes doe gett the greateſt blowes,
And ſooneſt learne repentaunce of theire power/
All thinges on earthe muſt learne to knowe one howre/
(I meane one ende) but ſome come ſooner to yt,
And ſome delaye, though yet at laſt they do yt./

At laſt they dye who thought longe tyme to lyve,
At laſt they fade, whiche ſeemed freſhe and fayre,
At laſt they yeelde, w^{ch} withe their ſtrengthe did ſtrive/
And downe they fall owt of theire ſtately chayre
They muſt deſcende (but by unequall ſtayre)
For he that clombe as ſoft as ſnayles can flyde,
Cōmes headlong downe, and maye no longer byde.

Mañes mynde except, I ſee no ſure accoũpt,
(Nor all mennes mynds I recken in this ranke)
Whiche maie preſume in height of Joyes to moũt/
For all things els maye quickly breake theire banks/
They take muche paynes, and yet deſerve ſmall thanke/

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When leaſt ſhall lacke, as muche as moſt would fynde/
The beſt or worſt bydes ever ſtyll behynde/
Then lett the ſtrongeſt (ere his force be paſt)
Remember ſtyll but Miloes end at laſt./

And let hym thynke that right againſt hym ſtand
Bothe Age and deathe withe weapons ready bent/
For Age before comes leading on her hande
All thowſand ſores w^{ch} deathe to her hathe lent/
And deathe hymſelfe (when all thoſe ſpeares are ſpent)
Comes creeping on alonely withe a darte,
And therewith ſtryckes the ſtrongeſt ſtriving harte.

Yea in meane while volupteows toyes do fight
Withe ſtaves as ſtrong as age or death almoſt,
And though they beare not weapons in o^{r} ſight,
But floriſhe fayre and make a gallant boaſt,
Yet when owr ſtrength dothe truſt upon them moſt,
And leaſt regardes to fend yt ſelfe therefro,
They turne owre Joyes into a worlde of wo./

To glorye then in thinges ſo lyttle worthe
Ys (peacocklyke) to prinke in ſtrangers plumes,
Synce all the force that nature bringeth forthe
Ys not owre owne, (for all owre freakes and fumes)
Yt coomes withe tyme, and eke withe tyme conſumes/
And he (in tyme) w^{ch} dyd the ſame us lende,
At all tymes woulde yt ſhoulde for his be kende./

Well, make an ende, and marke what erſt I ſayed
Of yowthe and Bewtye, eche in theire degree;
The ſame might here in order well be layd,
To prove howe frayle the freutes of forces bee/
For where thyngs lyke (in every poynt) wee ſee,
There lyke (lykewiſe) the ſequell and effect
Muſt followe needes in every right reſpect.

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And for advyſe I ſaye no more but ſoe,
Who boſtethe moſt of body ſtyffe and ſtrong,
Let hym fooreſee that in his mynde eke growe
A manly thought to marche the reſt among,
For (lett me crave a pardon for my ſong)
A cowards harte is never playner ſpyed,
Then when it dothe in ſtrongeſt bones abyde./

This verſe I venter, thoughe I herde one vaunt,
As men were Gyants and woulde heare no geſt/
But yet, you ſee, his threatnyngs could not dant
My manly Muze nor make my penn to reſt/
My ſelfe am bygg, and therefore thought I beſt
To ſhowe ſome lofty cowrage in my writt,
Ells ſome might ſay my bowles my ſelfe dyd hytt.

Be as he maye, the matter is not greate;
A glancyng blowe can make no greevous wounde;
But let me yett this ſentence ones repeate,
Inconſtaunt Joyes withowte grief are not fownde:
Yf that be ſoe, was never force ſo fownde,
But ſodeyne chānce coulde chopp yt quytt in ſonder?
Yf ſtryfe breake ſtrengthe then, who can coūpt yt wonder?

Now he that loves mee, let hym give me drinke;
I am ſo dry that I can ſing no more,
And in the cupp I will my ſelfe bethinke,
What force and ſtrengthe are ſureſt evermore/
I have yt, I/ lett ſyng yt owt therefore/
The harts and love of people more & leſſe
Are powre (sāns peere), who ſo the ſame poſeſſe./

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The love longe ſynce of all bothe highe and lowe,
And holdes them ſtyll, and wyll not let them go.

Thus whyle I dranke, I lyfte the cupp ſo highe,
That in the bottome ſawe I wrytten fayre:
Gaſcoigne, thi Muze is taken with a lye,
Synce force of love no fortune can empayre,
And ſince thy Queene dothe ſitt in Trew loves chayre/
No force: I coũpt yt neyther Synne nor ſhame
To lye (alight) for love of ſuche a Dame./

Finis.

TAM MARTI QUAM MERCURIO.

The vanities of Activityes.

ONES in my lyfe I ſaw a Bakers boye
Whiche went unto his Maſters Fagott reeke,
(Beare with me, Queene, for telling ſuche a toye)
Some ſticks (by lyke) for Maſters fyre to ſeeke;
One ſtycke he cutt, another ſticke he breeke,
Som̃e long, ſome ſhorte, ſom̃e greate, he tooke, ſom̃e ſmall,
Tyll on his hedd the reeke fell downe and all,

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My Boye (q[d] he) who badd the be ſo bolde
As for to plucke an olde howſe on thy hedd?
Thou ſhowldeſt foreſee that fagott ſticks do hold
Together faſt, and ſeldome liſt to ſhedd/
Thow mighteſt have chanſt to bring a foole to bed
By jeſting ſo withe ſuche well joyned geare.
Touch one, ſtyrr all: they lye ſo cloſe yfeare./

But ſince it was in ſervice of my ſelfe,
And ſince thou ſoughteſt but fewell for my fyre,
Beſtirr thee now, packe up againe this pelfe/
None other penaunce I of thee requyre/
The Boye was blythe, and had his deepe deſire,
For ſo his Maſter laught and were well pleaſed,
This harme (thought he) was quyckly to be eaſed./

So (peereles prynce) my ſelfe maye be the Boye
Whiche ſought for ſtyckes amydd youre fagott reeke/
I thought to proyne ſome grieſe from everie Joye,
And for the ſame I curiouſly dyd ſeeke/
But whiles at large unpercially I ſpeeke,
Behold your Cowrte comes headlong on a heape,
And on my Muze withe might and mayne they leape/

Indeede I ſhoulde have marked in my mynde,
That vertues marche in mydeſt betweene extreames/
And harde yt were the fall of faults to fynde
Withowt ſome ſhake to fortunes better beames,
But laugh (good Queene) and (by thoſe gliſtering gleames
Of your bright eies) I vowe to ſing ſo long,
Tyll all youre cowrte be pleaſed withe my ſong./

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Forgive me (Queene) and I will worke amayne,
Tyll fancies fagotts piled be agayne./

Thus much I ſyng, becauſe my playneſong note
Muſt yett be herd much lowder then before,
And I muſt cleare my hoarce unpleaſant throate,
To make yow view ſom̃e vanities yet moore/
I muſt be bolde (thoughe rudely) for to roore,
That in all active quallityes wee uſe,
Some griefe unſeene the ſmootheſt Joye enſewes./

Now as the Captayne (w^ch^ at one fyeld fought
Hath happely ones gott the upper hande)
Wyll at the next conflict conduct in doubt,
Leaſt fortvne turne and overthrow his band,
Even ſo my Muze dothe dread to come on ſande,
Although Shee ones have ſayled by the ſame;
Tydes turne, wynds wane, and grudge comes aft^r^ game.

For now my woords waxe generall and large:
So large as leave no pleaſure free from payne/
A harde attempt and yett an eaſie charge,
To prove a trewth, whereas the caſe is playne/
And yf my Queene free hearing do me deigne,
I hoope her ſelfe will ſoone confeſſe withe me,
That griefe maie growe in all the joyes that be.

I graunt yong mynds maye yowthfully delight
Yn ſondrie ſortes of exercyſe and ſporte/
I graunt the meane to heale a heavy ſpright
Ys myrthe and glee, where jolly gueſts reſort,
I graunt that paſtyme ys the lowly porte,
Wherein mans mynde maie ſhrowd yt ſelfe full oft,
Whyle crewell cares beſtowe theire blaſts alloft./

But as the Bell can hardly holde the hawke
From ſoaring ſometymes, when Shee liſt to gadd,
Even ſo the mynde (whiche woontedly dothe walke

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In fancies fields, moſt lyke a luſty ladd)
Can ſeldome be ſo bridled from the badd,
But that delight maie drawe one foote to farre,
Whils vayne exceſſe the mery meane dothe marre./

To prove this trew, who ſhall the game begynne?
Muſt muſicke firſt bewraye her vayne delight? Muſicke.
And muſt ſhe ſaye that, as the fowlers gynne
Doth lye full cloſe in depthe of dangers dight,
Whiles yet his pype dothe playe in pleaſaunt plight,
Even ſoe her ſweete conſents beguyle ſometymes
The higheſt harte in harmonye that clymes?

Alas, alas, who ſooner doth deceave
Then do the Cirenes w^th^ their ſugred ſonges?
Of all the wooes that wanton worldlyngs weave,
I finde not one more thrall to guylefull thronges
Then is the moane to Muſicke that belongs;
Since mellyſhe mowthes can worſt away w^th^ gall,
As higheſt clymes are moſt afearde to fall.

Yndeede ſuche dynne appeaſeth angry mynds,
And Melancholye ys removed thereby/
Somtymes remoued, ſomtymes encreaſe yt fynds,
When madnes leades the mowrnefulſt moode awrye/
For Muſicke waytes, and where yt can eſpye
Or moane or myrthe, yt dothe theire hewmore feede,
And what they dreamt, yt makes them do yn deede./

Sett me aſyde, and harke to holly Syres,
Whoſe dyverſe doomes maye ſkarce diſcuſſe y^e^ doubt,
For Ambroſe firſt the uſe thereof requires
Yn everie churche and all the worlde aboute/

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Yt is a trewth and cannot be denyed,
That Muſicke ſtyrres ſome mynds to godly thought.
Yt is as trew and hathe byn often tryed,
That Muſicke ſtyrres moe mynds to be but nought/
Yt maie be founde, yf it be rightly ſought,
That Muſicke makes mo mery myndes ſtarke madd,
Then ſecrete prayer ſufferethe to be ſadd./

The Serpent tickleth whome ſhe liſt to ſting/
The Surgeon ſtroketh whome he meanes to ſtrike/
The fowler whiſleth whome he fayne would wryng/
The Polipus (with colling) drawes in dike
The dazled wyghts whome ſhe (to drowne) doth like/
And Muſycke mufflethe many men withe Joye,
Whoſe myrthes exceſſe turnes quickly to anoy./

Amongſt the vaynes of variable Joyes
I muſt confeſſe that Muſicke pleaſd me ones,
But whiles I ſearcht the ſemyquaver toyes,
The glañcing ſharpes, the halfenotes for the nones,
And all that ſerves to grace owre gladſome grones,
I founde a flatt of follye owt of frame,
Which made me graunt my Muſicke was but lame.

I meane I fownde that (vaniſhed thereby)
My wandring mynde ſometyme forgott yt ſelfe,
And reaſon ranne his cowrce ſo farre awrye
That, ere I wyſt, my wytts were ſett on ſhelfe,
Of trothe my braynes ſo full were of ſuche pelfe,
That ſome reporte contynually did ryng
Within myne eares, and made me ſeeme to ſinge.

I coulde not reade, but I muſt tune my words/
I coulde not ſpeake, but as yt were by note/
I coulde not muze but that I thought ſome byrds
Within my breſt did relleaſe all by rote/
I coulde not praye but eare there paſt my throte

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Fyve faithefull boones to God for my requeſt/
I ſoonge the Syxth, and quyte forgott the reſt./

Laughe nott (ſweete Queene) for I ſhall not be found
The onely man whiche (ſleping in delight)
Hathe alwaies dreamt on Muſickes ſilver ſownde/
Some ſinge ſoe longe, tyll they bee madde owtright/
And thoughe the wiſe come ſeldome in ſuche plight/
Yet Plato pleaſd in Muſicke ſo to dreame,
He thought yt helpt the rulyng of a realme.

And wonderfull it is that Neroes mynde,
Which all the worlde (and more) coulde not ſuffize,
Was never ſeene ſo playnely to be pynde,
As Muſicke ſet the ſame before owre eyes/
So greate a Kyng to dye in haſtie wyſe
Yt greeved hym nott: but that ſo ſweete a ſynger
Shoulde dye ſo ſone: that ſorrowe ſeemde a ſtynger /

And, lyke the Swanne, he ſoong before his deathe/
Whiche maie ſuffiſe to prove the tyckell truſt,
That can be buylt upon our fading breathe/
Yt maye ſuffiſe to ſhewe thatt all oure luſt
At laſt will leave us yn the depthe of duſt/
Yt ſerves to prove that no man ſynges ſo ſweete,
As can eſchewe withe bytter deathe to meete/

Sōme ſpende muche tyme in learning ſweete conſents
On lute, on harpe, Cythron, and virginalls/
And ſōme take paynes withe wyndy Inſtruments
As Fyfes and flutes, cornetts and ſuch like calles/
Of whome the laſt to follye more be Thralles/
The firſt but ringe theire fyngers owt of frame,
But thes make mowthes, and ſhew a ſeemely ſhame./

At everye ſpowte, that ſtands abowt a Towre,
Men maye beholde ſuch Gorgons in theire grace,
When paynters pleaſe to make a thing ſeeme ſowre,

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They portraye then the forme of ſome ſuche face;
And yet owre owne blynde judgements be ſo baſe,
Wee thinke that Joye to lende us ſome reliefe,
Whiche we beholde expreſt and done w^th griefe.

Dancyng.

I dwell to longe in Muſickes copyeholde,
For nowe the dawncers come and call for rome/
But had they bells, then might they be ſo bolde
To keepe the fyelde, and challenge all that cõme,
Synce bells and babells are alike to ſõme;
And ſure I ſee no neighbours any where,
That were ſo meete to lyve and dwell ſo neare./

For daũce allone (I meane w^thowt ſome noyſe,)
And that woulde ſeeme a very madd mans parte/
But inſtruments or Muſycke of the voyce
Doe cover many ſuche fonde crymes by arte/
Soe that me thynks they beſt maie make a marte/
Muſicke yt ſelfe a mery madbraynd toy,
And dañcyng ſure a madder kynde of Joye./

What ſhoulde I coũpt oure toſſings and oure turnes,
Owre fryſks, oure flyngs, and all owr motions made
But fewell given unto the fyre whiche burnes
Within owr breſts, whoſe flame can never fade?
For when Dame nature yn mans mynde did wade,
And ſawe fonde fancye occupye the place,
She fury ſent to byd that Dame abaſe.

And thence proceede the moovings w^ch we make,
As forward, backward, lefte hande turne and right/
Upwards and downewards, tyll owre hartes do quake/
And laſt of all (to ſhew owre ſelves owtright)
A turne on toe muſt grace owre giddy ſpright,
Untyll ſometymes we ſtoomble in the ſame,
And fall downeright to geve the gazers game./

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Dancyng delights are like a whyrlyng wheele,
Which turnethe mylls or ſuche lyke frames abowt/
Yt takes no reſt, as they doe reſtles reele/
Yt weares it ſelfe, as they doe owt of doubt/
And (yf my Muſe be bolld to tell trewth mought)
Thes tryppers ſtrive to throwe theire braynes awaye,
As wheeles voyde water to the Dam̄es decaye./

Butt dyd yt hurte theire owne myndes and no moe/
The loſſe were light and eaſie to be borne/
The gazers eyes are ofte myſguyded ſoe,
And makes a hornepype to begett a horne/
The mery night begetts a madder morne/
For he that (over night) did (ſyngle) trace,
Can (ſhortely after) dance a dooble pace./

The matrones mynde leaves of her coomly looke,
The mayde muſt mynce and ſtrive to ſtreyne her feete,
The bryde her ſelfe forgetts her marriage booke,
And learnes that daye ſome leſſons muche unmeete/
She learnes ſometymes to dance and turne in ſtreete,
When her brydgroome had rather have her home,
For bett nor worſe ſhe ſhoulde (from hym) ſo rome.

Were I commaunded to defyne in fewe
What dan̄cyng is, and what conſyſts therein,
I ſhould be bolde my logycke thus to ſhew/
Dan̄cyng is, firſt, a porſuyvān̄t for Synne,
To tempt the beſt that ever yet hāthe bene/
A clenly clooke to cover (often tymes)
The ſlye pretence of many ſubtyle crymes./

Yn dān̄ce the hande hathe libertye to touche,
The eye to gaze, the arme for to embrace,
Whiche (otherwhere) might gyve greate cauſe of gruch/
The excercyſe accquytts a bluſhing face,
And lends muche leave wth much more tyme & place/

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The darkſome nyght, ſharpe enemye to ſhame,
By candles light betrayethe many a dame./

But wherefore ſtand I thus upon the text?
Who ſo can dañce, as Scipio ſeemd to doe,
Not wantonly, nor as his witts were vext,
Nor mynſing fyne, like ſuch as meane to woe,
But withe ſuche grace as love and malyce to
Might bothe com̄end, and be afeard to blame,
I ſaie dañce ſo, and dañce in Chriſt his name./

But every Byrde hathe not an Eagles eye,
Nor all y^{t} clyme the Martren maie enſew/
My Queene (I graunt) dothe every vice defye,
Her Dames lykewyſe offences do eſchewe/
Theire dancyng bydds all idle thoughts adieu./
I ment not them/ I meane but ſuch as ſeeke
To breake my backe wth fancies fagott reeke./

Leaping, Roonyng, Vaultyng, &c.

And ſynce I muſt leape lightly and away,
Before the force of all theſe fagotts fall,
Amongſt the leapers let me take my waye,
And ſee whatt faults I fynde amongſt them all.
Beleve me (Queene), what ever me befall/
I will tell trewth the devyll hymſelfe to ſhame,
Although therby I ſeeme to purchaſe blame./

I wyll not ſpare to ſpeake as Petrark ſpake,
Who ſayd that leapers (leape they never ſo well)
Cannot withe Squyrells full compare (yett) make/
Nor he whoſe roo$\bar{n}$ying alwaie w$\bar{y}$nes the bell/
Shall therein ſeeme a hare (yett) to excell/
Nor he that vaults or gambolds beſt in ſhape,
Can coome abowt (yet) nymbly lyke an Ape./

A lambe can leape full lightly in his yowthe,
Which afterwards proves heavie heelde and ſlowe,
For loompyſhe age the lighteſt ly$\tilde{m}$es enſewth,/

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And (at an ynche) dothe followe where they goe./
Then he that rõones ſo faſt, or leapeth ſo,
Where wyll he ſight but in the lappe of death?
And (ſtreynyng force) he ſeemes to ſhorten breath./

For yf we coũpt thoſe pleaſures worthy price,
Whiche (in themſelves) do purchaſe privy payne,
Then might we prayſe (as well) bothe cards and dyſe,
Whiche lyve by loſſe, and few (god knowes) y^{t} gayne/
Thexample not unlyke: for bothe be vayne,
That one playes pownds, and lacketh pence at length,
That other ſtreynes, and ſtyll decreaſethe ſtrength.

To ſee ſom̃e one ſitt ſcratching of his hedde
(Yea teare his bearde ſometymes), when he hathe loſt,
Another chafing, tyll his cheekes be redd,
And bothe waxe warme to contervayle theire coſt/
To ſee the cardes and dyſe abowt howſe toſt/
Tyll anger vex bothe father, kyne, and brother:
Ys it not madnes? Sure, it is none other./

But lacke of other actyve quallyties
Ys cauſe that this ſhoulde be in place profeſt/
Then lett my Muſe beſtyrre her to devyſe
The beſt that be, and lett thes others reſt/
Wraſtlyng is thought meete for a martiall gueſt, Wraſtlyng.
And therefore ſeemes defended from the blames,
Which grow wth griefe in other Joyfull games./

Yett hee thatt marks what I have ſayed before
Of leaping, rooning, vaultyng, and ſuche lyke.
The ſame of this maie well be ſayed and more,
For here of two that one muſt lye in dyke/
And yf therewithe he doe his fall dyſlyke,
From wraſtlyng trycks they fall to warlyke blowes,
Suche earneſt oft in deepeſt dalliaunce growes.

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Rydinge.

But ryding is of nobles muche deſired,
And what can be brought in agaynſt the ſame?
Alas, alas, my Muze muſt needes be tyred
To recken griefe in every kynde of game/
But truſt me (Queene), I am not yet ſo lame,
But that I can in ryding finde ſome fault,
As earſt I dyd in them which leape and vault./

For ſett aſyde the danger of a fall,
(Which ſo maye chāce that woulde wee ride or no
Agaynſt owre wylles, at laſt wee muſt or ſhall,
When withe a broken legg wee cannot goe)
I can rehearce yett many myſchieves mo
And ſundry greeves, thatt &c. &c.

Left vnperfect for feare of Horſmen.

TAM MARTI QUAM MERCURIO.

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Poems from *The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting*,[1] 1575.

George Gaſcoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie.[2]

AS God himſelfe declares, the life of man was lent,
Bicauſe it ſhould (with feare of him) in gladſome wiſe be ſpent.
And Salomon doth ſay, that all the reſt is vaine,
Vnleſſe that myrth and merie cheere may follow toile and paine.
If that be ſo in deede, what booteth then to buylde

---

[1] The eleven pieces now firſt reprinted from the old copy appear, like the commendatory lines alſo given, to have been compoſed by Gaſcoigne. Each, in the original, is accompanied by a well-executed woodcut. In three of theſe, of the ſize of the page, Gaſcoigne (if I am not miſtaken) is introduced preſenting to the queen ſome trophy of the chaſe.

[2] The ſecond ... *The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting* ... which is

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High towers & halles of ſtately port, to leaue an vnknown child?
Or wherefore hoord we heapes of coyne and worldly wealth,
Whiles therwithall that caytif care cõmes creeping in by ſtelth?
The needie neighbors grudge to ſee the rychman thryue:
Such malice worldly mucke doth breede in euery man alyue.
Contention commes by coyne, and care doth contecke ſew,
And ſodeine death by care is caught, all this you know is true.
Since death is then the end which all men ſeeke to flye,
And yet are all men well aware that *Man is borne to dye*,
Why leade not men ſuch liues, in quiet comely wiſe,
As might with honeſt ſport & game their worldly minds ſuffiſe?
Amongſt the reſt that game which in this booke is taught,
Doth ſeeme to yeld as much content as may on earth be ſought.
And but my ſimple Muſe both myrth and meane miſtake,
It is a meane of as much mirth as any ſport can make.
It occupies the mynde, which elſe might chaunce to muſe
On miſchiefe, malice, filth and fraudes that mortall men do vſe.
And as for exerciſe, it ſeemes to beare the bell,
Since by the ſame mens bodies be in health mainteyned well.
It exercyſeth ſtrength, it exercyſeth wit,
And all the poars and ſprites of Man are exerciſde by it.
It ſhaketh off all ſlouth, it preſſeth downe all pryde,
It cheres the hart, it glads the eye, & through the ears doth glyde.
I might at large expreſſe how earely huntſmen ryſe,
And leaue the ſluggiſh ſleepe for ſuch as leachers luſt deuyſe.
How true they tread their ſteps in exerciſes traine,
Which friſking flings & lightbraind leaps may ſeeme always to ſtaine,
Howe appetite is bred (with health) in homely cates,
While Surfet ſits in vaine exceſſe, & Banquet breeds debates.
How cries of well mouthd hounds do counteruaile the coſt,
Which many a man (beyond his reach) on inſtruments hath loſt.
How ſetting of Relayes may repreſent the ſkyll,

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Declares the valiant *Romains death*, when might may do no more.
How ſight of ſuch delights doth ſcorne all common ſhowes,
Of Enterludes, of Tumblers tricks, of antikes, mocks, & mowes.
And how the nimble Hare, by turning in hir courſe,
Doth plainly proue that *Pollicie* ſometimes ſurpaſſeth force.
The Venſon not forgot, moſt meete for Princes dyſhe:
All theſe with more could I rehearſe, as much as wit could wyſhe.
But let theſe few ſuffice, it is a *Noble ſport*
To recreate the mindes of Men in good and godly ſort.
A ſport for Noble peeres, a ſport for gentle bloods,
The paine I leaue for ſeruants ſuch as beate the buſhie woods,
To make their maſters ſport. *Then let the Lords reioyce,*
Let gentlemen beholde the glee, and take thereof the choyce.
For my part (being one) I muſt needes ſay my minde,
That Hunting was ordeyned firſt for Men of Noble kinde.
And vnto them, therefore, I recommend the ſame,
As exerciſe that beſt becõmes their worthy noble name.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

The Preface pronounced by the Hart.

I AM the Harte, by Greekes ſurnamed ſo,
Bicauſe my heade doth with their tearmes agree;
For ſtately ſhape fewe ſuch on earth do go,
So that by right they haue ſo termed mee.
For Kings delight it ſeemes I was ordeyned,
Whoſe Huntſmen yet purſue me day by daye:
In Foreſt, chace, and Parke I am conſtrayned
Before their Houndes to wander many a way.
Wherefore who lyſt to learne the perfect trade

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Of Venerie, and therewithall would knowe
What properties and vertues nature made
In me, poore Hart, oh harmeleſſe Hart! to growe,
Let him giue eare to ſkilfull Tryſtrams lore,
To Phœbus, Fowylloux, and many more.

The Blazon pronounced by the Huntſman.



AM the Hunte, whiche rathe and earely ryſe,
My bottell filde with wine in any wiſe;
Twoo draughts I drinke to ſtay my ſteppes withall,
For eche foote one, bicauſe I would not fall.
Then take my Hownde in liam me behinde,
The ſtately Harte in fryth or fell to finde.
And whiles I ſeeke his ſlotte where he hath fedde,
The ſweete byrdes ſing to cheare my drowſie hedde.
And when my Hounde doth ſtreyne vpon good vent,
I muſt confeſſe the ſame dothe me content;
But when I haue my couerts walkt aboute,
And harbred faſt the Harte for commyng out,
Then I returne to make a graue reporte
Whereas I finde th' aſſembly doth reſorte;
And lowe I crouche before the Lordings all,
Out of my Horne the fewmets lette I fall,
And other ſignes and tokens do I tell,
To make them hope the Harte may like them well.
Then they commaunde that I the wine ſhould taſte:
So biddes mine Arte, and ſo my throte I baſte.
The dinner done, I go ſtreightwayes agayne

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Vnto my markes, and ſhewe my Maſter playne;
Then put my Hounde vpon the view to drawe
And rowſe the Harte out of his layre by lawe.
O gamſters all, a little by your leaue,
Can you ſuche ioyes in triflyng games conceaue?

Of the place where and howe an aſſembly ſhould be made in the preſence of a Prince or ſome honorable perſon.

WHo liſt by me to learne Aſſembly for to make
For Keyſar, Kyng, or comely Queene, for Lord or Ladies ſake;
Or where and in what ſort it ſhould prepared be,
Marke well my wordes, and thanke me then, for thankes I craue in fee.
The place ſhould firſt be pight on pleaſant gladſome greene,
Yet vnder ſhade of ſtately trees, where little ſunne is ſeene;
And neare ſome fountaine ſpring, whoſe chryſtall running ſtreames
May helpe to coole the parching heate ycaught by *Phœbus* beames.
The place appoynted thus, it neyther ſhall be clad
With Arras nor with Tapyſtry, ſuch paltrie were too bad;
Ne yet thoſe hote perfumes, whereof proude Courtes do ſmell,
May once preſume in ſuch a place or Paradiſe to dwell.
Away with fayned freſh as broken boughes or leaues,
Away, away with forced flowers, ygathred from their greaues:
This place muſt of it ſelfe afforde ſuch ſweete delight,
And eke ſuch ſhewe as better may content the greedie ſight,
Where ſundry ſorts of hewes, which growe vpon the ground,
May ſeeme, indeede, ſuch Tapyſtry as we by arte haue found.
Where freſh and fragrant flowers may ſkorne the courtiers coſt,
Which daubes himſelfe with Syuet, Muſke and many an oyntment loſt;
Where ſweeteſt ſinging byrdes may make ſuch melodye
As *Pan* nor yet *Apollos* arte can ſounde ſuch harmonye.

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Where breath of weſterne windes may calmely yeld content,
Where caſements neede not opened be, where ayre is neuer pent;
Where ſhade may ſerue for ſhryne and yet the Sunne at hande,
Where beautie neede not quake for colde, ne yet with Sunne be tande.
In fine, and to conclude, where pleaſure dwels at large,
Which Princes ſeeke in Pallaces with payne and coſtly charge.
Then ſuch a place once founde, the Butler firſt appeares,
He ſhall be formoſt doctor there, and ſtande before his peares;
And with him ſhall he bring (if company be great)
Some wagons, cartes, ſome Mules or iades, yladen till they ſweate
With many a medcine made for common queynt diſeaſes,
As thirſtie throates and typpling tongs, whome *Bacchus* pype appeaſes.
Theſe little pinching pots, which Pothecaries vſe,
Are all too fine; fye, fye on ſuch, they make men but to muſe.
My Doctor brings his drugs to counterpoiſe all quarrels,
In Kilderkins and Fyrkins full, in Bottles and in Barrels;
And yet therein he brings (I would you wiſt it well)
No rotten drammes, but noble wine, which makes mens hearts to ſwell;
And downe he doth diſmount, his things for to addreſſe,
His flagons in the fountaine faire are placed more and leſſe.
Or, if ſuch fountaines fayle, my Doctor hath the ſkyll
With ſande and Campher for to coole his potions at his will.
That done, he ſpreades his cloth vpon the graſſye banke,
And ſets to ſhewe his deintie drinkes to winne his Princes thanke.
Then cõmes the captaine-Cooke, with many a warlike wight,
Which armor bring and weapons both, with hunger for to fight.
Yea, ſome alſo ſet forth vpon a manly mynde
To make ſome meanes a quarrell with my Doctor for to fynde.
For whiles colde loynes of Veale, colde Capon, Beefe and Gooſe,
With Pygeon pyes and Mutton colde, are ſet on hunger looſe,
And make the forlorne hope in doubt to ſcape full hard;
Then come to giue a charge in flanke (elſe all the marte were marde)
Firſt, Neates tongs poudred well and Gambones of the Hogge,
Then Saulſages and ſauery knackes, to ſet mens myndes on gogge:
And whiles they ſkyrmiſh thus with fierce and furious fight,
My Doctor clearkly turnes the Tappe and goeth beyond them quite;

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For when they be ſo trapt, encloſed round about,
No boote preuayles but drinke like men, for that muſt helpe them out.
Then King or comely Queene, then Lorde and Lady, looke
To ſee which ſide will beare the bell, the Butler or the Cooke.
At laſt the Cooke takes flight, but Butlers ſtill abyde,
And ſound their Drummes and make retreate with bottles by their ſyde.
Herewith to ſtint all ſtryfe the huntſmen come in haſt:
They lycence craue of King or Queene to ſee their battell plaſt;
Which graunted and obtaynde, they ſet on ſuch as lyue,
And fiercely fight till both be forſt all armour vp to giue.
And home they go diſpoylde, like ſimple ſakeleſſe men;
No remedie but trudge apace, they haue no weapons then.
The field thus fought and done, the huntſmen come agayne,
Of whome ſome one vpon his knee ſhall tell the Prince full playne
This little leſſon here which followeth next in place;
Forgiue me, Queene, which am to bold to ſpeak vnto yo^r^ grace.

MY Liege, forgiue the boldneſſe of your man,
Which comes to ſpeake, before your grace him call;
My ſkyll is ſmall, yet muſt I, as I can,
Preſume to preach before theſe Barons all,
And tell a tale which may ſuch mynds appall
As paſſe their dayes in ſlouthfull idleneſſe,
The fyrſt foule nourſe to worldly wickedneſſe.

Since golden time, my liege, doth neuer ſtay,
But fleeth ſtill about with reſtleſſe wyngs,
Why doth your grace let time then ſteale away,
Which is more worth than all your worldly things?
Beleeue me, liege, beleeue me, Queenes and Kyngs,
One only houre, once loſt, yeldes more anoy
Than twentie dayes can cure with myrth and ioy.

And ſince your grace determinde by decree
To hunt this day and recreate your mynde,

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Why ſyt you thus and loſe the game and glee
Which you might heare? Why ringeth not the winde
With hornes and houndes, according to their kynde?
Why ſyt you thus, my liege, and neuer call
Our houndes nor vs to make you ſport withall?

Perchance the fight, which ſodenly you ſaw,
Erewhyles betweene theſe ouerbragging bluddes,
Amaſde your mynde, and for a whyle did draw
Your noble eyes to ſettle on ſuch ſuddes?
But, peereleſſe Prince, the moyſture of ſuch muddes
Is much too groſſe and homely for your grace:
Behold them not, their pleaſures be but baſe.

Behold vs here, your true and truſtie men,
Your huntes, your hyndes, your ſwaynes at all aſſayes,
Which ouerthrow them, (being three to tenne,)
And now are preſt with bloudhounds and relayes,
With houndes of crye and houndes well worthy prayſe,
To rowze, to runne, to hunt and hale to death
As great a Hart as euer yet bare breath.

This may be ſeene, (a Princes ſport in deede)
And this your grace ſhall ſee when pleaſeth you;
So that voutſafe, O noble Queene, with ſpeede
To mount on horſe, that others may enſue,
Untill this Hart be rowzde and brought to view.
Then if you finde that I haue ſpoke amyſſe,
Correct me, Queene: till then, forgiue me this.

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The report of a Hunteſman vpon the ſight of an Hart in pride of greace.

BEFORE the Queene I come, report to make:
Then huſh and peace for noble *Tryſtrams* ſake!
From out my horne my fewmets fyrſt I drawe,
And them preſent on leaues by hunters lawe.
And thus I ſay: my liege, behold and ſee
An Hart of tenne, I hope he harbord bee;
For if you marke his fewmets euery poynt,
You ſhall them finde long, round and well annoyt,
Knottie and great, withouten prickes or eares:
The moyſtneſſe ſhewes what venyſone he beares.

Then if my Prince demaund what head he beare,
I anſwere thus with ſober words and cheare:
My liege I went this morning on my queſt,
My hound did ſticke and ſeemde to vent ſome beaſt.
I held him ſhort, and drawing after him,
I might behold the Hart was feeding trym:
His head was high and large in each degree,
Well palmed eke, and ſeemd full ſound to be:
Of colour broune, he beareth eight and tenne;
Of ſtately height and long he ſeemed then.

His beame ſeemd great, in good proportion led,
Well burrde and round, well pearled neare his head;
He ſeemed fayre tweene blacke and berrie brounde,
He ſeemes well fed by all the ſignes I found;
For when I had well marked him with eye,
I ſtept aſide to watch where he would lye;
And when I ſo had wayted full an houre
That he might be at layre and in his boure,

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I caſt about to harbour him full ſure:
My hound by ſent did me thereof aſſure.
Entring the thicke, theſe fewmets did I ſpy,
Which I tooke vp, and layd my markes thereby.
In priuie pathes I walkt, and, creeping throw,
I found the Slot of other Harts ynow;
Both yong and olde I founde of euery ſyſe,
But as for him, I hope that ſtill he lyes;
So that your grace (by likelyhoode) may him finde,
He harbord is according to my mynde.

Then if ſhe aſke what Slot or view I found,
I ſay the Slot or view was long on ground,
The toes were great, the ioyntbones round and ſhort,
The ſhinne bones large, the dewclawes cloſe in port;
Short ioynted was he, hollow-footed eke,
An Hart to hunt as any man can ſeeke.

The wofull wordes of the Hart to the Hunter.

SINCE I in deepeſt dread do yelde my ſelfe to Man,
And ſtand full ſtill betwene his legs, which earſt full wildly ran,
Since I to him appeale, when hounds purſue me ſore,
As who ſhould ſay: *Now ſaue me, man, for elſe I may no more.*
Why doſt thou then, *ô Man! ô Hunter!* me purſue
With cry of hounds, with blaſt of horne, with hallow and with hue?

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All other men to hunte me eke? O wicked wylie witte,
Thou here haſt ſet to ſhew within this buſie booke
A looking Glaſſe of leſſons lewde wherein all Huntes may looke;
And ſo whyles world doth laſt, they may be taught to bryng
The harmeleſſe Hart vnto his bane with many a wilye thing.
Is it bycauſe thy mynde doth ſeeke thereby ſome gaynes?
Canſt thou in death take ſuche delight? breedes pleaſure ſo in paynes?
Oh cruell, be content to take in worth my teares,
Which growe to gumme, and fall from me: content thee with my heares!
Content thee with my hornes, which euery yeare I mew,
Since all theſe three make medicines ſome ſickneſſe to eſchew.
My teares, congeald to gumme, by peeces from me fall,
And thee preſerue from Peſtilence in Pomander or Ball.
Such wholeſome teares ſhedde I when thou purſeweſt me ſo:
Thou, not content, doeſt ſeeke my death and then thou getſt no moe.
My heare is medicine, burnt, all venemous wormes to kill,
The Snake hirſelfe will yeeld thereto, ſuch was my makers will.
My hornes, whiche aye renew, as many medicines make
As there be Troches on their Toppes, and all, *Man*, for thy ſake.
As firſt they heale the head from turning of the brayne,
A dramme thereof in powder drunke doth quickly eaſe the payne;
They ſkinne a kybed heele, they fret an anguayle off,
Lo! thus I ſkippe from toppe to toe, yet neyther ſcorne nor ſkoffe.
They comfort Feeuers faynte and lingryng long diſeaſe;
Diſtilld when they be tender buddes, they ſundry greeues appeaſe;
They mayſter and correct both humours hote and colde
Which ſtriue to conquere bloud, and breede diſeaſes manyfold.
They bryng downe womens termes, and ſtoppe them to for neede;
They keepe the meane tweene both extreemes and ſerue bothe turnes in deed;
They cleare the dimmie ſight, they kill both webbe and pinne,
They ſoone reſtore the milt or ſpleene, which putrifies within.
They eaſe an akyng Tooth, they breake the rumblyng winde
Which grypes the wombe with colliques panges, ſuch is their noble kinde;

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They quenche the ſkaldyng fire, which ſkorched with his heate,
And ſkinne the ſkalt full cleane agayne, and heale it trimme and neate.
They poyſon do expell from *Keyſar*, *King*, or *Queene*,
When it by chaunce or deepe deceypt is ſwallowed vp vnſeene.
But wherefore ſpend I time in vayne at large to prayſe
The vertues of my harmeleſſe hornes, which heape my harme alwayes?
And yet ſuch hornes, ſuch heare, ſuch teares as I haue tolde,
I mew and caſt for mans auayle, more worth to him than golde.
But he, to quyte the ſame, (*ô Murdring Man therewhyles!*)
Purſewes me ſtill and trappes me ofte with ſundrie ſnares and guyles.
Alas, lo, now I feele colde feare within my bones,
Whiche hangs hyr winges vpon my heeles, to haſten for the nones
My ſwifteſt ſtarting ſteppes, methinkes ſhe biddes me byde
In thickeſt Tuftes of couerts cloſe, and ſo my ſelfe to hyde.
Ah rewfull remedie! ſo ſhall I, as it were,
Euen teare my lyfe out of the teeth of houndes whiche make me feare,
And from thoſe cruell curres and brayneſicke bauling Tikes,
Which vowe foote-hote to followe me bothe ouer hedge and dykes.
Me thinkes I heare the Horne, whiche rendes the reſtleſſe ayre
With ſhrylleſt ſounde of bloudie blaſt, and makes me to deſpayre;
Me thinkes I ſee the Toyle, the tanglings and the ſtall,
Which are prepared and ſet full ſure to compaſſe me withall:
Me thinkes the Foſter ſtandes full cloſe in buſhe or Tree,
And takes his leuell ſtreyght and true, me thinkes he ſhootes at me,
And hittes the harmeleſſe harte of me vnhappie Harte,
Which muſt needes pleaſe him by my death, I may it not aſtarte.
Alas and well away! me thinkes I ſee the hunte
Which takes the meaſure of my Slottes where I to treade was wont;
Bycauſe I ſhall not miſſe at laſt to pleaſe his minde,
Alas, I ſee him where he ſeekes my lateſt layre to finde.
He takes my fewmets vp and puts them in his horne;
Alas, me thinkes, he leapes for ioye and laugheth me to ſcorne.
Harke, harke, alas! giue eare, *This geare goeth well*, ſayeth he,
This Harte beares deyntie veniſon in Princes diſhe to be.
Lo! now he blowes his horne euen at the kennell dore,
Alas, alas, he blowes a ſeeke; alas, yet blowes he more:

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He ieopardes and rechates: alas, he blowes the Fall,
And ſoundes that deadly dolefull Note, whiche I muſte die withall.
What ſhould the cruell meane? perhappes he hopes to finde
As many medicines me within to ſatisfie his minde.
May-be, he ſeekes to haue my Sewet for himſelfe,
Whiche ſooner heales a merrygald then Pothecaries pelfe.
May-be his ioyntes be numme, his Synewes ſhronke with colde,
And that he knowes my Sewet wyll the ſame full ſoone vnfolde.
May-be, his wife doth feare to come before hyr time,
And in my mawe he hopes to finde, amongſt the ſlutte and ſlime,
A Stone to helpe his wife, that ſhe may bryng to light
A bloudie babe lyke bloudie Syre, to put poore Hartes to flight.
Perchance with ſickneſſe he hath troubled bene of late,
And with my marow thinketh to reſtore his former ſtate.
May-be, his hart doth quake, and therefore ſeekes the bone,
Whiche Hunteſmen finde within my heart, when I, poore Hart, am gone.
It may be that he meanes my fleſhe for to preſent
Unto his Prince for delicates, ſuch may be his entent.
Yea, more than this: may-be, he thinkes ſuch nouriture
Will ſtill prolong mens dayes on earth, ſince mine ſo long endure.
But, oh miſchieuous man! although I thee outliue,
By due degrees of age vnſeene whiche Nature doth me giue:
Muſt thou therefore procure my death, for to prolong
Thy lingryng life in luſtie wiſe? alas, thou doeſt me wrong.
Muſt I with mine owne fleſhe his hatefull fleſhe ſo feede,
Whiche me diſdaynes one bitte of graſſe or corne in tyme of neede?
Alas, *Man!* do not ſo; ſome other beaſtes go kill,
Whiche worke thy harme by ſundrie meanes, and ſo content thy will.
Which yeelde thee no ſuch gaynes in lyfe as I renew,
When from my head my ſtately hornes to thy behoofe I mew.
But ſince thou arte vnkinde, vngracious and vniuſt,
Lo, here I craue of mightie Gods whiche are bothe good and iuſt,
That *Mars* may reygne with *Man*, that ſtryfe and cruell warre
May ſet mans murdryng minde on worke with many a bloudy Iarre;
That drummes with deadly dub may counteruayle the blaſt

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Which they with hornes haue blowen ful lowde to make my minde agaſt;
That ſhot as thicke as Hayle may ſtande for Croſſebowe ſhootes,
That *Cuyſſes*, *Greues*, and ſuche may ſerue in ſteade of Hunters bootes;
That, gyrte with ſiege full ſure, they may theyr toyles repent;
That *Embuſkadoes* ſtand for nettes which they agaynſt me bent;
That when they ſee a ſpie, which watcheth them to trappe,
They may remember ringwalkes made in herbor me to happe;
That when theyr buſie braynes are exerciſed ſo,
Hartes may lie ſafe within theyr layre and neuer feare theyr foe.
But if ſo chaunce there be ſome daſtard dreadfull mome,
Whome Trumpettes cannot well entyſe nor call him once from home,
And yet will play the man in killyng harmeleſſe Deare,
I craue of God that ſuch a ghoſte and ſuch a fearefull pheare
May ſee *Dyana nakt:* and ſhe (to venge hir ſkornes)
May ſoone transforme his harmefull head into my harmeleſſe hornes;
Untill his houndes may teare that hart of his in twayne,
Which thus torments vs harmeleſſe *Harts*, and puttes our hartes to payne.

Of the hunting of an Hare.

I AM an Hare, a beaſt of little ſtrength,
Yet making ſport of loue and gentle geſtes,
For running ſwift and holding out at length,
I beare the bell aboue all other beaſtes.

The Hare to the Hunter.

BE mindes of men become ſo vayde of ſenſe

The Lyon lickes the ſores of wounded Sheepe;
He ſpares to pray, whiche yeeldes and craueth grace.
The dead mans corps hath made ſome Serpentes weepe,
Such rewth may ryſe in beaſts of bloudie race;
And yet can man, whiche bragges aboue the reſt,
Uſe wracke for rewth? can murder like him beſt?

This ſong I ſing in moan and mourneful notes,
Which fayne would blaſe the bloudie minde of Man
Who, not cõtent with Hartes, Hindes, Buckes, Rowes, Gotes,
Bores, Beares and all that hunting conquere can;
Muſt yet ſeeke out me, ſilly harmeleſſe Hare,
To hunte with houndes and courſe ſometimes with care.

The Harte doth hurte (I muſt a trueth confeſſe):
He ſpoyleth Corne and beares the hedge adowne;
So doth the Bucke, and though the Rowe ſeeme leſſe,
Yet doth he harme in many a field and Towne;
The clyming Gote doth pill both plant and vine,
The pleaſant meades are rowted vp with Swine.

But I, poore Beaſt, whoſe feeding is not ſeene,
Who breake no hedge, who pill no pleaſant plant;
Who ſtroye no fruite, who can turne vp no greene,
Who ſpoyle no corne to make the Plowman want:
Am yet purſewed with hounde, horſe, might and mayne
By murdring men, vntill they haue me ſlayne.

Sa how ſayeth one, as ſoone as he me ſpies,
Another cries *Now, Now!* that ſees me ſtarte,
The houndes call on with hydeous noyſe and cryes,
The ſpurgalde Jade muſt gallop out his parte;
The horne is blowen and many a voyce full ſhryll
Do whoup and crie me wretched Beaſt to kyll.

What meaneſt thou, man, me ſo for to purſew?
For firſt my ſkinne is ſcarcely worth a placke;

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My fleſhe is drie and harde for to endew;
My greace, God knoweth, not great vpon my backe;
My ſelfe, and all that is within me founde,
Is neyther good, great, ritche, fatte, ſweete, nor ſounde.

So that thou ſheweſt thy vauntes to be but vayne,
That bragſt of witte aboue all other beaſts,
And yet by me thou neyther getteſt gayne
Nor findeſt foode to ſerue thy gluttons feaſts.
Some ſporte perhaps? yet *Greuous is the glee*
Which endes in Bloud: that leſſon learne of me.

Of the Foxe.

RAYNERD the Foxe am I, a craftie childe well knowne,
Yea better known than credited, w^t^ more than is mine own;
A baſtard kynd of curre, mine eares declare the ſame,
And yet my wit and pollicie haue purchaſt me great fame.

The Foxe to the Hunteſman.

IF dogs had tong at will to talke in their defence;
If brutiſh beaſt might be ſo bold to plead at barre for pence;
If poore Tom Troth might ſpeake of all that is amyſſe,
Then might would beare no right a down, then mẽ would pardon this,
Which I muſt here declare. Then quickly would be known
That he which deales with ſtrangers faults ſhould firſt amend his owne.
Thus much my ſelfe may ſay, thus much my ſelfe can proue;
Yet whiles I preache, beware the Geeſe, for ſo it ſhall behoue.

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I ſigh, yet ſmyle, to ſee that man, yea, maſter man,
Can play his part in pollicie as well as Raynard can.
And yet, forſoth, the Foxe is he that beares the blame,
But two leggd Foxes eate the ducks when foure legs beare the name.
A wonder is to ſee how people ſhoute and cry
With hallowes, whoupes and ſpitefull words, when I, poore Fox, go by.
Lay on him, cryes the wife: downe with him, ſayes the childe:
Some ſtricke, ſom chide, ſome throw a ſtone, ſom fal & be defilde;
As Maidens, when they ſpurne with both their feete attones,
Fie on the Foxe y^t^ forſt thē ſo, ſuch falles might bruſe their bones.
But Raynard doth ſuch deeds, and therfore ſtrike him down,
His caſe will ſerue to fur the cape of maſter huntſmans gowne;
His Lungs full holſome be, in poulder beaten fine,
For ſuch as cough & draw their wind with paine & mickle pine;
His pyſſell ſerues to ſkoure the grauell of the ſtone,
His greace is good for ſynews ſhronk, or ache y^t^ grieues the bone;
His tong will draw a thorne, his teeth will burniſh golde,
And by his death a huntſman may haue profits manyfolde.
The Henne ſhall rouſt at reſt, which he was wont to rowze,
The duck & geeſe may bring good broods, y^e^ pigs may ſucke their ſowes.
And al the Farmers welth may thriue & come to good,
Which craftie Raynard ſteales ſometimes to kepe his brats in blood.
Yea, ſoft, but who ſayes thus? who did y^e^ Lion paint?
Forſoth, a man; but if a Fox might tell his tale as queint,
Then would he ſay againe that men as craftie be
As euer Raynard was for theft, euen men which flieſe a fee
From euerie widowes flocke: a capon or a chicke,
A pyg, a gooſe, a dunghill ducke, or ought that ſalt will licke;
Untill the widowe ſterue, and can no longer giue;
This was y^e^ Fox, fie down with him, why ſhuld ſuch foxes liue?
Some Foxes lie in waite and marke the Farmers croppe,
What loads of haye, what graſſe for bief, what ſtore of wood for loppe:
What quantitie of graine he raiſeth on his rent,

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And take a new leaſe ore his hed, before the olde be ſpent.
Fye on theſe Foxes, fye! what Farmer can do well
Where ſuch vile vermin lie in wait their priuy gaines to ſmell?
Yea, ſome can play their part in ſlandring neighbors name,
To ſay y^e^ wolf did kil the Lamb when Raynerds eate y^e^ ſame.
Theſe faults, with many moe, can wicked men commit,
And yet they ſay that Foxes paſſe for ſubtletie and wit.
But ſhall I ſay my minde? I neuer yet ſaw day,
But euery town had two or three which Rainards parts could play.
So that men vaunt in vaine which ſay they hunt the Foxe,
To kepe their neighbors poultry free, & to defende their flockes,
When they them ſelues can ſpoyle more profit in an houre
Than Raynard rifles in a yere, when he doth moſt deuoure.
No, no, the minds of men which ſtill be vainely bent,
Muſt haue their change of Venerie: as firſt the Hare in Lent,
The Hart in Sommers heate, and me poore Foxe in cold;
But wherto ſerue theſe ſundry ſports, theſe chaſes manyfold?
Forſoth to feede their thoughts with drugs of vaine delight,
Whereon moſt men do muſe by day, wheron they dream by night.
They muſt haue coſtly clothes, they muſt haue deintie fare,
They muſt haue couches ſtuft with doune, they muſt haue all in ſquare.
They muſt haue newfound games to make thē laugh their fill,
The[y] muſt haue foules, they muſt haue beaſts, to bayt, to hunt, to kyll.
And all, when all is done, is nothing elſe but vayne,
So Salomon the wiſe man ſayd, and ſo ſayes Raynerd playne.

The Otters Oration.

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Firſt of my ſelfe before the reſt to treate,
Moſt men cry out, that fiſhe I do deuoure;
Yea, ſome will ſay that Lambes with mee be meate.
I graunt to both: and he that hath the powre
To feede on fiſh that ſweeter were than ſowre,
And had yong fleſh to banquet at his fill,
Were fonde to fraunche on garbage graynes or ſwill.
But maſter Man, which findeth all this fault,
And ſtreynes deuiſe for many a daynty diſhe,
Which ſuffreth not that hunger him aſſault,
But feedes his fill on euery fleſh and fiſhe,
Which muſt haue all, as much as witte can wiſh,
Us ſeely Beaſts deuouring Beaſts do[th] call,
And he himſelfe moſt bloudy beaſte of all!
Well yet, me thinks, I heare him preach this Text,
How all that is was made for vſe of man.
So was it ſure; but therewith followes next
This heauy place, expound it who ſo can:
The very ſcourge and plague of God his Ban
Will light on ſuch as queyntly can deuiſe,
To eate more meate then may their mouthes ſuffiſe.
Now, maſter Man, ſtand forth and here declare,
Who euer yet could ſee an Otter eate
More meate at once then ſerued for his ſhare?
Who ſees vs beaſts ſitte bybbing in our ſeate
With ſundry wynes and ſundry kindes of meate
Which breede diſeaſe, yfoſtred in ſuch feaſtes?
If men do ſo, be they not worſe than beaſts?
The beaſtly man muſt ſitte al day and quaffe:
The Beaſte, indeede, doth drincke but twiſe a day.
The beaſtly man muſt ſtuffe his monſtrous maffe
With ſecrete cauſe of ſurfeiting alway;
Where beaſts be glad to feede when they get prey,
And neuer eate more than may do them good,
Where men be ſicke and ſurfet thorough foode.
Who ſees a Beaſt for ſauery Sawces long?

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Who ſees a beaſt or chicke or Capon cramme ?
Who ſees a beaſt once luld on ſleepe with ſong ?
Who ſees a beaſt make venſon of a Ramme ?
Who ſees a Beaſt deſtroy both whelpe and damme ?
Who ſees a Beaſt vſe beaſtly Gluttonie,
Which man doth vſe for great Ciuilytie ?
I know not, I, if dyuing be my fault ?
Me thinks moſt men can diue as well as I ;
Some men can diue in Seller and in vault,
In Parlor, Hall, Kitchen and in Buttery,
To ſmell the Roſte, whereof the fume doth flee ;
And as for games men diue in euery ſtreame :
All frawdes be fiſhe ; their ſtomacks neuer ſqueame.
So to conclude, when men their faults can mend,
And ſhunne the ſhame wherewith they beaſts do blot :
When men their time and treaſure not miſpend,
But follow grace which is with paines ygot,
When men can vice rebuke, and vſe it not,
Then ſhall they ſhine like men of worthy fame,
And elſe they be but *Beaſts* well worthy blame.

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THE TRANSLATION OF THE BLESSED S. BERNARDES VERSES, CONTEINYNG THE VNSTABLE FELICITIE OF THIS WAYFARING WORLD.[1]

Cur mundus militat, ſub vana gloria, cuius proſperitas eſt tranſitoria ?
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia quàm vaſa figuli, quæ ſunt fragilia.

WHy doth eche ſtate applie it ſelfe to worldly prayſe:
And vndertake ſuch toyle, to heape vp honours gaine?
Whoſe ſeate, though ſeeming ſure, on fickle Fortune ſtayes,
Whoſe giftes were neuer proued perpetuall to remaine,
But euen as yearthen pot with euery fillip failes,
So Fortunes fauour flits, and Fame with Honour quailes.

Plus crede litteris ſcriptis in glacie quàm mundi fragilis, vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in præmiis, virtutis ſpecie, quæ nunquam habuit, tempus fiduciæ.

Thinke rather firme to finde a figure grauen in Iſe,
Whoſe ſubſtaunce ſubiect is to heate of ſhining Sunne,
Then hope for ſtedfaſt ſtay in wanton worldes deuiſe,
Whoſe feigned fonde delightes from falſheades forge doe come,
And vnder vertues veile are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing thoſe who thinke their date will out.

Magis credendum eſt viris fallacibus, quàm mundi miſeris proſperitatibus,
Falſis inſaniis & voluptatibus, falſiſque ſtudiis & vanitatibus.

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The trifely, truthleſſe tongue of rumours lying lippes
Deſerues more truſt then doth the higheſt happie hap,
That world to worldlinges giues, for ſee how honour ſlippes
To fooliſh, fonde conceiptes, to pleaſures poiſoned ſap!
To ſtudies falſe in proofe, to artes applied to gaine,
To fickle fancies toyes, which wiſedome deemeth vaine!

Dic vbi Salomon, olim tam nobilis, vel vbi Sampſon est, dux inuincibilis,
Vel dulcis Ionathas multum amabilis, vel pulcher Abſolon, vultu
mirabilis?

Where is the ſacred kyng, that Salomon the wiſe,
Whoſe wiſedome former time of duetie did commende?
Where is that Sampſon ſtrong, that monſtrous man in ſize,
Whoſe forced arme did cauſe the mightie pillers bend?
Where is the Peareleſſe Prince, the frendly Jonathas?
Or Abſolon, whoſe ſhape and fauour did ſurpaſſe?

Quò Cæſar abiit celſus imperio? vel diues ſplendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic vbi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Ariſtoteles, ſummus ingenio?

Where is that *Cæſar* now, whoſe high renowned fame
Of ſondry conqueſtes wonne, throughout the world did ſounde?
Or *Diues* riche in ſtore, and riche in richely name,
Whoſe cheſt with gold and diſhe with dainties did abounde?
Where is the paſſing grace of *Tullies* pleading ſkill?
Or *Ariſtotles* vaine, whoſe penne had witte and will?

O eſca vermium, ô maſſa pulueris, ô ros, ô vanitas, cur ſic extolleris?
Ignoras penitùs vtrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quamdiu poteris.

O foode of filthy worme, oh lompe of lothſome clay,
O life full like the dew which morning ſoone doth waſt,

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Quam breue feſtum eſt, hæc mundi gloria: vt vmbra hominum, ſic eius gaudia,
Quæ ſemper ſubtrahunt æterna præmia, & ducunt hominem ad dura deuia.

How ſhort a banquet ſeemes the pompe of high renowne;
How like the ſenceleſſe ſhape of ſhiuering ſhadowes thin
Are wanton worldly toyes, whoſe pleaſure plucketh downe
Our hartes from hope, and handes from workes, which heauen ſhould win,
And takes vs from the trode which guides to endleſſe gaine,
And ſets vs in the way that leades to laſting paine.

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, ſacris in litteris flos fœni dicitur,
Vt leue folium, quod vento rapitur, ſic vita hominum hac vita tollitur.

The pompe of worldly prayſe, which worldlinges hold ſo deare,
In holy ſacred booke is likened to a flower,
Whoſe date doth not containe a weeke, a month, or yeare,
But ſpringing now doth fade againe within an hower;
And as the lighteſt leafe with winde about is throwne,
So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

BEWARE OF HAD I WIST.

BEware of had I wiſt, whoſe fine bringes care and ſmart,
Eſteeme of all as they deſerue, and deeme as deemde thou art;
So ſhall thy perfect frend enioy his hoped hire,
And faithleſſe faunyng foe ſhall miſſe th'effect of his deſire;
Good will ſhall haue his gayne, and hate ſhall heape deſpight,
A faithleſſe frend ſhall finde diſtruſt, and loue ſhall reape delight.
Thy ſelfe ſhall reſt in peace, thy frend ſhall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe ſhall fret at thy good happe, and I ſhall ioy thy ſtate;

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But this my fond aduiſe may ſeeme perchaunce but vayne,
As rather teaching how to loſe then how a frend to gayne.
But 'tis not my intent to teach to finde a frende,
But ſafely how to loue and liue, is all that I intende;
And if you proue in part, and finde my counſell true,
Then wiſh me well for my good will, tis all I craue: adue.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

Where reaſon makes requeſt, there wiſedome ought ſupplie,
With frendly aunſwere preſt, to graunt or els denie.



Sigh, why ſo? for ſorrow of her ſmart;
I mourne, wherfore? for grief that ſhe complaines;
I pitie, what? her oppreſſed hart;
I dread, what harme? the daunger ſhe ſuſtaines;
I greeue, whereat? at her oppreſſing paynes;
I feele, what force? the fittes of her diſeaſe,
Whoſe harme doth me and her alike diſpleaſe.

I hope, what, eh?[1] her happy healthes retire;
I wiſh, what, wealth? no wealth nor worldly ſtore;
But craue, what? craft by cunnyng to aſpire;
Some ſkill, whereto? to ſalue her ſickely ſore.
What then? why then would I her health reſtore,
Whoſe harme me hurtes; how ſo? ſo workes my will,
To wiſh my ſelfe and her like good and ill.

What moues thy minde? whereto? to ſuch deſire;
Ne force, ne fauour; what then? free fancies choyſe;
Art thou to choſe? my charter to require?
Eche Ladies loue is fedde by cuſtomes voyce:
Yet are their grauntes the euidence of their choyſe.

[1] Orig. has *hay*, edit. 1578 has *happe*.

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What then? our freedome is at large in choſing,
As womens wills are froward in refuſing.

Wotes ſhe thy will? ſhe knowes what I proteſt;
Dainde ſhe thy ſute? ſhe daungerd not my talke;
Gaue ſhe conſent? ſhe graunted my requeſt.
What didſt thou craue? the roote, the fruite, the ſtalke,
I aſked them all. What gaue ſhe, cheeſe or chalke?
That taſt muſt trie. What taſt? I meane the proofe
Of frendes, whoſe wills withhold their bow aloofe.

Meanſt thou good fayth? what els? hopeſt thou to ſpeede?
Why not? O foole vntaught in carpet trade,
Knoweſt not what proofes from ſuch delayes proceede?
Wilt thou, like headleſſe Cocke, be caught in glade?
Art thou, like Aſſe, too apt for burden made?
Fie, fie, wilt thou for ſaint adore the ſhrine,
And woo her frend, ere ſhe be wholy thine?

Who drew this drift? moued ſhe or thou this match?
Twas I. Oh foole vnware of womens wiles,
Long mayeſt thou wayte, like hungry hound at hatch!
She, craftie Foxe, the ſillie Gooſe beguiles;
Thy ſute is ſhaped ſo fit for long delay,
That ſhe at will may checke from yea to nay.

But, in good ſooth, tell me her frendes intent?
Beſt learne it firſt. Their purpoſe I not know.
Why then thy will to worſe and worſe is bent,
Doeſt thou delight the vnkindled coale to blow,
Or childlike loueſt in ankred Boate to row?

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Till end approues what ſcornefull ſeedes ſhe ſowes.
In loytring loue ſuch daungers ebbes and flowes;
What helpe herein? why wake in daungerous watch;
That to nor fro may make thee marre the match.

Is that the way to end my wearie worke?
By quicke diſpatch, to leſſen long turmoyle?
Well, well, though loſſe in lingering wontes to lurke,
And I a foole moſt fitte to take the foyle.
Yet proofe from promiſe neuer ſhall recoyle.
My wordes with deedes and deedes with wordes ſhall wende,
Till ſhe or hers gainſay that I intende.

Art thou ſo fonde? not fonde, but firmely faſt.
Why foole, her frendes wote how thy will is bent;
Yet thou, like dolt whoſe witte and ſence is paſt,
Seeſt not what frumpes do follow thy entent,
Ne know how loue in lew of ſcorne is lent.
Adue, for ſighes ſuch follie ſhould preuent;
Well, well, their ſcoffes with ſcornes might be repayed,
If my requeſtes were fully yead or nayed.
Wel, well, let theſe with wiſedomes payſe be wayed,
And in your cheſt of chiefeſt ſecretes layed.

What is, or may be mine,
That is, and ſhall be thine:
Till death the twiſt untwine,
That doth our loves combine.
But if thy heart repine,
Thy body ſhould be mine.
Shew me thereof ſome ſine,
That I may ſlacke the line
That knitts thy will to mine.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

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What Ioye to a Contented Mynde.

THe fayth that fayles muſt needes be thought vntrue,
The frend that faignes who holdeth not vniuſt?
Who likes that loue, that chaungeth ſtill for new,
Who hopes for truth where troth is voyde of truſt?
No faith, no frend, no loue, no troth ſo ſure,
But rather fayles then ſtedfaſtly endure.

What head ſo ſtayed, that altereth not intent?
What thought ſo ſure, that ſtedfaſt doth remaine?
What witte ſo wiſe, that neuer needes repent?
What tongue ſo true, but ſometime wontes to fayne?
What foote ſo firme, that neuer treades awrie?
What ſooner dimde then ſight of cleareſt eye?

What hart ſo fixt but ſoone enclines to chaunge?
What moode ſo milde that neuer moued debate?
What faith ſo ſtrong but lightly likes to raunge?
What loue ſo true that neuer learnd to hate?
What life ſo pure that laſtes without offence?
What worldly mynde but moues with ill pretence?

What knot ſo faſt that may not be vntide?
What ſeale ſo ſure but fraude or force ſhall breake?
What prop of ſtay but one tyme ſhrinkes aſide?
What ſhip ſo ſtaūche that neuer had a leake?
What graunt ſo large that no exception makes?
What hoped helpe but frend at neede forſakes?

What ſeate ſo high but low to ground may fall?
What hap ſo good that neuer found miſlike?
What ſtate ſo ſure but ſubiect is to thrall?
What force preuayles where Fortune liſt to ſtrike?
What wealth ſo much but time may tourne to want?
What ſtore ſo great but waſting maketh ſcant?

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What profites hope in depth of daungers thrall?
What truſt in time but waxeth worſe and worſe?
What helpes good hart, if Fortune frowne withall?
What bleſſing thriues agaynſt heauenly helpeleſſe curſe?
What winnes deſire to get and cannot gayne?
What bootes to wiſh and neuer to obtaine?

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

Donec eris Fælix, multos numerabis amicos:
Nullus ad amiſſas ibit amicus opes.

EUen as the Rauen, the Crow, and greedy Kite
Doe ſwarming flocke, where carren corps doth fall;
And tiring teare with beake and talentes might
Both ſkin and fleſh to gorge their guttes withall;
And neuer ceaſe, but gather moe to moe,
Doe all to pull the carkas to and fro;
Till bared bones at laſt they leaue behinde,
And ſeeke elſwhere ſome fatter foode to finde.

Euen ſo I ſee, where wealth doth waxe at will,
And gold doth grow to heapes of great encreaſe,
There frendes reſort, and profering frendſhip ſtill,
Full thicke they throng with neuer ceaſing preaſe;
And ſlily make a ſhew of true intent,
When nought but guile and inward hate is ment;
For when miſchaunce ſhall chaunge ſuch wealth to want,
They packe them thence to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

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A Complaint.

IF Creſſed in her gadding moode
Had not gone to the Greekiſh hoſt,
Where ſhe by Diomede was woode,
And wonne from him that loude her moſt,
She had not fallen to ſuch miſcheefe,
Nor turned Troylus to ſuch greefe.

Nor Diomede had not upbrayed
To worthy Troylus Creſſed ſpoyle,
Nor theſe two worthies had not frayed,
So oft ech others fame to ſoyle;
If catterwaling Creſſed coy
Had taried with her love in Troy,

No Troians foe, nor cruell Greike,
Had triumphte over her good name,
If ſhe had not gone forth to ſeeke
The campe where women winne no fame;
She had been calde no common Gill,
If ſhe in Troy had tarryed ſtill.

She had not knoune the Lazars call,
With cappe and clap her almes to winne;
Nor how infective ſcabbe and ſcall
Do cloth the Lepre Ladies ſkinne;
She had no ſuch diſtreſſe in Troy,
But honour, favour, wealth and ioy.

Howbeit ſhe could not tarry there,
But needes forſooth a gadding go,
To feele the taſt of ſtraungers chere:
Niſe novelty, lo! prickt her ſo,
She could not hold where ſhe was well,
But ſtrayed and into ruin fell.

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I pleaſure not to blaze her blame,
Nor chiding cannot mend her mis;
But all good women by her ſhame
May learn what catterwaling is.
For wandring women, moſt men ſay,
Cannot be good and goe aſtray.

It is not womens exerciſe
To ſtray or gadde in field or toune;
Men count them neyther good nor wiſe,
They blot and blemiſh their renoune;
They hurt their fame, they pleaſe their foe,
And greeves their friend to ſee them ſo.

FINIS. Troylus.

A Replye.

NO gadding moode, but forced ſtrife,
Compelled me retire from Troy;
If Troylus would have vowde his wife,
We might have dwelt in former ioy:
No Diomede nor Greekiſh wight
Had ſought my blame or his deſpight.

If ought the feeble force of mine
Could have withſtood the kingly heaſt;
If flowing fluds of ſtilled rine
Had pittie found in Troians breſt,
I had not bene Antenors priſe,
Nor thus bene thrall to noted viſe.

The blome of blame had not bine ſpread,
The ſeede of ſhame had not bine ſoune,

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If knightly proues his minde had led
By rightfull force to keepe his oune;
I had not thralled bine to ill,
If he in Troy had kept me ſtill.

My heavie hart and dolefull caſe,
Which craves your pitie not your ſpight,
Full well you know had had no place,
If he had garded well his right.
I ſee you've curteſie ſmall ſtore,[1]
That blaze my plague to make it more.

You ſay in Troy I would not bee:
With gadding mind you charge me ſtill,
When well you know that hie decree
Did ſend me forth againſt my will.
Sith thus you triumph at my fall,
Ye ought to tell the cauſe withall.

If nought you joy[ed] to blaze my blame,
You woulde not hunt for termes of ſpight,
Nor faine me cauſe of all the ſame:
Small honour wonne in ſuch a fight!
For they that noble minded bee,
Will rue the caſe, and pittie mee.

I well allowe your finall clauſe,
To gadde and runne doth blot the name,
But lay the fault unto the cauſe,
And graunt him gilthy of the ſame,
Who bred the bud that pleaſed my foe

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A Description of the World.[1]

WHat is this world? a net to ſnare the ſoule,
A maſs of ſinne, a deſart of deceite,
A momentes joy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for fleſh a lothſome bayte;
Unto the mind a canker worm of care,
Unſure, unjuſt in rendring man his ſhare.

A place where Pride orerunnes the honeſt minde,
Where riche men joyne to robbe the ſhiftleſſe wretch;
Where bribing miſtes doe blinde the judges eyes,
Where Paraſites the fatteſt crums doe catch,
Where good deſartes, which challenge like reward,
Are overbloun with blaſtes of light regard.

And what is manne? duſt, ſlime, a puffe of wynde,
Conceaved in ſinne, plaſte in the worlde with greefe,
Brought up with care, till care hath caught his minde:
And then, till death vouchſafe him ſome releefe,
Day, year, nor night his care doth take an ende,
To gather goods for other men to ſpende.

Oh fooliſh man, that art in office plaſte,
Thinke whence thou camſte, and whither thou ſhalt goe,
The hautie okes ſmall windes have overcaſt,
When ſlender weedes in roughеſt weather groe:

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You luſty youthes that nouriſh hie deſire,
Abaſe your plumes, which makes you looke ſo bigge,
The collyers art the courtiers ſteede will tyre,
Even ſo the clarke the Parſons grave doth digge,
Whoſe happe ſo is yet here long life to winne,
Doth heape, God wot, but ſorrow upon ſinne.

And to be ſhort, all ſortes of men take heede:
The thunderbolts the lofty towers teare,
The lightning flaſhe conſumes the houſe of reede;
Yea more, in time all earthly things will weare,
Save only man, who as his earthly time is,
Shall live in woe, or elſe in endleſſe bliſſe.

FINIS. G. G.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE[1]

Squire in Commendation of this Booke.

THE pearle of price, which engliſhmē haue ſought
So farre abrode, and coſt them there ſo dere,
Is now founde out within our contrey here,
And better cheape amongſt vs may be bought:
I meane the frenche, that pearle of pleeſant ſpeeche,
Which ſome ſought for, & bought it with their liues,
With ſickeneſſe ſome, yea ſome with bolts & gyues,
But all with payne this peereleſſe pearle did ſeeche:

[1] Theſe lines are prefixed to the *French Littelton*, by Claudius Holyband [i.e. Deſainliens, quaſi *De ſaint lien*]. Lond. 1566, 8vo. They may be aſſumed to be the earlieſt publiſhed verſes of Gaſcoigne.

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Now *Holyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane ſuch payne for euerie engliſh eaſe
That here at home we may this language learne:
And for the price he craueth no more meede
But thākeful harts, to whome his perles may pleaſe:
Oh thank him thē, that ſo much thank doth earne.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

To the reader of this Booke.[1]

TO ſalue a ſore with oyntment, oyle, or balme,
Deſerues (no doubt) reward, and thanke alwayes,
With drogues or drāmes to cure a ſickely qualme,
Deſerues (likewyſe), a palme of perfect prayſe:
But when mens mindes (with mothes of ſecret mone)
Are frett and frownſt: When cankerwormes of care
Conſume the hart, tyll hope of health be gone,
Then comfort craues both thankes and prayſes rare,
For looke how much the mynde of man ſurmountes
Our bloud and bones: whych are (indeede) but droſſe;
So much the wyſe, that comfort moſt accoumptes,
Whych helpes the hart whom tyringe troubles toſſe.
Then let this woorcke due thankes and prayſes finde,
Whoſe Text doth teach true comfortes for the mynde.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

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A Prophetical Sonet of the same[1] George Gascoine vpon the commendable trauaile which Sir Humfrey Gilbert hath disclosed in this worke.

MEN praiſe Columbus for the paſſing ſkil
Which he declared in Coſmographie,
And nam'd him firſt (as yet we cal him ſtil)
The 2. Neptune, dubd by dignity.
Americus Veſputius, for his paine,
Neptune the 3. ful worthely was named,
And Magellanus by good right did gaine
Neptune the 4. ful fitly to be famed.
But al thoſe three, and al the world beſide,
Diſcouered not a thing of more emprice,
Then in this booke is learnedly deſcride,
By vertue of my worthie friendes deuice.
Yf ſuch ſucceſſe to him (as them) then fall,
Neptune the 5. we iuſtly may him call.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

---

[1] Prefixed to *A Diſcourſe of a Diſcouerie for a new Paſſage to Cataia.* Written by Sir Hvmfrey Gilbert, Knight. 1576. See *Preface.*

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INDEX AND NOTES.[1]

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Abjected, caſt off or away, i. 490.

Adraſtus and his daughters, ſtory of, i. 282.

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Alba or *Alva*, Duke of, i. 170, 386.

All-Beef, Marquis of, a term of ridicule, i. 375.

All is not gold which gliſtereth, prov.; ii. 267.

Allegory, ſpecimens of, in the *Steele-Glas*, ii. 180, *et ſeqq.*

Amadis of Gaul referred to, ii. 40.

Annoyt. I do not know preciſely what this word means. It is uſed in connection with the fewmets of a hart, ii. 311.

Antlins, St. St. Antholin's Church at Antwerp, ii. 9.

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Apuleius, Lucius, his *Golden Aſſe* tranſlated into Engliſh by Adlington, 1566, referred to, i. 497.

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—— his ſtory of *Bradamant* quoted. There was at this time no Engliſh tranſlation of the *Orlando*, i. 437, 458.

—— his *Orlando Furioſo* again quoted, i. 492.

Arraignment of a Lover, Gaſcoigne's poem ſo called. Separately licenſed and probably printed in 1581, i. pp. ix. xxix.

As angry as a waſp, prov.; ii. 204.

Aſkaunces, i.e. As who ſhould ſay. Marginal note by the author, who ſeems to uſe it again in the ſame ſenſe a few pages further on, i. 113, 136.

Aſtulphus, King of the Lombards. His dwarf alluded to, i. 52.

At unwares, ſuddenly, i. 434.

Attones, at once, ii. 202.

Audley, George Tuchet, Lord (1563-1617). See *Tottell's Miſcellany*, 1557, repr. Collier, 220, i. 196.

Aunts of Antwerp, procureſſes ſo called, ii. 42.

Avail, profit, uſe, i. 265.

Awbe, a bird, probably the magpie, ii. 221.

[1] This index and gloſſary not only abound with ungloſſed, or at leaſt very rare, words, but are additionally valuable as containing examples of the earlier uſe and occurrence of many expreſſions than are found in the well-known works of Nares and Halliwell. To a few of the notes the preciſe references are unfortunately miſlaid.

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B., A., i. p. xxxvii.
B., C., i.e. Chriſtopher Barker, the publiſher of the *Glaſſe of Governement*, ii. 5.
B., J. de. See *Beaucheſne.*
B., J., his verſes before the *Poſies*, i. 24-6.
B., P., his verſes before the *Poſies.* Not improbably Peter Beverley, of Staple-Inn, who ſeems to have been an Italian ſcholar, and who publiſhed the earlieſt Engliſh verſion of Arioſto's tale of *Ariodanto and Jenevra.* See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, 1867, art. BEVERLEY, i. 22-3.
B., T. Probably Thomas Bedingfield, before whoſe tranſlation of *Cardanus* (ſecond edit. 1576) Gaſcoigne printed ſome laudatory verſes. T. B., perhaps alſo Bedingfield, has lines before Studley's verſion of the *Agamemnon* of Seneca, 1566, 8vo, i. 16.
Bachelor's Buttons, a flower, i. 24.
Badger, Maſter, of Oxford, M.A., author of verſes in the *Pleaſures at Kenilworth*, 1576, ii. 93.
Bandoliers, a name for the Swiſs or Tyroleſe ſharp-ſhooters, i. 408.
Barginet, a dance ſo called, i. 430.
Barley-bread, a cheap article of food, ii. 9, 198.
Baron, a buck. Alſo the male of the human ſpecies. Span. *baron*, a man-child.
Bartello. Gaſcoigne ſpeaks of him as the author of *Riding Tales*, from which he tranſlated the ſtory of Ferdinando Jeronimi. Brunet mentions no ſuch work in the laſt edit. of his *Manuel du Libraire;* nor do I diſcover any notice of him in the catalogues of the Britiſh Muſeum, or in Gamba. It is to be ſuſpected after all that our author put forward a man of ſtraw in this caſe, but neverthelefs, Bartello's *Riding Tales* may turn up ſomewhere ſome day, i. 144, 400, 406, 415-86.
Bath, Dan Bartholomew of, *i.e.* Gaſcoigne himſelf, i. pp. xii. xv. 99-145.
Bath, or *The Bath.* In Charles I.'s time, it was called *The King's Bath*, i. 116.
Beards, clipped, ii. 200.
Bears'-cubs, fallacy reſpecting, i. 37.
Beaucheſne, Jean de, a writing-maſter. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, *in v.* (and *Additions*), i. pp. xix.-xx., *note.*
—— his verſes in French before the *Poſies*, i. 27.
Becco, cuckold. Literally, a he-goat, i. 416.
Become, paſt part. paſs. "Where my ſonne is become," *i.e.* what has become of him, i. 251.
Bedford repreſented in Parliament by Gaſcoigne, 1557-9, i. p. xvii.
—— Francis, Earl of, a patron of Gaſcoigne, i. pp. xxvii. 192.
Bedingfield, Thomas. Gaſcoigne's lines prefixed to his tranſlation of Cardanus, 4to, 1576, ii. 336.
Belſavage fair, ii. 4.
Bennet, Sir. "To pluck Sir Bennet by the ſleeue," ii. 199.
Berayed, ſoiled, ii. 187.
Bergen, Zeeland, i. 179.
Bernard, St., tranſlation from, ii. 323-4.
Berral, beryl, mirror, ii. 185.
Berzabe, Bathſheba, i. 417, *et alibi.*
Betrothed, ſworn, pledged without any nuptial ſignificance, i. 319.
Beverley, Peter. See *B. (P.)*
Beza, Theodore, noticed, i. 4.
Bezo las manos, ſalutation by kiſſing the hand, i. 420, 482.
Bibbler, a toper, i. 205.
Bibler, a ſtudent of the Bible, i. 205.
Billingſgate, anecdote of a ſolicitor at, i. 15.
Bite on the bridle, To, to be eager, amorous (ſee *Engl. Prov. & Prov. Phraſes*, 1869, p. 80), i. 449.
Blade, ſword. "Blade not fully bownde," *i. e.* his ſword dangling looſely at his ſide, ii. 131.
Blundell family, notice of the, i. p. xvi.

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Boiſtrous or *Boiſtous*, rough or unwieldy, French word. See *Promptor. Parvul.* edit. Way, p. 42, art. Boystows and *note;* but I do not find that *boyſtrous* in this ſenſe is gloſſed, although indeed it is not obſolete. (See Worceſter's *Dict.*, art. Boisterous); i. 69, 206; ii. 288.

Boorden, boarded, wooden, i. 421.

Bourbon, the Conſtable de, noticed, i. 160.

Bourcher or *Bourchier*, Lady Suſan, ii. 271.

—— Captain, epitaph upon, i. 75-7.

Bowyer, Nicholas, his verſes before the *Steele Glas*, 1576, ii. 178.

Bracton, H. de. His *De Legibus et Conſuetudinibus Angliæ Libri Quinque* appeared, with a prefatory notice by Thomas Newton, in 1569, i. 378.

Bragadino, Marc' Antonio, the Venetian commander at Famagoſta, i. 82.

Bragging. This ſeems to be an uncommon word; the ſenſe is *projecting*. We ſhould ſay now colloquially, *a-kimbo*, i. 49.

Brandlet, a ſong-bird, ii. 221.

Braul or *Brawl*, a dance ſo called, i. 429.

Break up, break open. "I will breake it vp.," *i. e.* the letter, ii. 73.

Breeke, brake, broke, ii. 292.

Breton, Nicholas, the poet, his ſuppoſed kinſhip to Gaſcoigne, i. p. xviii.

—— William, citizen of London, i. pp. xvi. xviii.-xix.

Brewis, a mixture of broth and bread, with ſalt, but perhaps not always exactly made with the ſame compounds. It is ſtill commonly uſed, i. 392.

Briars, in the, *i. e.* in the lurch. This ſaying took its riſe, doubtleſs, from the droll incident in the popular tale of the *Frere and the Boye* (Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*, 1864-6, iii.), ii. 71.

Bribing, thieving, diſhoneſt, i. 209; ii. 193.

Brock, badger, i. 407.

Brond, brand, ſword, i. 277.

Brown paper, query, bills of acceptance or notes of hand, from the colour of the paper on which they may ſometimes have been drawn, ii. 203.

Browne, Thomas, a member of the family of Browne, Viſcount Montagu. See *Montacute*. I cannot ſay if this is the Browne mentioned by Turbervile (*Poems*, edit. 1570, fol. 67), and in Ritſon's *Bibl. Poet.* v. Browne, i. 87-8.

Bruges, in Flanders, noticed, i. 170.

Bruſt, burſt, ii. 240.

Bryded, birded, ii. 214.

Burgundian, faith of a true. A term of irony, like the *Punica fides* of the claſſics. It is put into the mouth of Eccho, the paraſite, ii. 23, 62.

Burrowe, Lady Mary, ii. 271.

Buzzing, reading lightly, at his leiſure, ii. 286.

By, of or upon. "Pride in Court: written by a gentlewoman in court, &c.," i. 90.

—— through; Lat. *per*, ii. 74.

C., B. See *Chappell.*

C., E., his verſes before the *Poſies*, i. 16-7.

C., M., his verſes before the *Poſies*, i. 17-8.

Cackabed, a coarſe term of reproach, i. 240.

Cade, cow, very rare word in *this* ſenſe. See Nares and Halliwell, *in v.*, ii. 48.

Cambridge, alluſion to, as his *Alma Mater*, i. 9.

Camel, Thomas. His controverſy with Churchyard. A droll anecdote about it. The literary flyting between this gentleman and Thomas Churchyard was printed originally on broadſides, the greater part of which are preſerved

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in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. The collection (one piece excepted) was published together in 1560, 4to. Camel, judging from his name (a form or corruption of Campbell), was a Scot. Mr. Cyrus Redding, sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, used to call the nominal editor, the "Bard of Hope," Thomas *Camel*, and such, in fact, is still the popular pronunciation of the name. (See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. CAMEL, Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, i. 134-5, and Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides of Soc. of Antiq. Lond.* 1866, pp. 7-10), ii. 208.

Camisado or *Camasado*, a sudden assault. See Nares, last edit. *in v.*, i. 296, 419.

Canara (*Canary*) *byrds* noticed, ii. 221.

Cap-case, a small travelling bag. Its limited dimensions are illustrated by the proverb *Like cat in cap-case*, i. 233.

Capbers, capers, i. 246.

Caps "folded with a flappe," ii. 199.

Carcase, merely in the sense of *body*. This not very elegant expression, which has sunk into a vulgarism, was by no means unusual in Gascoigne's time, and where a dead body was intended, it was thought necessary to speak of a *dead* carcase (see p. 315 of vol. i.), i. 54 *et alibi*.

Carle, clown, ignorant person, i. 20.

Carnation-gilliflower, a pink, ii. 60.

Caroline, an Italian coin, i. 476.

Carpet trade, the business of a *carpet knight*, or *cavaliere servente*, i. e. a lover, ii. 327.

Carren, a form of *carrion*.

Carrion, a term of contempt, i. 220.

Cast, condemned, a word derived from the ancient practice of arriving at verdicts by casting lots, i. 37.

Catchpol, bailiff, more literally, perhaps, a thieftaker.

Catterwauling, wantonly whining, ii. 331.

Cautel, artifice. It is of course merely the old and middle Latin *cautela*. See Ducange and Scheffer *in v.*, i. 243.

Chalmers, Alexander, his estimate of Gascoigne's poetry, i. p. xxvii.

Chappell, Bartholomew. Some verses before the *Posies*, subscribed with his initials, may have been by him, if not too early. Chappell was the author of a little volume entitled *The Garden of Prudence*, in verse and prose, 1595, i. 29; ii. 6.

Charettes, carts. Fr. *charrettes*, i. 214.

Charm, physical, to cure nose-bleeding, i. 422.

Chaucer, Geoffrey, allusions to, i. pp. xxix. xxxix. 26, 105, 500, 502, 507; ii. 260.

Cheapside, a place of great resort, and paved, i. 167.

Chelmsford, Essex, ii. 219.

Chi troppo abbraccia niente tiene, prov.; ii. 64.

Chips, small parcels or pieces. "Chips of chaunce" are usually to be understood to mean "slices of (bad) luck," i. 433, *et alibi*.

Chivering, shivering, i. 454.

Choice of change, new election or selection. A very well-understood expression at that time. It forms the title of a book printed in 1583 and 1598. *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. ROBSON, ii. 114.

Chop and Change, i. 456.

Choruses to Acts, inserted by the translators, and not in the originals, where are other choruses not found here. Those substituted were probably thought more suitable for an English audience. Gascoigne and his associate had a precedent here in Jasper Heywood's translations from Seneca. See the new edit. of Warton, sect. 57. *H. E. P.* ed. 1811, iii.

Churchyard, Thomas, allusions to, i. xxviii. 9.

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Churchyard, verſes prefixed to the *Poſies*, i. 19-20.
Clim of the Clough, a colloquial term, i. 72.
Clouds, In, obſcurely, i. 430.
Clyming of an Eagles neaſt. A work ſo called is ſaid by G. T. in his letter to H. W. to have proceeded from the pen of Gaſcoigne; if ſo, unleſs he ſubſequently altered the title, it is to be feared that the production has periſhed. i. p. xl.
Clyves, cliffs, i. 86.
Cocket, a ſhip's certificate. See Nares *in v.*, ii. 211.
Cocklorels muſic, awkward, unſkilful muſic. The term originated, of courſe, in the celebrated perſonage ſo called, who is ſuppoſed to have been a robber. See, further, Nares, edit. 1859, p. 175, i. 426.
Coif a la Piemonteſe, i. 442.
Coil, ſtir, diſturbance; more ſtrictly, perhaps, tangle, ii. 93.
Compariſons are odious, prov.; i. 9.
Condignly, deſervedly, ii. 81.
Congè, farewell, i. 311.
Contarenus or *Contarini*, a common family name at Venice, ii. 141.
Conteck, a quarrel, i. 156.
Cordell, Sir William. Cordell was an eminent lawyer, and became Solicitor-General. He was the patron of Abraham Fleming (ſee the new edit. of Warton, 1871, iii. 288), and may have befriended Gaſcoigne, i. 194.
Coroner, corner, from Lat. *corona*. We ſtill ſpeak of the *corner-ſtone*, ii. 144.
Corpſe, in the ſenſe of a living body, like the Latin *corpus*. This was a common practice in Gaſcoigne's time. Even ſo elegant and refined a writer as Watſon employs it in the 37th ſonnet of his *Tears of Fancie*, 1593:
"Where may I now my carefull *corps* conuay," i. 45; ii. 235, *et alibi*.
Corſive, coroſive, i. 399.
Coſtard, head. See Nares's long note, *in v.*, i. 240.
Coſtume, illuſtrations of Elizabethan (1572), i. 375-6.
Counters. Nares, edit. 1859, *in v.*, ſays that there were *two* counters in the City; but Gaſcoigne (at leaſt as good an authority) makes a third, in Bread Street, ii. 203.
Coupe, coop, lock-up, ii. 67, 69.
Courtop or *Courthope*, Richard, of Gray's-Inn, i. 71.
Coyſtrel. See Halliwell, *in v.* Here uſed in the ſenſe of a common fellow, i. 209.
Crack-halter, an urchin. See Halliwell *in v.* But in *Tarlton's Jeſts* (*Old Engl. Jeſt-Books*, ii. 211), *crackrope* ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe, i. 211.
Creep, to, to move off, to take one's departure, i. 72.
Crew, aſſembly. "Crue of cheeſeſt Gods," ii. 104.
Crouch-to, defer to, ii. 58.
Crow's-foot. "When the crowes feete groweth vnder her eye," &c., a ſaying, ii. 65.
Cruſado, a coin. "As fine as *the Cruſadoe*," however, is not very clear, as the cruſado was a piece of ſmall value, i. 228.
Cucking-ſtool, ii. 87.
Cuckoo, ſignificance of its ſong or note, i. 469.
Cup. "I lyfte the cuppe ſo highe, &c." The alluſion is to the old practice of engraving poſies or figures at the bottoms of cups, as well as on the covers. (See Percy Soc. edit. of Rowlands' *Knave of Harts*, p. 64). An ungloſſed word, ii. 292.
Cuſhion-cloth, i. 475.
Cuſtomers, officers of cuſtoms, i. 214.

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Cutworks and conceits. Here we have an allusion to the elaborate and sometimes fantastic patterns, which were worn in lace and other material in Elizabeth's time. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867. v. PATTERNS, ii. 202.
Cyndring, reducing to cinders, i. 287.
Cypbered, secret, disguised, i. 449.

D., K., his verses before the *Posies*, i. 29.
Dangered, challenged, ii. 327.
Daunted, beaten down, ii. 287.
Daunting, stunning, i. 333.
David and Bathsheba, story of, quoted, i. 97.
Davie Diker, a general term for a labourer, perhaps more especially one employed by time, ii. 211.
Day, light, i. p. xxxviii.
De bonis male partis vix gaudebit tertius bæres, prov.; i. 155.
De Profundis, the psalm of, paraphrased, i. 60-3.
Dean, a valley, i. 226.
Delft, in Holland, i. 147, 174, 176, 178, 181.
Delicate Diet for dainty-mouthde Droonkardes, Gascoigne's tract so called, i. pp. xii. xxvi.
Denny, Edward, i. 393.
Devils incarnate, a cant term for the fashionables in Gascoigne's time. This name was borrowed by Thomas Lodge, and applied by him to the fops and libertines of the next generation. See his tract entitled *Wits Miserie*, &c., 1596, i. 375.
Dewclaws, the nails behind a deer's foot, ii. 312.
Disabled, excused. We still use *not enabled* in the same [illegible]

text. By an oversight, this poem is printed twice over in the old copies, and the error has been repeated here. The practice of living cheaply in the country during a considerable part of the year in order to make a display at court in the short season is still common, both here and abroad, i. p. vii. 72-5, 366-9.
Donati, Signor Edvardo, a friend of the poet. The *Notes of Instruction* written for him, i. pp. xix-xx. 500.
Done, infinitive of verb *to do*. The author also uses the form *doen*, i. 297.
Dotipole, Dr., a generic term for a foolish person with some affectation, perhaps, of learning. A drama called *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll* appeared in 1600, i. 204.
Dreams, interpretation of, i. 442, *note*.
Drink up his own sweat, a phrase for feeding on his own grief, i. 475.
Droomme of Doomes-day, a compilation by Gascoigne, i. pp. xxvi-xxvii.
Droven, driven, i. 450, 481.
Drury or *Drewry*, Sir William. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, art. CHURCHYARD, Nos. 19 and 29, and Stow's *Annales*, p. 676, edit. 1615, i. 196.
—— Elizabeth, ii. 272.
Dulce Bellum Inexpertis. "It is bothe an elegant prouerbe, and amonge al other, by the writynges of many excellent auctours, ful often and solempnely vsed, Dulce bellū inexpertis, that is to say, Warre is swete to them that know it nat."—*Bellvm Erasmi, translated into Englysshe*, 1533, sign. A 2 See *post* under *Tam Marti*, &c., i. 149, *et seqq.*

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Douglas Dyve's album, i. p. xviii. 370.

Eccbo, a character in the *Glaße of Governement*, 1575. Appears to have been a proverbial term, ii. 2 *et ſeqq.*; 212.

—— poetry in the *Pleaſures at Kenilworth*, 1576, ii. 97-101.

Edmund Crookback, King of the Anglo-Saxons, alluded to, ii. 95.

Edwards, Richard (the Elder). His *Soul-Knell* miſunderſtood, i. 9.

Elizabeth, Queen, entertainment to her at Kenilworth, i. pp. v. vii. xxv.

———— at Woodſtock, i. pp. v. vii. xxv.

—— *The Griefe of Joye* dedicated to her, ii. 255-7.

Enough's as good as any feaſt, prov.; i. 64.

Entermeddle, interfere, ii. 129.

Entiere, entire. The French *entier*, ii. 7.

Entreglancing, exchanging of glances, i. 46.

Eraſmus, the *Colloquia* of, quoted, ii. 14.

Eßex, Walter Devereux, Earl of (1572-6), i. 193.

—— Counteſs of, ii. 270.

Euripides, the *Phœniſſæ* of, tranſlated by Gaſcoigne and Kimwelmerſh, 1566. This, like the *Suppoſes*, lay in MS. for ſeven years, not finding its way to the preſs till 1573, i. pp. vi. vii. ix. xvii. 257-349; ii. 30.

Exeter. A poem written by the author from that town, i. 354.

Fall, the blaſt on the huntſman's horn, which is the ſignal for the death of the hart or other deer, ii. 315.

Falſehead, falſehood, ii. 323.

Famagoſta, i. 80, 82.

Fardel, parcel, i. 241.

Far-fetch, ſ. a manœuvre, adventure, i. 209.

Father Derby's bands, handcuffs, ii. 203.

Fearly, fearful, i. 385.

Fell, ſkin, i. 233.

Fells, mountains, valleys, and paſtures with corn, ii. 306.

Ferenda, the name under which Gaſcoigne appears to ſhadow his favourite miſtreſs. She is the heroine of the Adventures of Bartholomew of Bath. Another name for her was *Natura*, and out of the two he formed a motto, which he attaches to ſome of his pieces: *Ferenda Natura*. Indeed he uſes the two names together for the inconſtant lady, whom he figures as having deceived Bartholomew of Bath, *i.e.* himſelf, i. 93, 102, 402.

Ferrara. "The falſehood of *Ferrara*," a common ſaying, i. 238-9, 250.

Ferrers, George, poet, playwright, &c. See Kempe's *Loſeley MSS.*, 1836, p. 30, ii. 95, 107.

Fewmets, deer's dung, ii. 306.

Fico, a fig. An alluſion to the common practice of poiſoning people with medicated figs, i. 374.

Filed, poliſhed, ii. 108.

Finiſterre, Cape, i. 80.

Finkel, fennel, i. 24.

Fireworks, extraordinary diſplay of, at the Caſtle of Kenilworth, in 1576, ii. 96.

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own invention probably; but the ſenſe is of courſe clear. The faſhionable girls in Gaſcoigne's day wore tall hats with feathers, ſuch as are now in vogue, ii. 215.

Flower of Fetters frute. A reference to the poem called *The Frute of Fetters*, printed at p. 398 of the firſt volume.

Flowering, in full flower, in its zenith, i. 316.

Fluſbing, in Zeeland, i. 170, 178.

Fontainebleau. Verſes written from that town, i. 354.

Ford. "I muſt take the Foord as I finde it," i. 4.

Forecaſt, anticipate, i. 474.

Forepaſt, paſſed or gone before, i. 350.

Forepointed, appointed beforehand, ii. 141.

Forgrown, grown out of uſe, ii. 139.

Forpine, to wear or waſte to exceſs, ii. 220.

Forthrigbt, right forward, ii. 265.

Forthwards, forwards, i. 428.

Forwaſted, a ſtronger form of *waſted*. In the laſt edition of Nares, this paſſage is cited for the word, i. 291.

Forworn, a ſtronger form of *worn*, i. 322.

Foſter, foreſter, ii. 314.

Fowylloux. The author here referred to is Jacques de Fouilloux, whoſe treatiſe, entitled *La Venerie*, firſt appeared in 1561, folio, ii. 306.

Fox, medicinal virtues of parts of the, ii. 319.

Friday's Breakfaſt, a name given to a ſong or ditty; a faſt, i. 445.

Friſle, an article of uſe in a lady's toilette, perhaps ſome artificial part of the head-dreſs, ii. 214.

Frith, ſpring, coppice, ii. 306.

Fruites of Warre, a poem by Gaſcoigne ſo called. The dedication to Lord Grey is omitted in the 4to of 1587, i. pp. xii. xxiv. 147-96.

Frump, a flouter, i. 24.

Fulker, pawnbroker, i. 220.

Fumbling, faltering, i. 335.

G. G. The poem called *The Deſcription of the World*, with theſe initials afterwards, as has been mentioned elſewhere (i. p. xxix.), amplified into *G. Gaſke*, may, after all, not be Gaſcoigne's, for there was certainly at that period a ſecond *G. G.* who wrote ſome commendatory verſes prefixed to *The ſecond part of the firſt Booke of the Mirrour of Knightbood*, which was not licenſed till 1582-3, ii. 334-5.

Galliard, a dance ſo called, i. 430.

Garboil, uproar, ii. 93.

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, Memoir of. For further notices of Gaſcoigne, ſee *Britiſh Bibliogr.* i. 485; *Cenſura Literaria*, ii. 237-8, v. 2; i. pp. xv.-xxvi.

—— pedigree of. It ſhould have been added that in one paſſage the poet alludes to "my louing boy, my little Robyn;" no child of this name (if it was his real name) occurs in the pedigrees. See vol. i. p. 44; i. p. xvi.

—— account of his works, i. pp. v.-xv. xxvii.-xxx.

—— portraits of, i. pp. vi. xxvi.; ii. 134, 172.

—— facſimile of his autograph, i. p. vi.

—— the old editions of his works, anecdote of, i. p. xii.

—— a nameſake of the poet, i. p. xiv. and *note.*

—— the poet's travels in France and

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GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, his nickname of *Long George*, i. 376.
—— a curious glimpſe of his dreſs, i. 378.
—— his tincture of legal phraſeology, i. 436.
Gaſcoigne, Sir William, i. xvi.
Gate, way, water-track, i. 385.
Gawd, a paltry prize, ii. 287.
Geaſon, ſcarce, i. 206.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey. His *Diſcourſe of a Diſcoverie of a Voyage to Cataia*, ſurreptitiouſly obtained in MS. by Gaſcoigne, and printed by him with a preface and ſonnet, i. pp. xxv.-xxvi.; ii. 337.
Give, miſgive, "my mynde giueth me, &c." ii. 72.
Glas, The Steele, an Elegy. Now firſt accurately reproduced. Mr. Arber's text is very incorrect, i. pp. v. vii. x. xiii. xxv-xxvi.; ii. 180-215.
Glaſſe of Governement, The, a tragical comedy, now firſt reprinted. It is perhaps worth noting that in one of the copies uſed by me the original word *worthie*, in the firſt line of the *Prologue*, was paſted over with a ſmall ſlip of paper, and the other (and evidently right) word *merrye* ſubſtituted. This prologue is one of the earlieſt ſpecimens of blank verſe in our language, being one year anterior to the appearance of the *Steele Glas*. Though I am not at preſent able to ſay from what model Gaſcoigne worked in the compoſition of this piece, it ſeems clear that the ſtyle and conſtruction are both *un-Engliſh*. The tone is [illegible]
Plot, firſt printed in 1825, ii. 107.
Gong, a toy, a trifle, ii. 282.
Good wine needeth no ivy garland. Prov. See *Vino*, ii. 9.
Gower, John, alluſion to, i. 18, 26.
Gowns. Theſe articles of apparel for clergymen are here ſaid to have been fluted (*gathered in the backe with organe pipes*), like thoſe worn in Henry VIIIth's time.
Gramercy, the, ſalutation at meeting, i. 470.
Graveſend, Gaſcoigne ſtarts hence in a boat, March 19, 1572, to join at Queenborough the ſhip which took him to Holland, i. 385.
Greaſe. "To greaſe a ſheepe," *i. e.* in order to preſerve it from inſects in hot weather, i. 351.
Greek, unintelligible language. This uſe of the word ſeems to ſpeak for the limited knowledge of the Greek language in the author's time. See alſo a paſſage in the *Glaſſe of Governement* (ii. 14), i. 429.
Grey of Wilton, Arthur, Lord, the poet's patron, i. pp. xviii. xx. xxvi. 147-8, 193, 196, 377, 384, 507; ii. 173, 219.
—— Zouche, Lady, i. 54.
Griefe of Joye, Gaſcoigne's ſatirical poem, ſo called. Now firſt printed. It is in Royal MS. 18 A. lxi., and is a 4to of 38 leaves. Even to the ſignature to the dedication is in the tranſcriber's hand. The word *Queen* is filled in in gold, wherever it occurs, i. pp. i. ii. v. xv. xxvi.; ii. 253-302.
Grief-full, full of grief, i. 335.
Grutch, ill-will, grudge, i. 350.
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Had-I-wiſt, after-regret. A common phraſe, ii. 138, 325.
Hague, the, i. 177.
Haight, more uſually ſpelt *Hayt* or *Heyt*. An exclamation uſed to horſes to make them mend their pace. It is in Chaucer. See *Popular Antiquities of Gr. Britain*, 1870, ii. 250.
Hair, dyeing of ladies', referred to, ii. 212.
Halter-ſick, a term of reproach. Halliwell cites Florio for *halterſack*, employed in the ſame ſenſe. Gaſcoigne uſes the form *halter-ſick* more than once, i. 223.
Happy, cheerful, ii. 180.
Harbord, harboured, driven to lair, ii. 311-12.
Harborough, harbour, i. 344.
Harlotrie ſhotterell, a diſh ſo called. I have failed to diſcover the preciſe ſignification of the phraſe. Gaſcoigne has not followed his original here, i. 219.
Hart, medicinal virtues of the parts of a. See *Wyl Bucke his Teſtament*, ii. 313-15.
—— influence on women in labour, ii. 315.
Hart of ten, a hart having ten croches on his horns, ii. 311.
Harvey, Gabriel, quoted, ſee *H.* (G.), i. p. xv. xxix.
—— Sir Gerard, i. p. xvi.
Haſilwood, a term of ridicule (apparently) for a frail perſon; but the ſenſe is not free from doubt, ii. 23, 285.
Haſte makes waſte, prov.; i. 70.
Hats, Copotain, worn in 1572, i. 375; ii. 215.
Heaven, a, a great pleaſure, i. 421.
Hemetes the Eremite, Tale of, preſented at Woodſtock in the autumn of 1575. From a paſſage at p. 139 it might almoſt be inferred that Gaſcoigne did not write the Engliſh verſion, but was only the tranſlator of it into other languages. The engravings on copper which accompany the preſent text of this pageant are placed in the order in which they occur in the MS. where they are drawings in Indian ink. For an account of the circumſtances attending Queen Elizabeth's viſit to Woodſtock in the autumn of 1575, ſee Nichol's *Progreſſes*, 1828; i. pp. v. vii. xxv.; ii. 135-70.
Hempſtring, a term of reproach, i. 232.
Herons at Kenilworth Caſtle, ii. 157.
Hierarchies. Read rather *Hi-re-archies*, in alluſion to the muſical ſcale, hi, re, mi, &c., i. 413.
Hight, called. But *hights* is uſed by *J. D.* in ſome prefatory verſes in the preſent tenſe and third perſon ſingular, i. 26.
Hire, reward, i. 6, 22.
Hobler, query tell-tale or makebate, we ſtill ſay *bobble* for fuſs or outcry, ii. 22.
Hold, wager. "I hold a pennie," i. 242.
Holland, Gaſcoigne's voyage into, poetically deſcribed, i. p. xii., 149-96, 384-94, 507.
Hollow Tree, the, a name given by the poet to the lady whom he elſewhere calls *Ferenda*, ii. 271, 273.
Hooches, hutches, cupboards, i. 67.
Hop againſt the bill, to. This phraſe,

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that Gaſcoigne and Hopton were related. The Britwell copy of *The Glaſſe of Gouernement* was bought at Caldecott's ſale in 1833, and it is Mr. Miller's impreſſion that another copy (perhaps Herbert's) was ſubſequently obtained to complete it, ii. 1.

—— M. A lady mentioned in the *Grief of Joye*. Was probably the wife of Sir Owen Hopton, and if ſo, would appear to have been related to Gaſcoigne, ii. 271.

Horſecourſers, frauds of, ii. 211.

Hoſe, bumbaſt, wide trouſers, as worn in the poet's day, ii. 191.

Hoſen, plur. of hoſe, i. 259.

Howard family, members of the, mentioned in the *Grief of Joye*, ii. 271.

Hoy, a kind of ſailing-craft, i. 359, 390.

Hull, to go to, to take down the ſails, i. 386.

Hunnis, William, poet, ii. 92.

Hunt, huntſman, ii. 313.

Hunter, the Rev. Joſeph. His Chorus Vatum quoted, i. pp. xiii-xiv., *et ſeqq.*

Hunters' luncheon, deſcription of the, ii. 308-9.

I—I. "I know it, I," &c. This reduplication of the nominative perſonal pronoun occurs frequently in Gaſcoigne's writings, and ſeems to be a grammatical form imported from the French, in which language it ſtill ſurvives, as *Je ne ſais pas, moi;* i. *et alibi.*

I loth that I did loue. This poem, here attributed on Gaſcoigne's reſpectable authority to Lord Vaux, is inſerted in *Tottell's Miſcellany*, 1557 (repr. Collier, 228) among the *Poems of Vncertain Auctours*, i. 9.

Imbrue, embrue, i. 8.

In pride of greaſe, in fit ſtate for hunting, fat. Spoken of deer, ii. 311.

In truſt is treaſon, prov.; i. 436.

Incertain, uncertain, i. 227.

Inexprimable, inexpreſſible, i. 449.

Iniquum pete, ut æquum feras, prov. i. 186.

Inkborn, to ſmell of the, to be too learned or pedantic. "Emong all other leſſons this ſhould firſt be learned, that we neuer affect *any ſtraunge ynkeborne termes*, but to ſpeake as is comonly receiued."—Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, edit. 1584, ſign. M 2 *verſo*. Puttenham alſo employs this term (*Art of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, lib. 3, ch. 4); i. 3, 503, *et alibi.*

Inſinevate, inſinuate. This is now a mere playful or vulgar colloquialiſm, ii. 65.

Inſtruction, Certayne Notes of, concerning the making of verſe or ryme in Engliſh. The earlieſt tract which we have on this ſubject. It has been already reprinted in *Ancient Critical Eſſays*, 1811, and with Mr. Arber's edition of the *Steele Glas* and *Philomene*. It has been (erroneouſly) obſerved by ſome one that Gaſcoigne ſeems to adopt the two forms *Philomela* and *Philomene* interchangeably, to ſuit metrical requirements, i. pp. v. 500-8.

Intervallum temporis, the time between the ſhows in a pageant, formerly, as now, filled up by ſome interlude or *divertiſſement*, ii. 108.

Is the wind in that door? prov. It occurs in Heywood's collection, 1562, but it is as old as Skelton, i. 223.

It is euill to balte before a creple, prov.; i. 429.

—— *hop before them that runne for the Bell*, prov.; i. 429.

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ſet of notes on the hunting-horn, by which (apparently) the "Hunt" gives notice to thoſe in purſuit to rein in, and keep off the dogs, ii. 315.

Jeronimi, Ferdinando, Adventures of Maſter. See ſome grounds ſtated elſewhere (under *Bartello*) for ſuſpecting this ſo-called tranſlation to be a figment as ſuch, and to be in reality a perſonal and original narrative. It is to be remarked that, in the firſt edition, there are ſome paſſages which the author thought proper to ſuppreſs in that of 1575, and which were not reſtored in 1587. See alſo *Cenſura Literaria*, firſt edit. v. 2; pp. i. vii. xxii. *note*, xl. 5, 415-86.

Jetted, ſtrutted. But ſee Halliwell *in v.*, ii. 195.

Jocaſta. Under this title the *Phœniſſæ* of Euripides tranſlated by Gaſcoigne and Kinwelmerſh, and preſented at Gray's Inn, 1566, i. 257-349.

Joyly, pretty, ſmart, or ſpruce. Fr. *joli*, i. 206.

Judith and Holofernes, ſtory of, quoted, i. 97.

Jyſſe, Jeſus, ii. 285.

K., E. Gaſcoigne's *Ladie Paramount*, ii. 270.

K., Sir. *Da, da, Sir K.* I do not underſtand this alluſion, unleſs there is ſome once intelligible but now forgotten reference to Sir Kay, the boaſtful, treacherous Knight in *Morte Arthure*. The preſent may turn out to be a very falſe explanation, but it is the beſt I can at preſent ſuggeſt, i. 375.

[illegible] ſort of ſallet dish. A wore

of Queen Elizabeth to Robert, Earl of Leiceſter, in the ſummer progreſs of 1575. I ſee no account in Holinſhed or his followers, Stowe and Howes. Sufficiently ample deſcriptions of it, however, occur in many works of eaſy acceſs, ſuch as Nichols's *Progreſſes*, the *Life of Robert, Earl of Leiceſter*, 1727, &c. Both here and in the *Hermits Tale* (poſt) there is a manifeſt under-current of more or leſs allegorized perſonal hiſtory. A paſſage at p. 123 makes it ſeem queſtionable whether the printed account was not edited by ſomebody elſe. An account of this pageant was publiſhed in 1576, 8vo., of which only one copy (ending imperfectly on D i.), is at preſent known. It was unſeen by Herbert, and it does not occur in Collier's *Extracts from the Stationers' Regiſters*, 1848-9. This little volume was bought at Dr. Farmer's ſale in 1798 by Mr. T. Park, who ſold it to the proprietors of the *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, in which catalogue it was priced 25*l.* It paſſed thence into the poſſeſſion of the Stauntons of Longbridge, near Leamington, where it is ſtill preſerved, and where it ſtill enjoys (1870) its reputation for uniqueneſs. A repreſentation of the title-page is given elſewhere. But the text of the tract is taken from the collected edition of 1587.

Kinwelmerſh, Anthony, apparently the brother of Francis, i. 64.

—— Francis, poet, and part-author of the Engliſh verſion of *Jocaſta*. He was a contributor to the *Paradyce of* [illegible]

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Pleaſures at Kenilworth, 1576, a piece apparently well known to Sir Walter Scott, who has ſhown evidence of his peruſal of it in at leaſt two of his novels, *Kenilworth* and *Ivanboe* (ſee the name of *Sir Bruſe Sauns Pitie*, at ii. 103), ii. 94.

Lamia, the courteſan in the *Glaſſe of Governement*. This lady, like the *Widow Edyth* (Old Engl. Jeſt-Books, iii.) is paſſed off by her protectreſs as a lady who has been wrongfully deprived of large poſſeſſions, ii. 40.

Laſh, dirt, i. 446.

Laud, praiſeworthineſs, ii. 227.

Laurel, metamorphoſis of Daphne into the. But Daphne was changed rather into a bay-tree. This ſeems to be what Gaſcoigne means when he ſpeaks of the *ſhe-bolly*, ii. 129.

Lazar, beggar. Reſpecting the cap and clap-diſh, ſee *Popular Antiq. of Gr. Britain*, 1870. ii. 331.

Lead apes in hell, To, a phraſe, i. 463.

Leaſes, curious alluſion to abuſes in old, ii. 320.

Leeſe, loſe, i. 242, *et alibi*.

Leiceſter, Robert Dudley, Earl of (1563-88), i. 193.

Lepanto, Battle of, Oct. 7, 1571, i. 83.

Letter deuiſed for a yong Louer, verſes by Gaſcoigne ſo entitled. It will be remembered that Gaſcoigne was charged (i. xxi.) in 1572 with being "a common Rymer," and he himſelf admits (i. 15,) alſo that he compoſed two poems for other men, who could not pen ſuch matters themſelves, i. 496.

Leyden, i. 183.

Lip-labour, perfunctory or inſincere

Lobcock, a lubber, i. 218.

Lode's-mate, guide, ii. 77.

Lovelace, Sergeant. Ob. 1576. See Lovelace's *Poems*, ed. 1864, xii.-xiii.; i. 194.

Luſtleſs, feeble, i. 338.

Lute. "Giue me my Lute," &c. Compare *Tottell's Miſcellany*, 1557, repr. Collier, 83, and ſee Warton's *Hiſt. of Engl. Poetry*, by Hazlitt, iii. 42; i. 362.

M., H., his verſes before the *Poſies*, i. 28.

Make, mate, i. 431.

Manling, a mannikin, a dwarf, i. 424.

Mavis, a variety of the throſtle. See i. 380. *Hazlitt's Popular Poetry*, ii. 25; ii. 221.

Mavors, Mars, ii. 177.

May-moon, zenith, i. 401; ii. 262.

Mayor's-mule, my lord. See *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, p. 75.

Melt in their own greaſe, a phraſe, ſignifying to be tormented or inflamed by their own paſſions. But elſewhere the phraſe "to melt their owne greace," occurs in the ſenſe of an overfed horſe ſweating on a journey, i. 474; ii. 68.

Memories, Gaſcoigne's, a ſeries of poems ſo-called, i. 63-72.

Middleburgh, in Zeeland, i. 172, 178.

Midhurſt, co. Suſſex. Gaſcoigne endeavours without ſucceſs to become a burgeſs for it in 1572, i. pp. xx-xxi.

Millers. "When millers toll not with a golden thumbe."—See *Old Engliſh Jeſt-Books*, i. 23. The proverb is: "An honeſt miller hath a golden thumb," the meaning of which ſeems to be that there is no ſuch thing; but the paſſage in Gaſcoigne rather tends to a different ex-

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Mo the merrier, prov.; i. 64.
Montacute or *Montagu* family, of Italian origin, i. 84-7.
Montacute or *Montagu*, Anthony Browne, Viſcount, a deviſe of a maſque at the double marriage of his ſon and heir Anthony with the daughter of Sir William Dormer, and that of the ſon of Sir W. Dormer, with Lord Montagu's daughter. This event muſt have taken place after Auguſt, 1571, as the ſiege of Famagoſta in that month is mentioned in the maſque itſelf. Viſcount Montagu, the firſt peer, was the grandſon of Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., who died in 1548; he was created Viſcount Montagu in 1554, and died in 1592. The ſon here mentioned died *vita patris*. The peerage is at preſent in abeyance. As to Sir Anthony Browne, ſee *Antiq. Repert.* 1807, iii. 180-5, and *Liter. Rem. of Edward VI.*, edit. Nichols, *paſſim*, i. 77.
Montfort, Simon de, alluded to, ii. 95.
Moonſhine banquet, a phraſe. A Bannecide feaſt, i. 481.
Morgan, Sir William, of Pen-y-Coed, i. 376.
Mortimer, Roger, alluded to, ii. 94.
Mother of the maids, the lady who had the ſuperviſion of the maids of honour. See *Inedited Poetical Miſcellanies*, 1870, *Notes;* ii. 23.
Mould, mole. See *Popular Antiq. of Great Britain*, 1870, iii. 223-6, 315; i. 250.
Mouſtachoes, Turkiſh, in faſhion in 1572, i. 375.
Mowldiwarpe, or *moldwarp*, the mole, i. 370.
Moyle, Maſter. A native of Kent, and an acquaintance of the author, i. 393.
Muddes or *muds*, a term of contempt, ii. 310.
Mumpſimus, a blockhead. See Halliwell *in v.* See *Scogin's Jeſts* (Old Engliſh Jeſt-Books, ii.) for the old tale founded on the miſuſe of *Cumpſimus* for *Sumpſimus*. No doubt the ſtory was varied, and ſometimes it was *Cumpſimus*, ſometimes *Mumpſimus*, i. 210.
Muncaſter (properly *Mulcaſter*), Richard, head-maſter of Merchant Taylors' School, ii. 96.
Murre, a diſeaſe, a complaint, i. 221.
Muſty, damp, i. 293.

Nam, am not, i.e. *ne am*, i. 97, 293.
Natura. One of the poet's miſtreſſes is ſhadowed under this name, i. p. xli. 93.
Nay, never, i. 277.
Never a barrel better herring, prov.; i. 238.
Nevile, Alexander, of Gray's-Inn, a friend of Gaſcoigne, i. xvii. 67, 70.
Nevynſon, Stephen, Gaſcoigne's tutor at Cambridge, i. xvii. 193.
Niepces, nieces, ii. 202.
Nips, taunts, i. 428.
Nockthrowen, thrown out of the notch or nock. A term in ſpinning, ii. 265.
Nold, ne would, or would not, i. 333.
North, Roger, ſecond Lord, of Kirtling, co. Cambridge, ob. 1600. The original poſſeſſor of the Guilford MS. of Gaſcoigne's *Jocaſta* which, after all, I incline to regard as a holograph. See *Inedited Poetical Miſcellanies*, 1870, *Notes;* i. p. vi.
Northumberland, Henry Percy, Earl of, i. 193.
Not, know not, i. 9.
—— adv. Placed before the verb inſtead of after it, as "not preuaile," for "preuaile not." A common practice. See Mr. Abbott's *Shakeſpearian Grammar*, 1869, p. 79; i. 343.
Not worth a leek, prov.; i. 67.

Oak, old, in the Park at Kenilworth. See the curious tract by O. B. entitled *Queſtions of Profitable and Pleaſant Concernings*, 1594; ii. 127-8.

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Oar in every boat, to ſtir (or have) an, a phraſe or proverb, ii. 41.
Occupy, v. tranſ. "What trade doe you occupie?" i. 237.
Olipbants, elephants, ii. 287.
On gog, aſtir. *A-gog*, in the ſame ſenſe, is hardly obſolete, ii. 288.
One ſbrew is worth two ſbeep, prov.; ii. 42.
One to [*too*] *many maketh ſome to ſeke*, prov.; i. 64.
Oraiſons, prayers, oriſons. But here the word rather ſtands for a formula of words, i. 423.
Orange, William of, Prince of Naſſau. Gaſcoigne ſerves under him in Holland in 1572, i. 171, 175, 179.
Orthography, handwriting, ii. 73.
Ought, owed, ii. 94.
Ox, the black, "vntill the blacke oxe hath troden on their toes," *i. e.* till they have ſeen trouble. This is a common phraſe. See *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, p. 359; ii. 80.
Oxford, Edward de Vere, 14th Earl of (1562-1604), i. 193.

P., Miſtreſs E., verſes written on, i. 355.
P.'s, Three, of Italy, *Poiſon*, *Pride*, *Piles and Pox*. For a curious variation here between the firſt and following impreſſions, ſee *Table of Collations*, xxxiv.; i. 376.
Pagets, a pair of. Probably the daughters of Thomas, Lord Paget, ii. 283.
Pant, Gulf of, *i. e.* Lepanto, i. 82.
Paradyce of Daynty Devyſes. Gaſcoigne's ſuppoſed contributions to it, i. pp. xxix.; ii. 323-35.
Parrot-like, by rote, ii. 3.
Parry, James A., a Welſh acquaintance of the poet, i. 376.
Parſon, perſon, i. p. xxxvii.
Paten, Maſter, author of verſes in the *Pleaſures at Kenilworth*, 1576, ii. 96.
Pavion, or *pavin*, a ſlow Italian dance, ſo called. See Nares, edit. 1859, p. 639, and Dyce's Shakeſp. edit. 1868, iii. 412.
Peat, a term of endearment, darling, *i. q.* pet, i. 428.
Pelting, paltry, ii. 66.
Per company, a phraſe, i. 386.
Per miſericordiam, a phraſe, Query, in dejected ſpirits, i. 437.
Perkins, John. His *Profitable Book treating of the Laws of England* went through almoſt numberleſs editions, i. 378.
Perugino, M.A., his proſe commendation of Gaſcoigne prefixed to the *Poſies*. This is very incorrectly printed in the edits. i. 27.
Pernill, Petronel, ii. 275.
Peſtil, a term of reproach. Jonſon (Works, 1816, iii. 403) has the participle preſent *peſtling*, "a peſtling device," Query, i. q. *pizzle*. The contemptuous ſenſe was ſecondary, and ſeems to have in view a ſhort inſignificant fellow, i. 240.
Petronels and *Petronelliers*, i. 408.
Philip Sparrow, Gaſcoigne's poem ſo called. *Philip* is the common name for this bird. Gaſcoigne ſeems to have been ſuſpected of ſhadowing under a ſort of allegory here the deſcription of ſome miſtreſs, but this is ſurely queſtionable, i. 488.
Philogano, one of the characters in the *Suppoſes*. The name ſhould be *Philogamo*, as in Gaſcoigne's original, i. 199 *et ſeqq.*
Philomene (or *Philomela*) *Complaint of*. This is the earlieſt production of Gaſcoigne, *with the date aſcertained*. Gaſcoigne uſes the forms *Philomela* and *Philomene* indifferently; the poem called *The Fable of Philomela*, in ſhort ballad-metre, ſeems to have been the portion written in 1562, the reſt was added in 1575-6. The legend itſelf is

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well-known, i. pp. v. x. xiii. xxv. 41 ; ii. 219-52.
Pickling, mediocre, paltry, perhaps, alſo finicking. Levins (*Manip. Vocab.* 1570, edit. Wheatley, 320) has "pickle, *v.* to eat nicely," i. 206.
Pierce Plowman, uſed merely in the ſenſe of a huſbandman, ii. 210.
Pight, pitched, ii. 307.
Pilles, piles, i. 69.
Pillowbere, perfumed pillow-caſe, i. 459.
Pimpernel, a flower. There are ſeveral ſpecies: ſaid to ſtaunch bleeding, i. 24.
Pink, a ſmall ſailing veſſel, i. 392.
Pitiful, exciting, or provocative of, pity, ii. 127.
Plain-ſong, melody without deſcant or variations, ſee Nares in v.. (edit. 1859). i. 468, 492.
Platform, a hunting term, ii. 304.
Pluck up, pull up, as with a ſudden effort, i. 253, 342.
Polling, cheating, ii. 193.
Pomander. A curious account of the ancient Engliſh cuſtom of carrying a pomander may be ſeen in Mr. Halliwell's illuſtrated *Catalogue of Shakeſpeare Reliques*, 1852, pp. 103-5, but this paſſage ſeems to add an item to the information contained in the work cited, ii. 313.
Pop, put, point-blank, ſuddenly. "Popt a queſtion, &c." i. 484.
Poper, papiſt, ii. 93.
Porpentine, porcupine, i. 456.
Poſting, fleeting, ii. 255, 267.
Poteſtates, powers, authorities, i. 226.
Poulter's or *Poulterer's* meaſure, a phraſe, i. 507.
Preaſe, crowd, ii. 66, *et alibi*.
Primero, a game, i. 225.
Prink, beautify, embelliſh, i. 491.
Promiſe is debt, prov.; i. 500.
Provender-proud, dainty, ii. 67.
Proyne, literally *prune*, but here uſed in a technical ſenſe. See Halliwell v. *Proigne*, ii. 280.

Queaving, trembling. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, edit. Way, we have *quave* and *quavin*, the ſame word ſeemingly, ii. 289.
Queenborough, in Kent. Gaſcoigne ſailed hence to Holland in March, 1572, i. 385.
Quell, kill. Marg. note by the author, i. 297.
Queſt, jury. See Hazlitt's *Pop. Poetry*, ii. 149; i. 37.
Queſtions and commands, a ſport. But perhaps the entertainment intended in the text was more that kind exhibited in Boccaccio's *Philocopo*, of which there was an Engliſh verſion in 1567, i. 460.
Quooke, quaked, ii. 240.
Quot homines tot ſententiæ, prov.; i. 500.

R., N., his verſes before the *Steele Glas*, 1576, ii. 177-8.
Raleigh, Sir W. His verſes before the *Steele Glas*. There was an earlier *W. R.* who has lines in Engliſh and Latin before Studley's tranſlation of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 1566, 8vo. Mr. Hannah (*Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montroſe*, 1870) does not, I think, notice this circumſtance, ii. 178.
Ramykins, in Zeeland, i. 171.
Randall, Captain. In Churchyard's

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Randon, a very common form of *random*. So Watſon:

"Blame me not, deere loue, though I talke at randon."

Tears of Fancie, 1593, ſonnet 54 (*Poems*, 1870, p. 205).

Raſcal, a term of diſparagement applied to a deer. See my note in Lovelace's Poems, 1864, pp. 134-5. A *raſcal* deer was in fact the exact oppoſite of a deer or hart "in pride of greace."

Raſtell, W., printer, controverſialiſt, and editor of law books, i. 378.

Ratbe, early, but ſometimes it occurs in the ſenſe of *quick* or *ſbarp*. In the firſt ſenſe it is uſed in Milton's *Lycidas*:

"Bring the *ratbe* primroſe that forſaken dies."

Read, counſel, ii. 266.

Recbate or *recbeat*, a hunting term. See Nares, edit. 1859, *in v.*, where it is explained to mean "to call the dogs off." See, however, the whole note, ii. 315.

Red lattice, houſe with a. This ſeems to allude to the practice of diſtinguiſhing ale-houſes (which were probably very often not of the beſt repute) by lattices of red or other colours. Gaſcoigne indeed ſpeaks elſewhere (ii. 74), of "*Bordelles* or *Tauerns*." See a note in Jonſon's Works, 1816, i. 96-7; and *Popular Antiq. of Great Britain*, 1870, ii. 277-8; ii. 67.

Reeke, rick or rack, a place for the ſtowage of fagots, ii. 292.

Remembered, commemorated, i. 450.

Reporter, the, a piece of machinery, like the *Chorus* in the old Greek plays, to aſſiſt the author in conducting thoſe portions of a perſonal narrative which cannot ſo well be explained or detailed by the ſuppoſed ſpeaker. See alſo *Handbook of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. *B.* (O.); i. 99, 108, 131.

Repraye. Probably a miſprint in all the edits. for *repayre*, i. 462.

Reſiance, dwelling, reſidence. See Parry's *Parliaments and Councils of England*, 1839, 271; i. 455.

Rhyme without reaſon, Donati cautioned againſt, i. 504.

Rhythm (or *ballad*)-royal, i. 506, 508.

Roaſted horſe, tale of a, a certain ſort of verſe likened to, i. 505.

Robin Hood! uſed as an ejaculation or interjection, i. 183.

Rochfort, George Boleyn, Viſcount, brother of Queen Anne Boleyn, referred to, i. 27.

Round, whiſper. More uſually ſpelt *rowne*, i. 422.

Ruff, violence, outrage, ii. 94.

—— an article of coſtume of conſiderable prominence and coſtlineſs in the reign of Elizabeth. See Fairholt's *Coſtume in England*, 1860, Gloſſ. *in v.* and Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*, iv. 252-3, ii. 191, 215.

Rule, behaviour, and (ſecondarily) riotous behaviour, i. 223.

S., R., his verſes before the *Poſies*. Poſſibly, Richard Stapylton, the reputed editor of the *Pbœnix Neſt*, 1593, ii. 94.

Saintloes, Lord, owner of Kenilworth Caſtle, i. 18.

Saliſbury, Thomas de Montacute, Earl of, ob. 1428, noticed, i. 160.

Sandes or *Sandys*, Brydges, Lady. This lady was preſumably the wife of Wm. Sandys, third Baron of that name, ſummoned to Parliament in 1572. See Courthope's *Hiſtoric Peerage*, 1857, p. 420; i. 53; ii. 271.

Sanguine, uſually *of the colour of blood*; but the writer here ſays, *bloudie ſanguine*, i. 305.

Sat cito ſi ſat bene, prov.; i. 67.

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Scamble, appears to be considered identical with *ſcramble*. At all events, it occurs in the preſent paſſage in an equivalent ſenſe, i. 100.
Scargell family, notice of the, i. xvi.
Scotiſh dame, verſes written to a, i. 355.
Scrat, ſcratch, ii. 238.
Seeke, the firſt notes of the hunter on his horn, when he has diſcovered the lair of the deer, ii. 314.
Seeld, ſeldom, ii. 58.
Servant, "gentleman in waiting," "*cavaliere ſervente*," i. 443.
Several, ſeparate, diſtinct. This ſenſe is now only preſerved in legal documents, i. 436.
Shakeſpeare, W., ſuppoſed obligations to Gaſcoigne, i. pp. xvii.-xviii.
Shard, cow-dung, ii. 58.
Shoes, Spaniſh leather, in 1576. See *Fairholt*, edit. 1860, p. 385.
Shrich, ſhriek, i. 493.
Simple, unſkilful, inexperienced, i. 345.
Sithens, ſince, i. 283, *et alibi*.
Skink, to pour out liquor. But perhaps the ſame as *ſkinch*, to deal ſcant meaſure, and hence *ſkinker* may have been a by-word for a tapſter, ii. 61.
Slipſtring, ſ. a knave, i. 223.
Slot, the print of a deer's foot. In *Wyl Buck his Teſtament*, it is called *pawme*, ii. 306.
Smith, Richard, printer, his verſes before the *Poſies*, i. 26.
Smoke. This alluſion to the good luck portended by the ſmoke of chimneys, is illuſtrated by the proverb, *Smoke doth follow the faireſt*; but we have yet to learn, I think, the preciſe origin of the idea and belief, ii. 66.
Smug-ſkinned, ſleek, i. 393.
Snath, ſnatch, ii. 128.
Snuff, chaſe, ii. 69.
Soap, Spaniſh, ſtrictly ſpeaking what is now known as *Caſtile ſoap*; but undoubtedly the ſubſtance intended in the text was ſpecially prepared for the purpoſe of deſtroying life, and had additional ingredients of a very potent character, i. 374.
Soken, ſoaked, ſaturated, i. 35.
So many men, ſo many minds, prov.; i. 436; ii. 32.
Soldiers, Engliſh, abroad. Their powerful appetites, i. 182.
Sonnets, remarks on, i. 506.
Sooreyn, ſurrein. Shakeſpeare uſes the adjective *ſurreined*. See Dyce's *Gloſſary, in v.*, ii. 286.
Spaniſh devices for ſecret aſſaſſination, i. 374-5.
—— ſpangs, ſpangles, ii. 215.
Spaw, the, query Scarborough, i. 376.
Spend, and God will ſend, prov.; i. 66.
Sport, lack. Marginal gloſs by the author, i. 102.
Spurling, a ſmelt, i. 219.
Statute-ſtaple, not the ſame as *ſtatute-merchant*, as in many of our early writers, but, jocoſely, the law of the ſtaple to which a priſoner was attached, ii. 203.
Staunce or *ſtance*, diſtance, eſtrangement, i. 219.
Staunch, *ſteynch*, *ſteinch*, forms of the word indifferently uſed. The radix of the word is certainly the Latin participle preſent *ſtans* from *ſtare*, rather than (as Richardſon has it) *ſtagno*. So, the adjective *ſtaunch*, and the noun ſubſtant. *ſtanchion*, i. 423.
Stert, ſtarted, i. 439.
Stertling or *ſtartling*, ſtarting, ii. 233.
Still-pipes, wind-inſtruments for playing *ſtill* muſic, as contradiſtinguiſhed from loud muſic, i. 329.
Stinted, ſtopped, ceaſed, ii. 222.
Store makes no ſore, prov. The more uſual form is: Store is no ſore. See *Engliſh Prov. and Prov. Phraſes*, 1869, *in v.*, i. 64.

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Suddes, ſuds, literally drift after a heavy rain, ſcum, ii. 310.

Sundry lots of loue. A work ſo-called is referred to in G. T.'s letter to H. W. The remark made as to the *Clyming of an Eagles neaſt* is equally applicable in the preſent caſe, i. p. xl.

Superfineße, exceſs of refinement, ii. 21.

Suppoſes, a Comedy by Arioſto, tranſlated by Gaſcoigne, i. pp. vii. 198-256.

—— performed at Gray's Inn, in 1566, i. p. vii. *et alibi.*

—— revived at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1582, i. p. xxix.

Suppoſitory, a peculiar kind of medicine uſed in certain diſeaſes, i. 256.

Surcuydry, pride, or, as the writer himſelf explains it perhaps more accurately, *over-weening.* See *Dictionnaire Nationale*, 1846, in v. *Surcuidance*, &c., i. 371.

Surrey, H. Howard, Earl of, alluſions to, i. pp. vii. xiii. xxvii. xxix. 9, 26.

Suſsex, Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of (1556-83), i. 193.

Swaſh, Sim, a cant or colloquial term, i. 72.

Swelt, faint, but here to part in two from faintneſs, i. 400.

Sydney, Lady Mary, afterwards Counteſs of Pembroke, ii. 271.

Tables, pocket, i. 204.

Taint. See Halliwell *in v.* This ſeems to be a technical word uſed in tournaments, i. 333.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio. Gaſcoigne's motto throughout his works. Another, his detractors, "hee ſhall finde that I am *Tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, a ſcholler in ſomething els but contention." See alſo Naſh's *Pierce Penileße*, 1592, (repr. Collier, pp. 19, 22) where he appears to allude to Gaſcoigne's theſis *Dulce bellum inexpertis:* i. 32, *et alibi.*

Tattling, loquacious, ii. 121.

Tant tra tant, the roll of the drum, a word formed from the ſound, i. 351.

Tear, waſte, fritter away. Lat. *tero*, i. 397.

Terence. His Comedies conſtantly quoted by Gaſcoigne, who muſt have read them in the original Latin or in French, there being no complete tranſlation into Engliſh in his time, ii. 32, *et alibi.*

Thames, the river. Gaſcoigne deſcribes an adventure, while he rowed upon it, i. 357.

Thebes, pronounced as a diſſyllable, quaſi *Thebai.* In ſome places, in fact, it is ſpelt *Thebe.* But elſewhere where the exigencies of the metre demand a monoſyllable, the word muſt be underſtood as ſo pronounced, i. 306, *et alibi.*

Thews, good qualities. This explanation is the author's own. See marginal note *loco cit.* The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe elſewhere (ii. 58), i. 89.

Thunder, old notion about, ii. 137.

Till Dauie Debet in thy parlor ſtande, prov.; i. 66.

Tinternall. Halliwell, who is followed by Worceſter, ſays, "an old dance." It may be ſo, but the original ſenſe, judging from the preſent context, and from its apparent approach to the Italian *tintinno, tintinnere*, is *a tune* of a

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Tofore, before, i. 225.
To have his hand on his halfpenny, prov.; i. 425, 464.
To take chalk for cheeſe, a phraſe, i. 8, 9.
To think one's halfpenny good ſilver, a phraſe, ii. 22, 47.
To ſee far into a millſtone, a phraſe, i. 5.
To ſeek a knot in the ruſh, a phraſe. Lat. *nodum ſirpo quærere*, i. 9.
Toaſt, burn, i. 430.
Tom titmouſe, ii. 221.
Too, to. This form is common in Gaſcoigne, but appears to have become almoſt obſolete in his time, i. 205.
Too too, a common reduplication in writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, for the purpoſe of emphaſizing or intenſifying, i. 270.
Tooth and nail, a phraſe, i. 221.
Topſy-turvy, i. 288.
Tottell's Miſcellany. Its ſuppoſed influence on Gaſcoigne's literary taſtes, i. p. xix.
Toy, a pet, a miſtreſs, i. 374.
Trades, curious picture of the deceptions practiſed by the various, in Gaſcoigne's time, ii. 211-12.
Trifly, trivial, frivolous, ii. 324.
Trip, in, tripping, making a falſe ſtep in converſation, i. 443.
Trode, track, ii. 325.
Troilus and Creſsida. Two poems on this ſubject in the *Paradyce of daynty deuyſes*, 1578, conjecturally given to Gaſcoigne. It may be remarked that in *Tottell's Miſcellany*, 1557 (repr. Collier, 253) occurs an anonymous piece entitled *A compariſon of his loue wyth the faithfull and painfull loue of Troylus to Creſide*; but I do not trace Gaſcoigne's hand here. See *Nouvelles Françoiſes du xiv^me^ Siecle*, 1858, p. 117; i. pp. xxix. 190, 2, 8, 101, 105, &c.; ii. 331-3.
Turbervile, George, the poet, his ſuppoſed literary aſſociation with Gaſcoigne, xxi.-xxiv.
—— his letter to Wotton concerning Gaſcoigne's poems, i. xxxix.-xli.
—— his *Art of Faulconrie*, 1575, a companion treatiſe to Gaſcoigne's *Art of Venerie*, 1575; i. p. xxxvii. *note*; ii. 302, *note*.
Turquened, query ſhifted about, much altered, i. 5.
Tyburn-croſs, to preach at, to be hanged, ii. 186.
Tyroleſe ſharp-ſhooters, apparently referred to, i. 407.

Undertwigs, underwoods, but figuratively an undercurrent, ii. 267.
Unkouth, unknown, i. 387.
Unyolden, unconquered, unbroken, i. 398, 403.

Valentine's Day, St. i. 462.
Valkenburgh, a fort in Zeeland, i. 181.
Vaughan, John, of Gray's-Inn, i. 66.
Vaux, Lord. An anecdote reſpecting one of his poems, i. 9.
Venerie, Noble Art of. The poems included in this rare volume reprinted for the firſt time on account of the ſuppoſed authorſhip of Gaſcoigne, i. p. vi.; ii. 303-22.
Vengeable, for *vengeably*. "Vengeable bitter," *i. e.* very bitter, ii. 71.
Vere, Lady Mary. The alluſion to *Marigoldes* reminds us of Forreſt's laudatory ballad on Queen Mary, which he called *A New Ballad of the Marigolde*, ii. 271.
Verlays or (properly) *virelays*, French verſes of a peculiar ſtructure. See Nares, edit. 1859, *in v.* Gaſcoigne's etymology is, of courſe, erroneous, i. p. xl. 507.
Via Appia, quoted, i. 455.
—— *Flaminia*, quoted, *ibid.*
Viceroy. This word is italicized as of uncommon uſe and occurrence, ii. 56.

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Vino. A 'l buon vino non ci biſogna la ghirlanda, i. e. good wine needs no garland, or, as we ſay, *buſh.* This is a proverb in many languages. See my *Engliſh Proverbs*, 1869, p. 147. i. 27; ii. 9.
Violands, violins, i. 428.
Vitayled or *victualled*, fed. "Vytayled hir," *i. e.* fed herſelf, i. 472.
Vox populi, vox Dei, prov.; i. 151.

W., A., his verſes before the *Poſies*, i. 22-3.
Walcheren, Zeeland, i. 178, 180.
Wallop, Sir John, i. 196.
Walthamſtow, co. Eſſex, Gaſcoigne's eſtate and reſidence at, i. p. xix. 6, 12.
Warrantiſe, warranty, i. 38.
Warwick, Ambroſe Dudley, Earl of (1561-89), i. 192, 195.
Waymenting, lamenting. See Nares, ed. 1859, and Worceſter *in v.*, i. 278, 343; ii. 220.
Weſt, A., a lady mentioned in the *Grief of Joye*, ii. 270.
Weſtmoreland. The poet poſſibly born in that county, i. p. xvii; ii. 139.
When foxes preach, beware your geeſe, prov.; i. 414; ii. 318.
Where, equal to *whereas*, i. 256.
Where hedge is low, there every man treads down, prov. But ſee *Engliſh Prov. and Prov. Phraſes*, 1869, p. 467; i. 409.
Whetſtone, George, the friend of Gaſcoigne, i. p. xv.
—— his *Remembrance* of the poet, i. pp. xv. xix. xxvi.
—— ſuppoſed interment of Gaſcoigne in the family vault of Whetſtone, i. p. xxvii.
—— verſes contributed by Whetſtone to the *Poſies*, 1575, i. 21-2.
Whip, to drink upon the, ii. 200.
Whitled, intoxicated, i. 498.
Whot, hot. It ſeems to be by no means clear that the word which we now pronounce *hot* was not pronounced by our anceſtors *wot*, as it is ſtill not unuſual to find people of education in the provinces pronouncing *who* as if it were ſpelled *wo*. A well-known ex-Chancellor now living generally pronounces the word ſo, eſpecially if it is deſired to impart emphaſis by dwelling on the initial monoſyllable, i. 450.
Wigbt, perſon, either a man or woman. In this ſenſe the word is common in the writings of Gaſcoigne, Turbervile, Googe, &c., ii. 111, *et alibi.*
Willow garland, the ſignificance of the, i. 453.
Withipol, Barth. Perhaps this may be the ſame "Mr. Wythipol of Ipſwiche" whoſe name occurs in the *Three Proper and Wittie Familiar Letters*, 1580. He is there deſcribed as "Olde Mr. Wythipol." It appears that he had a talent for verſifying, and a ſon Peter. See alſo Ritſon's *Bibl. Poet.* 399-400; i. 372.
Without book, a phraſe, i. 9; ii. 3.
Won with an egg, and loſt with the ſhell, prov.; i. 483.
Woodſtock, Oxfordſhire. The *Hermit's Tale* preſented there, 1575, ii. 135-70.
Worceſter, William Somerſet, Earl of (1549-89), i. 193.
World, a, an unuſually powerful charm or attraction, i. 421.
Worm, apparently uſed as a term of affection. Does not this illuſtrate the paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, "the pretty worm of Nilus?" See Dyce's Shakeſpeare, ſecond edit. vol. vii., p. 594. Mr. Dyce does not ſeem to have met with the paſſage in Gaſcoigne. In Germany, as a friend informs me, the word is commonly uſed in the ſame

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way; a mother calls her child *a little worm*, i. 20.
Wotton, Henry. His ſuppoſed literary connection with Gaſcoigne, i. pp. viii. xxi.-xxiv.
—— his letter to the Reader reſpecting Gaſcoigne's Poems, i. pp. xxxvii.-xxxviii.
Wyatt, Sir T. (the Elder), alluſions to, i. pp. xxvii. 26.

Yelverton, Chriſtopher, of Gray's-Inn, i. 194, 348-9.
Yoke-fellow, intimate acquaintance, colleague, ii. 78.
Yorke, young Rowland. Perhaps a member of the Denbighſhire family of that name, ſtill ſeated at Erdig, near Wrexham, i. 393.
You would fayne leape ouer the ſtile, before you come at the hedge, prov.; i. 215.

Zecbines, ſequins, i. 79.
Zoroaſter the magician, i. 458.
Zouche, or *Zuche*, John, i. 393.
Zuccada dez labros, a kiſs on the lips, i. 420.

THE END.

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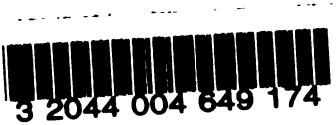
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